MAY 18,
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Liberty

5

F-O-R-E !!!
ARTHUR E. JAMES

CRAZY to FIGHT

Saga of Gen. Sam
Johnson, Wild Man
of Seven Wars

BACKFIRE—A Story for Every Man and Woman by Kathleen Norri

The Arabian Nights

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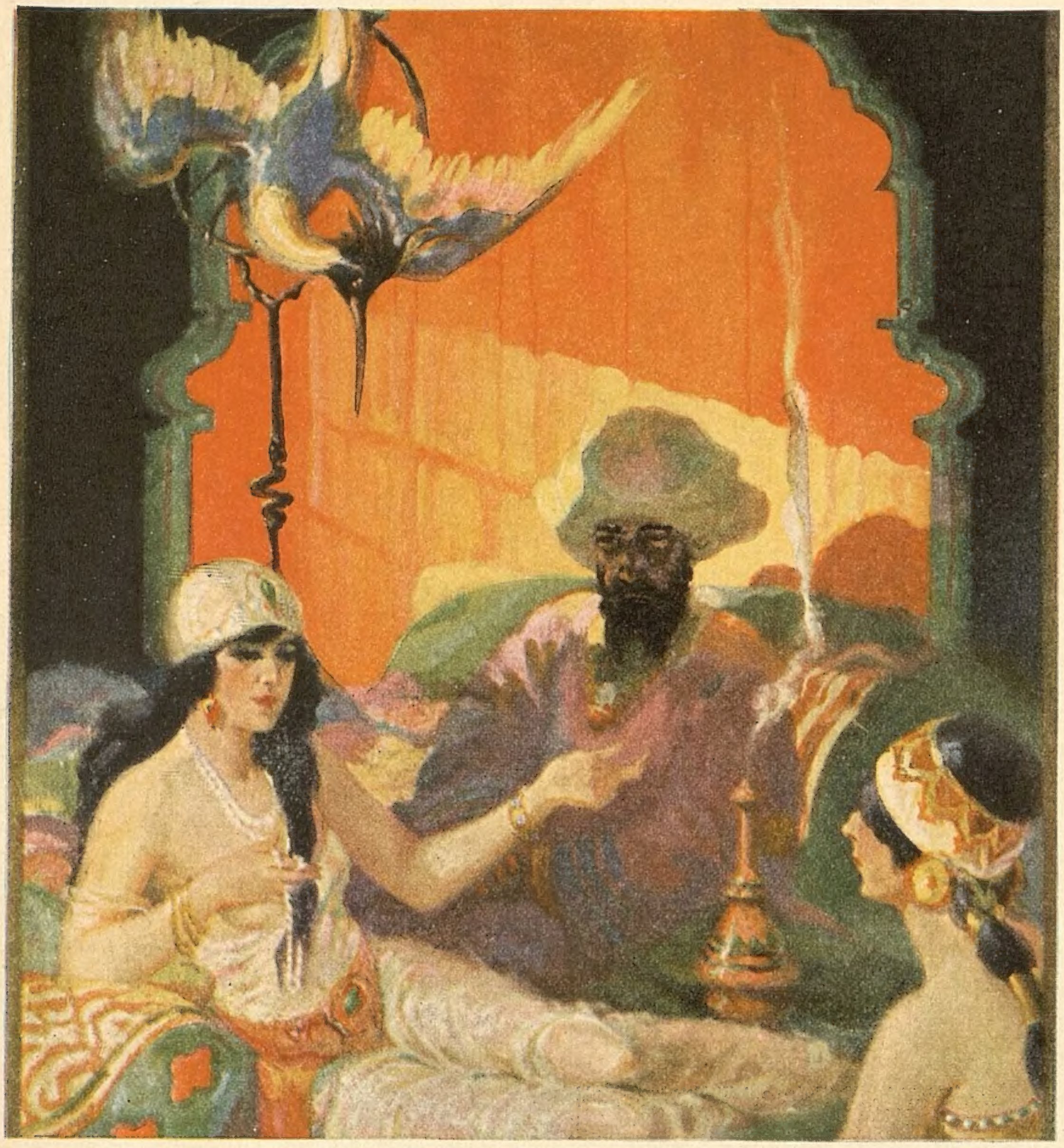

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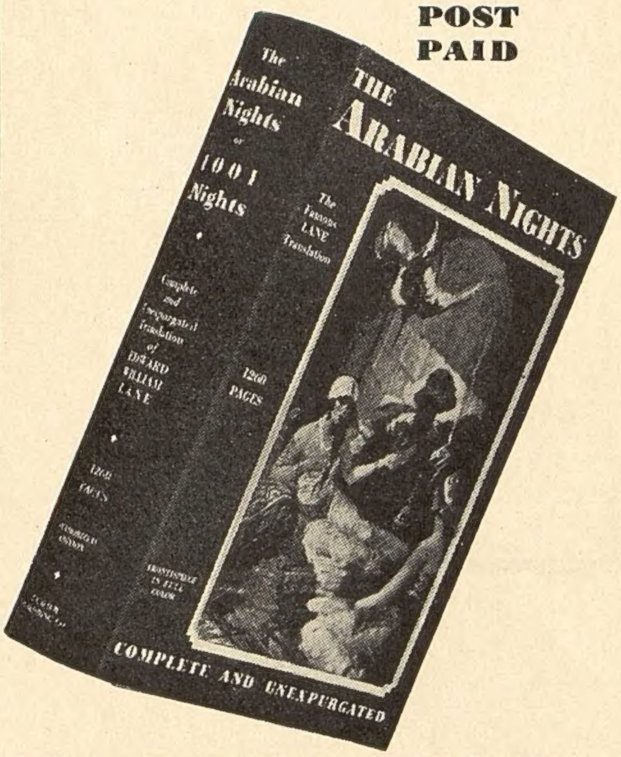
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WHAT lover of rare, beautiful and exotic books has not longed to own The Arabian Nights as translated from the Arabic by Edward William Lane?

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1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Dept.L 5-18.

I enclose $2.98 for which please send me the original Lane translation of THE ARABIAN NIGHTS beautifully cloth bound. I understand that my money will be refunded, provided the book does not prove satisfactory.

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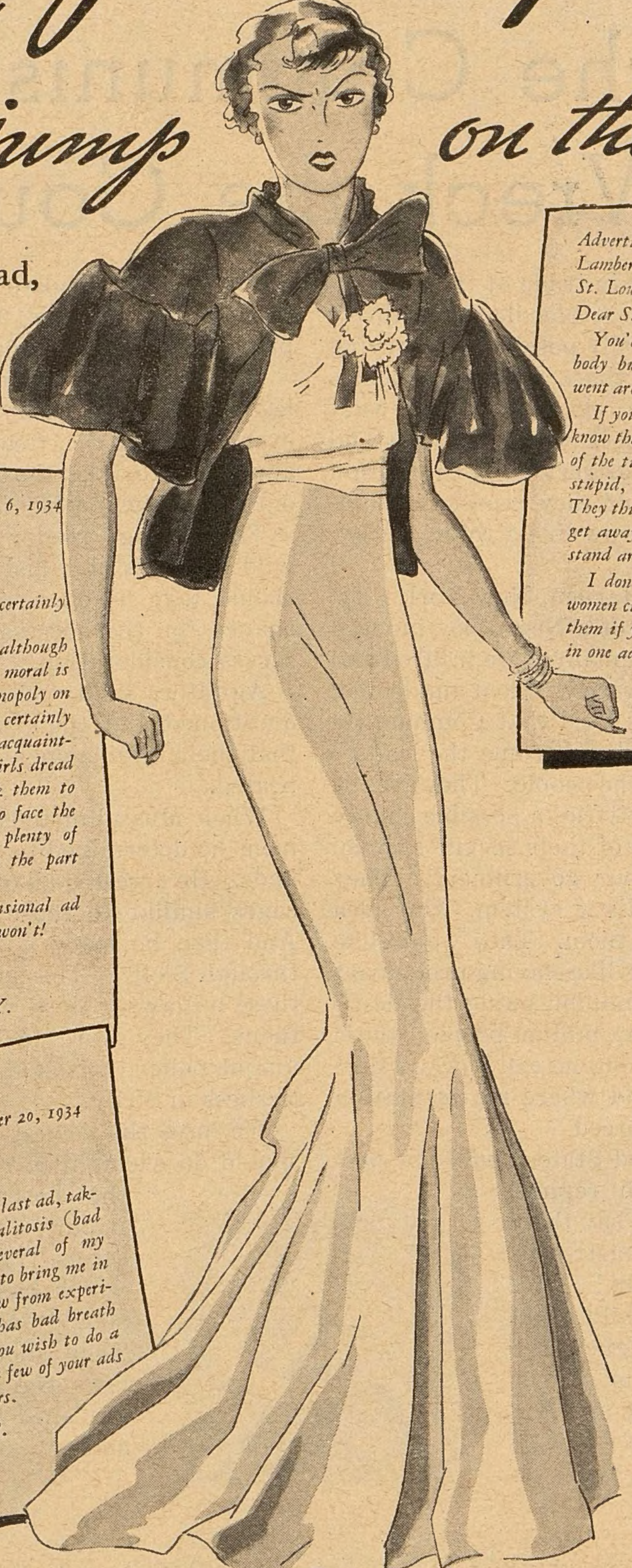
Address..

City.................................State............

"Quit picking on us and jump on the men"

Three ladies, hopping mad,
take us to task
for sparing careless men



Advertising Dept., July 6, 1934
Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:

Your ad, which I am enclosing, certainly burns me up!

Will you kindly explain just why, *although there are mostly boys in the picture, the moral is for girls? Do you think girls have a monopoly on halitosis? Let me assure you that they certainly have not. Just ask a few girls of your acquaintance, and find out. Learn how many girls dread to see certain chaps come over to ask them to dance, because it is such an ordeal to face the boy's breath. Believe me, there are plenty of ruined romances due to halitosis on the part of the man.*

Now let me see you direct an occasional ad against the men—but I just bet *you won't!*

Very sincerely yours,
Miss F. E. Y.
Staten Island, N. Y.

October 20, 1934

Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:

I am writing to tell you that your last ad, taking women to task for having halitosis (bad breath) has annoyed me and several of my women friends. My work happens to bring me in contact with the public and I know from experience that for every woman who has bad breath there are at least nine men. If you wish to do a real service to everybody, direct a few of your ads to men. They're the real offenders.

Mrs. A. F. P.
Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Manager, Jan. 11, 1935
Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir:

You'd think from reading your ads that nobody but women had halitosis, and that men went around smelling as sweet as May blossoms.

If you knew what you were talking about you'd know that most men have got halitosis about half of the time. But they're too self-satisfied, vain, stupid, and conceited to do anything about it. They think that just because they're men they can get away with anything and we women have to stand around and pretend we like it.

I don't know what value you place on your women customers but you're going to lose a lot of them if you don't give the men their just deserts in one ad at least.

Mrs. M. F. S.
Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Men are the worst

MEN ARE INDEED the worst offenders in spite of the fact that we have directed at least 2 million dollars worth of advertising to them on the subject of halitosis. It is true, however, that most of our advertisements are directed to women. We feel that women are the biggest factors in influencing men.

We are glad to print the above letters. Perhaps men will read them and resolve to go forth, fastidiously speaking, and sin no more!

Halitosis (bad breath) is unforgivable in either social or business life—unforgivable because inexcusable. It can be so quickly and pleasantly corrected by the use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Listerine halts fermentation, a major cause of mouth odors; then gets rid of the odors themselves. Use it morning and night and between times before social and business engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Listerine takes your breath away

MAY 18, 1935

Liberty

VOL. 12, NO. 20

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

How the Communists Plan to Wreck the Country

VIOLENCE is the stock in trade of the dyed-in-the-wool Communist. A bloodless overthrow of a government is hardly possible in carrying out their plans. Wherever there are labor troubles these agitators encourage violence. They want trouble—turbulent outbreak if possible; injury and death are desired. All this attracts public attention and brings sympathizers, and they expect the number of such supporters to grow like a rolling snowball.

In a recent race riot in Harlem, New York City, the supposed mistreatment of a Negro boy induced a furious outbreak in which many were injured and a few were killed. Stores were wrecked and looted.

It is in situations of this kind that Communists find their opportunities. They become the leaders—they arouse the wrath of the people. They are the madmen who see in such activities a possible chance for the gradual building up of their servile system. They want to overthrow our government. They want to replace our capitalistic system. Our idea of free men is obnoxious to them. They would like to see us all lined up for work like slaving proletariat Russia, where less than a million guide the destinies of one hundred and fifty million people, where they tell each worker how long he can work, where they regulate his wages, and where regimentation of the people is rigidly enforced.

The citizens of the United States could not possibly endure such a harsh regime. And most of our people will say there is little danger of such a catastrophe. And doubtless they are right!

But there is a slight possibility that such riots may spread throughout the country. There is a chance for serious strikes to become ominous in size and strength. And right in the midst of these troublous situations there is usually a Communistic leader ready to encourage violence and murder, to do everything possible to promote lawlessness and disorder.

This is the idea which we are told Communistic leaders in this country have in mind. There are even rumors to the effect that they have men already appointed to take the leading official positions in our government when their plans begin to operate.

The average reader will say these dreams are wild products of a distorted imagination. But we should take no chances. Even a thousand-to-one chance for the success of such wild schemes deserves consideration.

Agitators guilty of mass lawlessness should be questioned and their punishment should be such that their infringement of the law will never be repeated.

When Mussolini took over the reins of government he determined to stamp out the Sicilian brigands. He arrested all of them. He put them in lion cages similar to those we use in circus parades. And then he made a show of them in a parade through Sicily. The public were told to look upon these outlaws. Here was their last chance to see them. They were facing death sentences. This unique policy, it is said, entirely exterminated lawlessness in Sicily.

We have the richest country in the world. We should do everything we can to hold the freedom that has made this country so great in power. And we should protect ourselves from the Communistic horde which has come to our shores. We should take no chances with them. They should be made to obey our laws rigidly and should be severely punished for deviations of any character.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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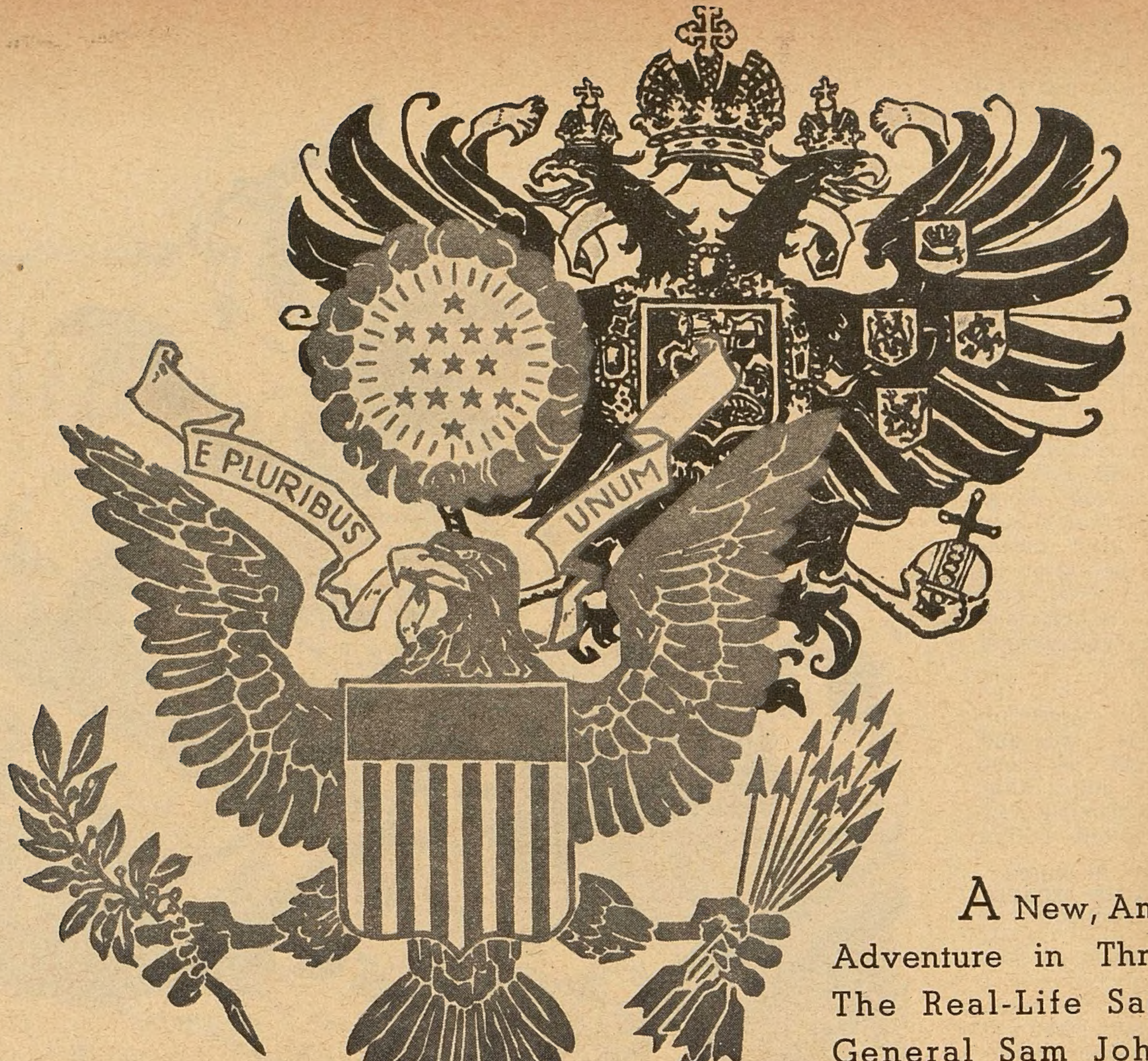


A New, Amazing Adventure in Thrills!—The Real-Life Saga of General Sam Johnson, Wild Man of Seven Wars.

BEGINNING—

Crazy to Fight

by MAJOR MYRON B. GOLDSMITH

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

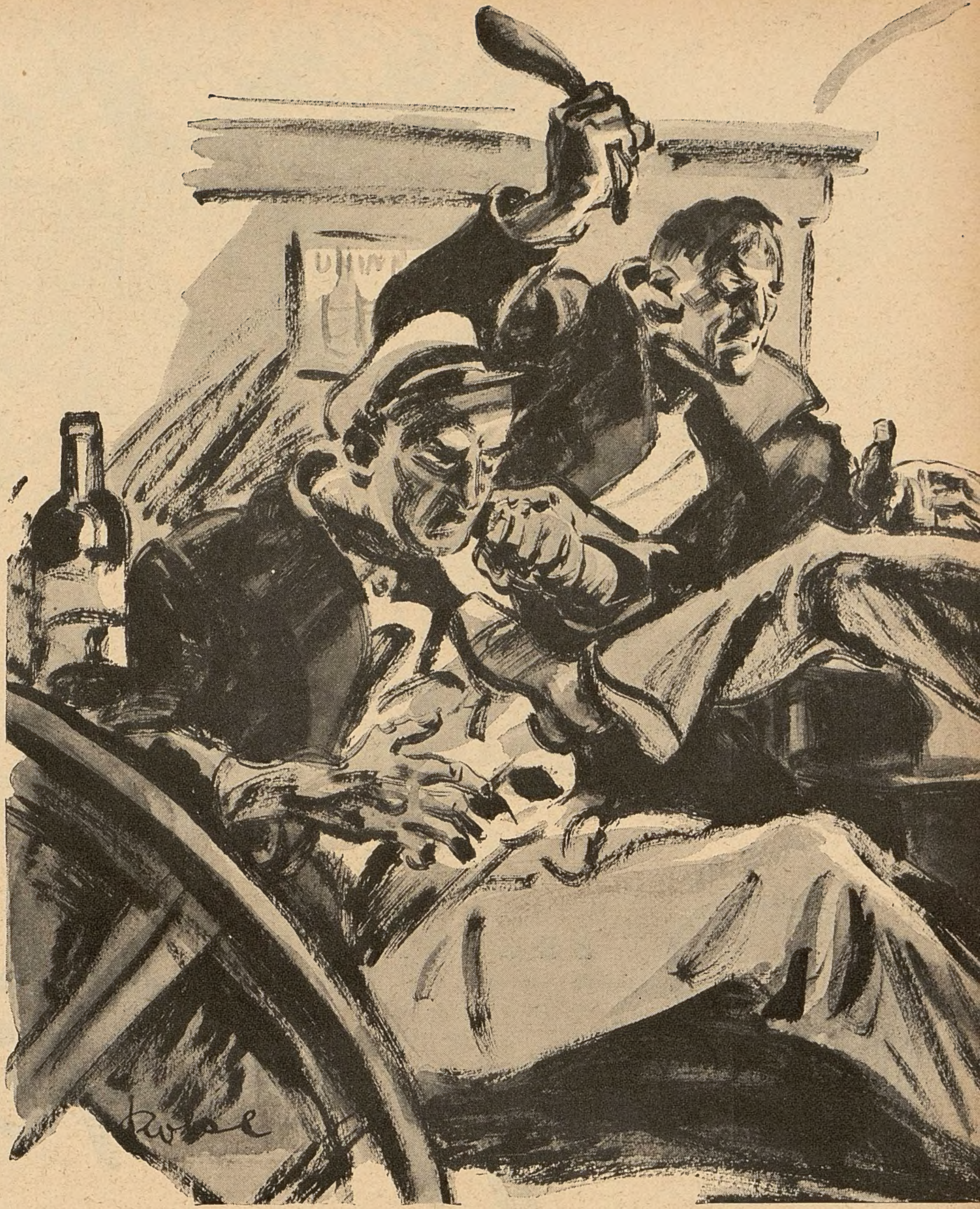
KIPLING called Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans the man "who has lived more stories than I could invent." In Sam Johnson, Liberty and his friend Major Goldsmith present a Russian-born American who has lived, at a conservative estimate, three times as many heroic and spectacular true stories as even that redoubtable sea dog did. For world range and dazzling diversity this life can have had few if any modern equals. Perhaps its nearest rivals in Sam Johnson's own day have been the lives of some of the professional soldiers of fortune. But those great adventurers were military heroes for hire, and this man never was; even his youthful exploit as a South American revolutionist was rather the result of a love affair.

Far from being a soldier of fortune, he is one who in his teens—as Major Goldsmith shows in this opening installment—found himself through no fault of his own a man without a country, and consequently adopted another country and another flag, the Stars and Stripes, in whose service he was to cover himself with glory. He was to become an American general. He was to return to Russian territory as a Yankee officer commanding American, French, English, Canadian, Italian, Belgian, Japanese, and Russian troops. He was to be decorated

ILLUSTRATION
BY
HERBERT ROESE

by most of the governments of the earth and was twice to win the Cross of St. George, the very decoration that in his youth had been unjustly denied him. He was to live a long life, not under his original name of Boris Ignatieff but as Sam Johnson, "Fighting Sam" Johnson, "Two-Man" Sam Johnson. And meanwhile, at the outset, he was to meet with such adventures as his friend Jack London pictured in The Sea Wolf.

All this is but the merest bald suggestion of the story, true and authenticable at every important point, that Major Goldsmith now proceeds to tell of him.



PART ONE—IN WHICH BORIS IGNATIEFF BECOMES SAM'L JOHNSON

THE platoon of Don Cossacks went swiftly over the road. The steppes stretched all about them, seemingly limitless, seemingly void of life and barren of excitement. The men rode in silence, a few of them dozing in their saddles, most of them scanning the plains with wary eyes.

Now and then the column stopped for a few moments at a burned hovel or the mutilated body of a peasant. But the ashes were cold; and the bodies had been dead for days. They moved on.

Fierce-looking men, these riders, shaggy, whiskered, seamed and tanned—all save the cadet who rode in the rear and sat his horse as though he were a part of it. He had passed his seventeenth birthday but a few days before. He was fresh from the Poltava Military Academy and was enjoying his first taste of war. His uniform was still new and impressive despite the dust that covered it. His boots retained a polish no road could entirely dull; and the barrel of his gun was as bright as his eyes.

This was Boris Ivanovitch Ignatieff, scion of one of the oldest families of Russia, son of the late Colonel Ivan Ignatieff, hereditary chief of a clan of the Don Cossacks and commander of a Cossack regiment, who had been killed in action before Plevna in the Russo-Turkish War.

It was a decade or so before the close of the last century. The Tatars had revolted north of Eupatoria, in the remote Crimea, and had spread through the countryside, bringing the torch to defenseless villages and country estates, looting, slaughtering, riding away.

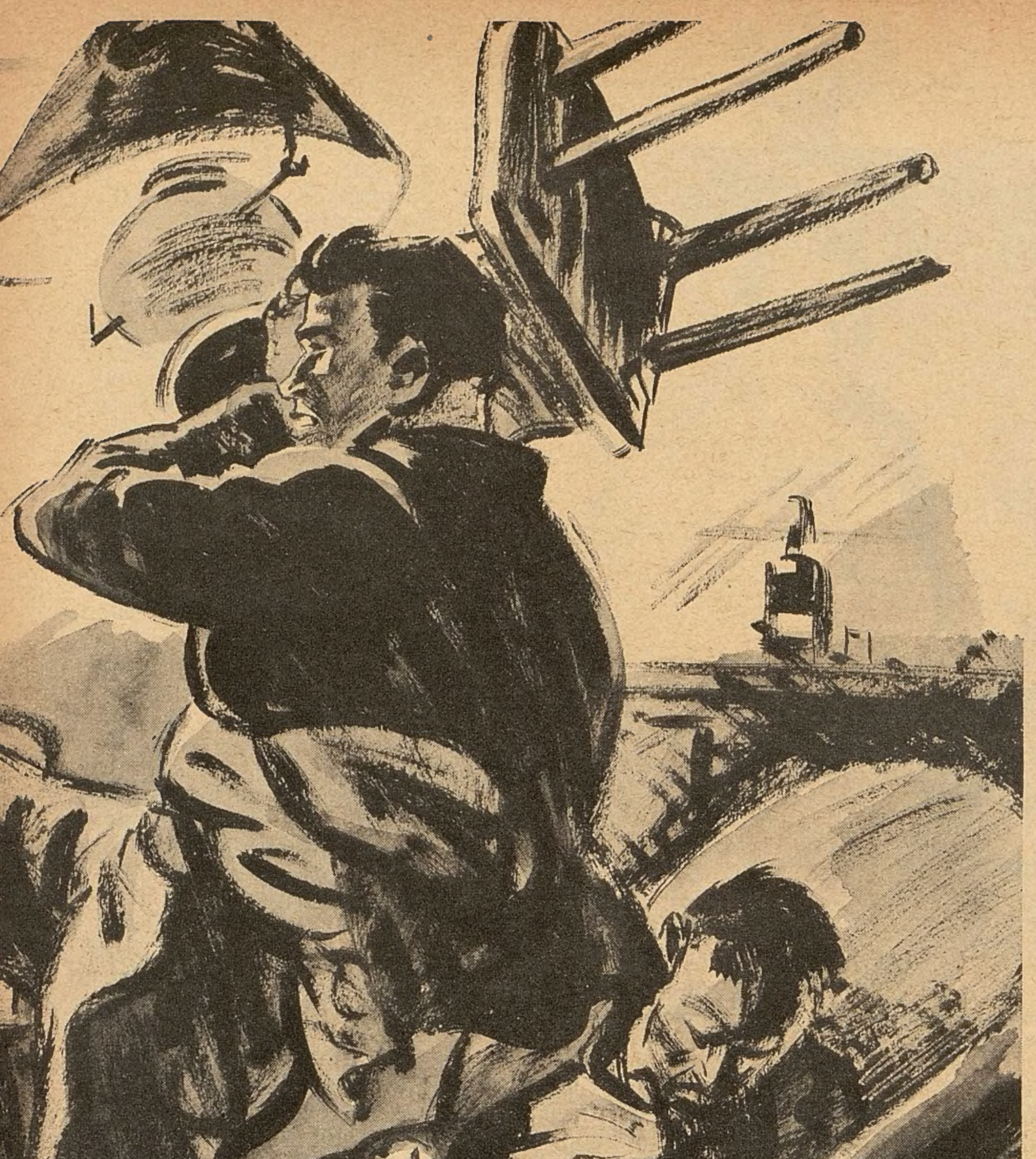
Dirt and stones flew from beneath the hoofs of the Cossack horses. Perspiration seeped out of flesh, human and animal. The dust stung. But it was glorious, Boris felt. Under his breath he sang a song he had learned in the barracks:

"Formerly we Cossack fellows
Sailed at home upon the sea;
Our long boats upon the waters
Took a toll from Khiv and Persia."

This was better than classes and drills. This was something he had always wanted—a good horse between his legs, good soldiers at his side, and danger ahead. How the boys in the academy must envy him!

He wondered idly if his father were not looking down at him from some misty height.

He drew in great lungfuls of air, savoring it, delighting in the smells of earth and grass and sweat, and the tang of smoke.



Boris picked up a chair. The man lunged again, and he doubled him up with a kick learned in Paris. Then he charged at the other man.

Smoke! He looked all about him. Dead ahead it was, faint, but discernible to sharp eyes—a little dark crack in a vast azure bowl. It crawled higher up the side of the bowl as the platoon rode toward it.

Boris spurred his mount ahead and addressed the platoon commander. " There's smoke ahead, sir."

" Ha! " said Captain Ivanoff.

They rode in silence for a way, the old man studying the crack in the western sky.

" Probably at their old tricks," he said. " Burning villages."

He turned a cold hard eye on the boy. " We won't catch up with them today," he said angrily.

Boris demurred: " Your pardon, sir, but we might. May I suggest we send out a point—"

" Silence! " the Cossack captain roared. " When I want a little rosy-cheeks to teach me warfare I'll send you a letter."

" Yes, sir."

Boris flushed and dropped back to the rear of the column, knowing that all these seasoned soldiers were laughing at him. They pushed on a little more smartly, riding hour after hour, until that crack in the blue put out branches, until the smell of smoke became acute and the glint of flames was seen.

A small river idled across their path, its farther bank bristling with thickets. An uneasy feeling came over the cadet. He had been told how Tatars fight—how they hide in ambush, strike when least expected, come rushing out of thickets crying, " Allah! Allah! " and howling like wolves. Were there Tatars hiding across the river?

He peered intently ahead, trying to see into the thickets, trying to see through them. His heart beat fast. His lungs seemed choked. Something winked at him out of the nearest clump of trees. Excitement surged through him like water through a pump.

Again he shot to the head of the column, forgetting the rebuke. " Sir," he cried, " I think I saw the sun glinting on a rifle barrel in those woods! "

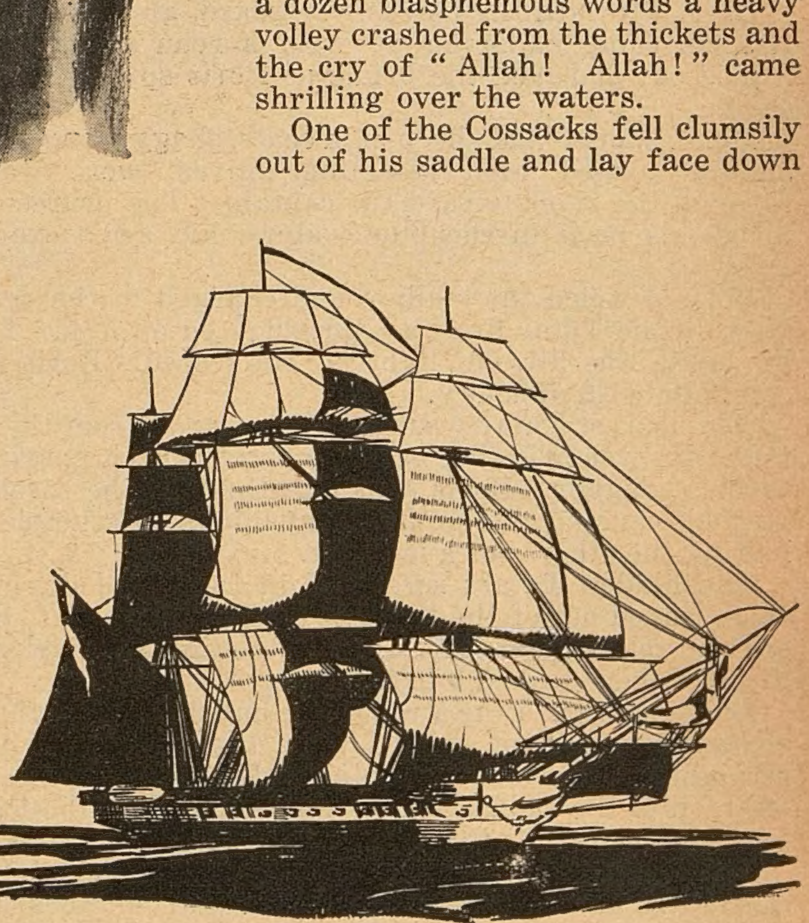
The captain glared at him and laughed, and splashed his horse into the stream. Ignatieff followed.

" Does the captain wish to halt the men while I reconnoiter? "

Captain Ivanoff stopped laughing. He leaped in his saddle as though he had been jabbed by a Tatar knife.

But before he could say more than a dozen blasphemous words a heavy volley crashed from the thickets and the cry of " Allah! Allah! " came shrilling over the waters.

One of the Cossacks fell clumsily out of his saddle and lay face down



in the stream. A horse screamed in pain and bolted. Men pulled up their mounts without orders. The captain turned and shouted:

“About horses! Gallop! March!”

A bright worm was crawling from his cheekbone to his chin.

The detachment wheeled, lashing their steeds and digging in their spurs. They recrossed the stream in a frantic scramble while bullets whispered all about them. As they regained the bank the boy looked back.

The captain's horse had disappeared. A red patch in the river indicated where he lay. The captain, wounded or partly stunned, was floundering in the water, falling, getting up again, falling once more.

“Dismount!” the boy cried.

Command was his now. It calmed the excitement in him. There was no particular thrill in it. There was no exaltation in it. There was no thought of self-glory. The captain was out of action. The cadet must take his place, his responsibility. That was all.

“Form a line of skirmishers,” was his next order. “Horse guards to the rear.”

Boris, the Russian midshipman who was to be Sam Johnson.

The men obeyed promptly, flinging themselves to the earth and taking advantage of whatever cover they could find, while the horse guards ran the mounts out of the range of bullets.

The platoon returned the Tatar fire. They couldn't cope with that horde across the stream, but could divert the fire from the captain, now staggering like a drunken man.

“Sergeant Luboff, assume command,” the cadet cried.

He ran toward the horses. A guard, guessing his intention, came galloping up with a roan stallion. He leaped off, and held the bridle as Boris sprang into the saddle.

Men in camel- and sheep-skin coats, shaggy long-haired bandits armed with gleaming knives, were wading through the river toward the captain. The nearest was up to his neck in the blue waters, his arms over his head.

Boris roweled the stallion and charged to the rescue. Now all the Tatar fire was concentrated on him. Twice his horse was hit, but lightly. He reared. Boris managed him with difficulty.

The nearest Tatar was but a few yards from the captain. He was bringing back his right arm, preparing to throw a dagger. Boris shot him through the forehead. He fell, causing one of his companions to stumble and halting the others for a moment.

The hidden Tatars screamed in fury, and dozens of them leaped out of the thickets crying, “Allah!” Some of them fell, shattered or killed by the Cossack marksmen. Some of them dashed into the water.

Bullets whipped the stream like hailstones, but the boy went through them, lying low on his frightened horse, straight to the wounded captain. It was hard to get the officer into the saddle, for he was weak from the loss of blood. But in time it was accomplished.

The Cossack rifles kept the waders from getting too close; but as the horse turned and started toward the bank, one of them fired. The slug went deep into the animal's rump and sent him ahead fast, as though no river sucked at his legs.

The captain was badly hurt. Boris saw to his wounds before ordering the retreat. That evening he brought his superior safely back to the nearest Cossack command.

Captain Ivanoff made a report giving a glowing account of the boy's heroism. The regimental commander reported to St. Petersburg, recommending the cadet for the highest honor the Czar could give—the Cross of St. George.

Grizzled veterans took the boy in their arms and kissed him when they learned of what had happened. His father's blood was in him, they said. He was a true Cossack. He was a credit to the regiment. And it was lucky for the regiment to have him. For a boy to win the supreme military decoration of Holy Russia, and that on his first day in action—that could mean nothing but good luck to the regiment. God and all His saints wished to show, by this, that they were well pleased with these Don Cossacks.

The day for the presentation of the medal finally arrived. And there was Cadet Ignatieff, standing rigid and alone, while the regiment, dismounted, stood at attention. Regimental standards whipped in the wind. The band played. The drums beat. A great general arrived at the parade ground, gave his horse to an orderly, and started forward, followed by his staff.

What irony it was, Boris thought, that his father was dead and could not witness this. What irony it was that he owed this medal to the mutual hatred that existed between himself and his stepfather, a Prussian colonel “loaned” to Russia by the farseeing Reich.

THE general had ridden a spirited horse to the parade ground. It was just such a one as Colonel Ignatieff had given Boris on his fifth birthday. Boris remembered with what joy he had seen that horse, with what mingled trepidation and happiness he had climbed into the saddle. He remembered too the effort it was to stay on that pitching, bucking devil. He had wanted to let go, but his father's shouts had encouraged him. He had stayed on until the last—when he went sailing over the horse's head to forgetfulness and a long illness.

He remembered a tutor and a physical instructor who took him all over Europe—Italy, France, Germany, and Spain; who taught him languages and made him swim every day, until he became a marvel in the water. He was husky and well when he went back to St. Petersburg.

He remembered the brilliant court of the Czar, his mother's beauty, his father's dash. Bright days, those, when he was petted and flattered by his parents' friends.

He remembered this general coming toward him. Once, as a boy, he had sat upon that man's knees and heard stories of Cossack charges. But that was before his father had gone riding away to war. That was before his mother had retired to her estates and taken him with her—long before she had met the Prussian colonel.

Boris scowled, thinking of the colonel. He had never shaken that man's hand. He had never congratulated him on his betrothal. On the day of the marriage he had absented himself from the church.

"Maybe I wouldn't feel that way now," he considered. "But I'm older now. I'm almost a man. Then I was but a child. He could have changed me if he would. He could have made me his friend if he'd tried. He didn't try. He hated me more than I hated him."

His father had planned a brilliant military career for him. In accordance with that plan, Boris had been sent to Poltava. He was glad to go—though it meant leaving his mother. He loved his mother, but she wasn't the same any more. Her love for the German had changed something that had always been between them. He worked hard and played hard. He made many friends, for in this school were boys who were of his own class, leanings, and ambitions—scions of the nobility whose one thought was proficiency in arms.

He had not been allowed to go home. He blamed his stepfather for that. He had been taken out of school before his time, to join the Don Cossacks in putting down the Tatar revolt. He blamed his stepfather for that, thinking, "He knows there's a good chance of my being killed." But the laugh was on the stepfather, the stiff unsmiling monocled Prussian—for Boris had longed with all his soul to go to war with the Cossacks. And, doing so, he had won the Cross of St. George.

What would the Prussian say when he learned?

THE drums ceased beating abruptly. "Present arms!"

Officers' swords flashed in the sunlight; rifles swept upward in the general salute.

"At ease!"

There was a rattle of accouterment, the thudding of rifle butts, the clearing of throats, a dead silence, and a thousand men looking at Boris and the tall lean general who stood in front of him.

"Cadet Boris Ivanovitch Ignatieff," the general said in a loud clear voice, "His Imperial Majesty the Czar recognizes that in saving the life of Captain Ivanoff, your superior officer, under enemy fire, you performed a heroic action reflecting great credit on yourself and on the regiment in which you have the honor to serve.

"But"—his voice became regretful, almost apologetic; he hesitated—"but it is felt you are too young to appreciate the full value of the Cross of St. George, for which you were recommended. Therefore it has been decided to award you this medal."

A murmur of surprise and anger ran through the files of the regiment.

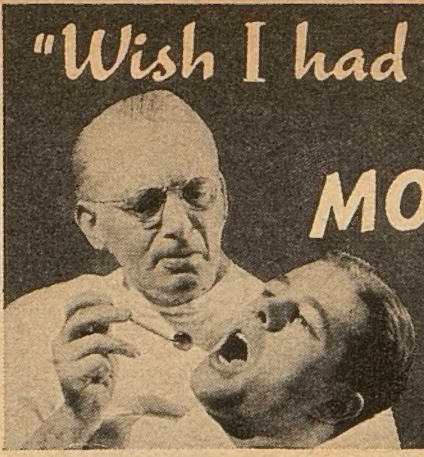
"*Tfui!*" men said, and spat.

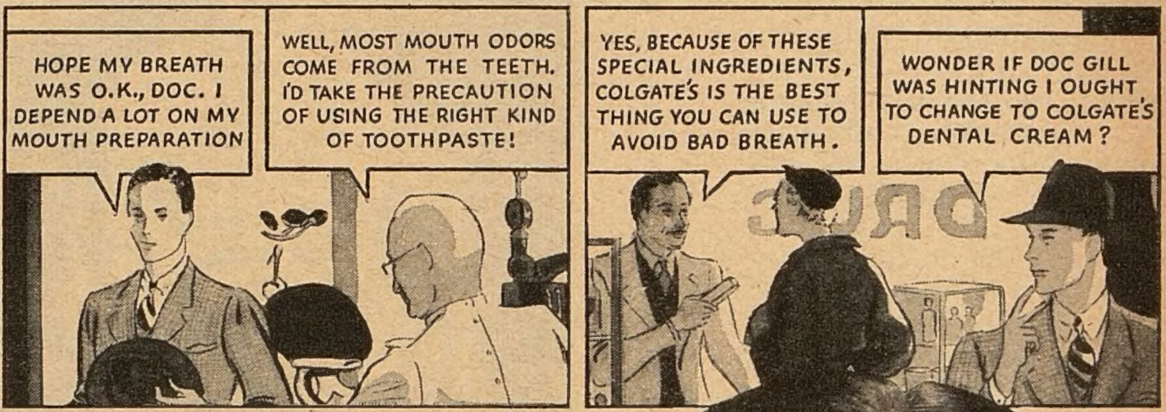
The general took a small silver medal from an aide and pinned it on the cadet's blouse. The muttering in the ranks swelled into a contemptuous roar.

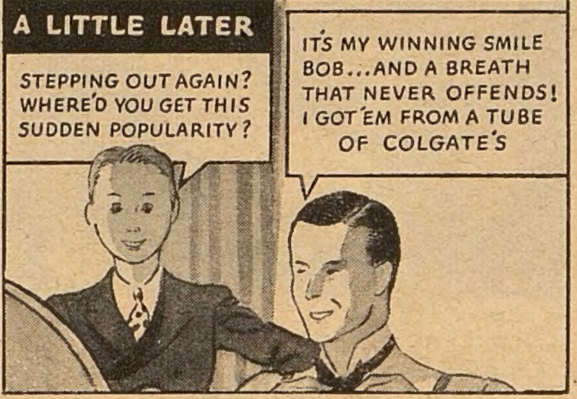
Long experience had taught the general the peculiar temper of Cos-

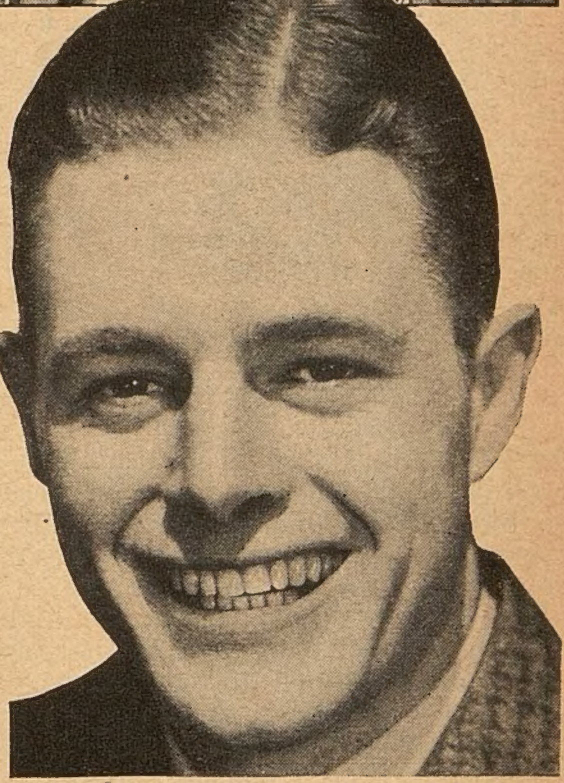
"Wish I had the Nerve to tell him..

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!"




HOPE MY BREATH WAS O.K., DOC. I DEPEND A LOT ON MY MOUTH PREPARATION
WELL, MOST MOUTH ODORS COME FROM THE TEETH. I'D TAKE THE PRECAUTION OF USING THE RIGHT KIND OF TOOTHPASTE!
YES, BECAUSE OF THESE SPECIAL INGREDIENTS, COLGATE'S IS THE BEST THING YOU CAN USE TO AVOID BAD BREATH.
WONDER IF DOC GILL WAS HINTING I OUGHT TO CHANGE TO COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM?
DRUG


A LITTLE LATER
STEPPING OUT AGAIN? WHERE'D YOU GET THIS SUDDEN POPULARITY?
IT'S MY WINNING SMILE BOB...AND A BREATH THAT NEVER OFFENDS! I GOT 'EM FROM A TUBE OF COLGATE'S



FOR A BRIGHTER SMILE—*and healthy teeth—use Colgate's Dental Cream regularly—visit your dentist every six months.*

Colgate's Removes this cause of Bad Breath while it Cleans and Brightens your Teeth

HERE is why dentists tell you that the regular use of Colgate's Dental Cream is a safe, sure way to correct bad breath:

The same thing, they point out, that causes dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay *also causes bad breath.* That is, improperly cleaned teeth—decaying food deposits that lodge in crevices between the teeth, around the gums and tongue.

So remedies that do not *clean* cannot give protection. Nor can toothpastes that only polish the surface.

But Colgate's penetrating foam works into every crevice of the teeth and mouth. Odor-breeding deposits are emulsified, washed away. Every surface of every tooth is thoroughly cleaned—and your whole mouth is fresher—your breath sweeter.

At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient gently, safely polishes the enamel. Teeth gleam as natural lustre is restored.

Colgate's Dental Cream costs less than any other leading toothpaste. Get a tube—for a purer breath and brighter teeth.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

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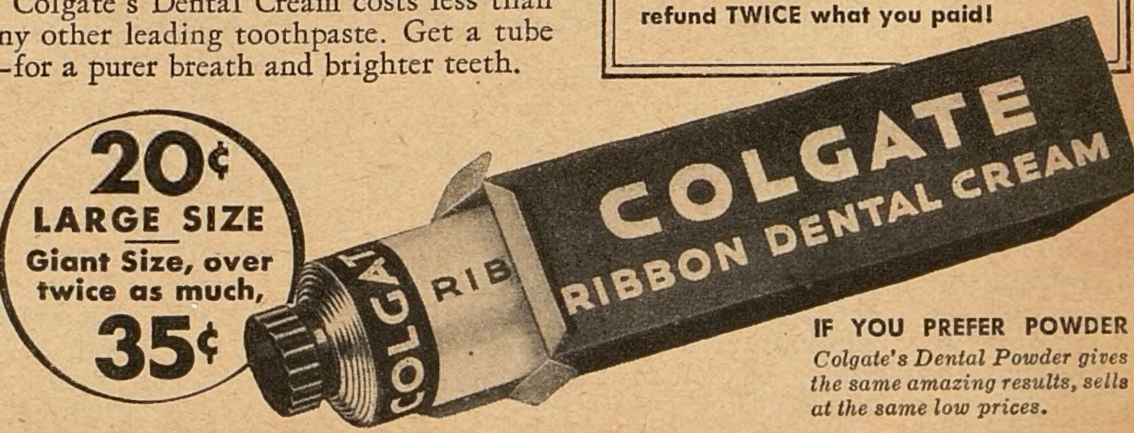
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sacks. He wasted no time but motioned to their colonel. A hoarse command brought the men to sulky attention. The band crashed into the regimental march and the serried lines formed into column of fours and marched off to the barracks. The general mounted and trotted away, followed by his staff.

Boris stood where he was, bewildered, hurt, and angered.

Boyish tears wet his eyes. He hurried away that none might see them, fingering the decoration and half tempted to tear it off and hurl it after the departing general. He wandered through the picket lines down to the banks of the river, and in the shade of a fir tree he sat down and laughed.

Had any soothsayer whispered to this boy, sitting under a tree and trying not to cry, that he was nearly done with the Cossacks, with his career, with Holy Russia itself, he might have answered in the Russian equivalent of Henley's words:

I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

The soothsayer might have told him that he was on his way to a new land, to a strange name, to a people unknown to him; that dangers awaited him, perilous adventures, a tragic love affair, a glorious reputation—he was to be decorated by most of the governments of the earth, and twice to win the Cross of St. George, just now so unjustly denied him; and that he was no more the master of his fate than any of us.

The Sam Johnson of later years, laden with decorations.

But even had he known these things at the time, it is doubtful if they would have consoled him. He had been too deeply hurt. "My stepfather has done this," he thought, "to make me weep."

He laughed again, and went singing toward the barracks.

But the stepfather had not finished. Four days later orders were received transferring Cadet Ignatieff to the navy with the rank of midshipman. His military career was definitely at an end. He was to proceed without delay for Sebastopol, to join the Alexandrovsky, a training ship starting out on a cruise of the world.

Boris hated the sea. And he hated the navy. Routine aboard ship was distasteful to him from the beginning. The poor food, the foul-smelling quarters, and the unceasing brutality of the officers to the enlisted men made him detest his new environment.

Often he found himself in the shrouds, looking up at the billowing sails and humming that old Cossack song:

"Formerly we Cossack fellows
Sailed at home upon the sea—"

At such times he longed bitterly for the career he had lost, the companionship of men he had known, the feel of a horse between his knees. So intense was his bitterness that he kept to himself as much as he could—and gained the reputation of a surly underling.

Most of the officers had as little to do with him as possible. One, Lieutenant Seminsky, however, publicly stated that Boris was a spoiled brat and needed taming, and took it upon himself to give him the most annoying and burdensome duties to perform.

Boris knew the lieutenant was hostile to him, but saw no reason for it until the vessel put in at Constantinople and he was assigned to supervise the detail that went ashore for mail. In sorting over the letters the boy came on one addressed to Seminsky. He held it in his hands a moment, studying the envelope. He knew that handwriting, those Germanic characters. His stepfather had written this letter.

Boris had made one friend, Midshipman Dmitri Ruhlovski. He showed him the envelope and asked his advice. Ruhlovski bade him wait.

In the port of Alexandria there were a number of warships, and rowing and swimming matches were arranged between rival crews. Boris entered the 500-meter swimming contest—and the crew of the Alexandrovsky bet its last ruble on him.

He gained the lead almost from the starter's shot, and held it, cutting through the water with strong, sure, graceful strokes. He would have surely won the race had not Lieutenant Seminsky, who was sitting in a rowboat near the finish line, suddenly attempted to rise, apparently lost his balance, and shoved an oar directly into the midshipman's path. Boris smashed against the oar, floundered, sank, and then came up. But he came up too late. The race was lost.

Seminsky was most apologetic and quite insistent that it was all an accident. But Ruhlovski, who had been watching him distrustfully, was convinced there was no accident about it.

That evening Midshipmen Ignatieff and Ruhlovski, dressed in their best uniforms, accosted Lieutenant Seminsky as he came ashore. After some words Ignatieff slapped the lieutenant's face with his glove.

And Ruhlovski said quietly, "I shall be very happy to act as Ignatieff's second."

The duel was arranged for the following morning. Pistols were chosen. Boris had difficulty going to sleep that night. Not that he was afraid. He was an excellent shot. But he kept wondering at a man's anger that would follow him around the world.

THEY met at sunrise in a little vale close to the suburbs of the city. The surgeon looked at both duelists and shivered. Boris thought he could read the surgeon's thoughts: "You're such a hotheaded boy—so young to die. But you brought it on yourself—I can do little, perhaps, to save you." He smiled.

"You will stand back to back," the referee instructed. "When you are given the word, march forward at the regulation pace. When you hear the command, 'Fire,' you may turn and fire at your leisure. Do you understand, gentlemen?"

Both nodded and took positions as ordered. They walked away from each other until about fifty feet intervened. Then, at the command, they turned quickly—and Boris shot without delay, wounding his enemy in the right hand. The lieutenant's pistol went off harmlessly as it dropped from his shattered fingers.

There was no reconciliation. But it was noticed that

Boris was no longer persecuted. Seminsky spread the story that he had been wounded by a footpad. He kept out of the midshipman's way.

When the ship dropped anchor at Philadelphia, the bad blood between the two made itself once more apparent.

A seaman running aft accidentally bumped into the lieutenant as he emerged from a companionway.

"Your pardon, Excellency!" he cried, springing to attention.

The lieutenant cursed him and beat him until he dropped to his knees pleading for mercy. Again and again he brought his cane down on the man's back and shoulders.

Boris ran forward, held his wrist and jerked the cane from him.

"Do you call yourself an officer and a gentleman?" he demanded. "I saw what happened. It was purely an accident. You had no cause to strike this man. Only a coward would have thought of caning him—a man who cannot defend himself."

The lieutenant seized his cane from Boris and, shouting, "Then you defend yourself!" raised it to strike. Boris knocked him to the deck with a wild swing, once more took the cane from him, and beat him as he had beaten the sailor.

SEMINSKY cried for help; but none heard him until Boris broke the cane over his knee and went forward to place himself in custody. Seminsky had no friends even among the officers.

The captain was worried. Boris's family was so important that he could not treat him as a common violator—at least not without authority higher than his own. He cabled St. Petersburg and received orders to put the offender in irons and keep him prisoner for the rest of the cruise. No other officer of the Russian navy was ever so treated save for grave reasons of state.

"And the grave reasons of state," Boris told Ruhlovski, "rest behind the cold monocled eye of my stepfather."

The prisoner was permitted no books or magazines, no visitors. The only exercise he was allowed was an hour's tramp up and down the deck with shackles on his legs and armed guards watching his every step.

Except for that hour—which frequently showed him the sneering face of Seminsky—he was made to remain in the brig. His only diversion was to look out through a narrow porthole. In the distance was a small park where an American flag whipped in the breeze.

"America!" he thought many times. "Land of freedom. Hope of the oppressed. With the Stars and Stripes floating over it."

He made a resolve to secure the protection of that flag or die in the attempt.

The opportunity presented itself sooner than he had anticipated.

A few days after his disgrace, while he was taking his exercise on

Will they taste as good at bedtime
. . . as at breakfast?
Brother, they will . . . if they're Spuds
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MAJOR MYRON B. GOLDSMITH *served with the Military Intelligence in the World War, and is now an officer in the Finance Department Reserve, assigned to the 6th Coast Artillery. He is a dramatist and a Liberty contributor.*

deck, an American warship passed by. The guards relaxed their vigilance long enough to gaze at it. Boris picked up his chains, rushed to the rail, and dived overboard.

"A prisoner escaping!" some one shouted. "The watch! The watch!"

Clumsy sea boots pounded on the deck as half a score of sailors, rifle in hand, went running to the rail. The officer of the deck came forward.

"Keep your eyes open!" he ordered. "Shoot if you see him."

Boris swam under water. The irons retarded his leg motion, but desperation and hope lent double strength to his arms. He stayed below the surface until his lungs felt as though they were bursting. He came up some distance from the ship, gulped air greedily, and heard the cry, "There he is! Fire—fire!"

Spurts of water splashed him. He threw up his hands as though he had been hit, filled his lungs, and swam under water again until he felt he must be out of range. When he came up again he was in the friendly shelter of a small tug moored to a wharf. He swam to the wharf, where an English sailor sat tamping rank tobacco into a short black pipe. Boris was to know him well, later, as Liverpool Joe. He was a longshoreman, a sailor, a soldier of fortune, a former prize fighter.

He extended a long hairy arm to Boris and helped him on to the pier. He said many words to the boy, in a high whine—but Boris could understand only one: "Russky."

He pointed to himself, repeating the word: "Russky."

THE man offered him something in a bottle. "Grog," he called it. Boris refused. He suddenly observed a man in uniform strolling leisurely toward them, and surmised he was an American policeman. He had seen a somewhat similar uniform on policemen in New York. Joe indicated by pantomime that he was to pick up his gyves and hold them between his legs. Boris had already done so, and now Joe shielded the dripping fugitive until the policeman passed on, then beckoned the boy to follow him.

They started through devious short cuts to a railroad roundhouse, Boris waddling clumsily in his wake, and turning his head now and then, half expecting to see a squad of Russian sailors marching after him. In the roundhouse he found a Slavonian who hated the Czar and who embraced Boris because he had deserted. He set to work filing away the fetters. He worked until he was tired, when Joe took over the task. Once in a while a piece of skin was scraped off, but Boris scarce felt the pain. He was torn with joy and sorrow—joy to have got away, sorrow to realize he could never return to his native land, to the career his father had planned for him. He might become an American—since he had been inducted into the shelter of the Stars and Stripes by a Cockney and a Slav—but he was a Russky no longer, and he had disgraced his family, broken his mother's heart, and given his stepfather the chance to say, "I told you so. Boris was no good."

He knew the officers and men of the Alexandrovsky believed him dead—killed while trying to escape—and would so report to St. Petersburg by cable. If Boris had had any money he could have cabled his mother that he was still alive. But he had not even a kopeck. He must write a letter, which might take weeks to reach its destination.

HE lived in the roundhouse for the following three days, helping the Slav and his companions, sleeping on sacks of waste. Joe visited him several times each day, bringing food.

On the third day Boris saw the Alexandrovsky passing downstream—and realized poignantly that he was an outcast, a man without a country.

He could think of nothing to do but go to sea again. Joe was of the same mind. But they could not find a ship that needed them. For three weeks they roamed the water front looking for work and finding only a few longshoring jobs. They were half starved most of the time. They slept wherever they might. Boris picked up a few English words from Joe and others—mostly profanity. One night Joe socked a watchman who threatened to lock them up because they wanted to sleep on a pile of gunny sacks in the lee of a mound of cargo, and they fled. They took refuge on the Arthur B. Wood, a bark loading coal, getting aboard as stevedores after they had rubbed their hands and faces with coal dust. They stowed away, and remained undetected until the bark was on the high seas. Then they went forward, were signed on as members of the crew, and had their first full meal in three weeks.

The voyage was short and uneventful, and Boris improved his spare time learning English and boxing. The crew was paid off in Portland, Maine, and Joe led his friend and protégé to the nearest speakeasy.

Boris wrinkled his nose in disgust at the long sloppy bar, the filthy sawdust-covered floor, the slovenly men standing at the bar or sitting at the tables. A waiter with a soiled apron lost no time in coming to the table Joe selected.

"What'll it be, gents?"

"Two whiskies."

Boris didn't touch the glass which was set in front of him. Joe finished his drink in a gulp, and then reached for his companion's and emptied it in the same manner.

"Mind if we sit down here, mates?" one of two burly individuals asked. Boris looked up and saw two ugly faces. Without waiting for an answer they sat down. The waiter appeared, and one of the newcomers ordered drinks for all. Four glasses of whisky were speedily placed before them. Boris again refused to drink.

"What's eatin' ya, mate?" asked one of the strangers.

"'E don't drink the stuff," Joe answered. "I drinks 'em for 'im."

He tossed off his glass and topped it with his friend's.

A few seconds later Joe's eyes became fixed in a glassy stare. Without warning he slumped to the floor. The strangers rose at once and commenced to drag him through a near-by door.

But Boris dived between them and by brute strength pulled Joe from them. One of the strangers swung at the boy's jaw, and Boris saw he had brass knuckles. He stepped back in time to avoid the full force of the blow, though the knuckles scraped his cheek. He picked up a chair. The man lunged at him again, and Boris doubled him up with a kick he had learned in Paris. The man, twisted in anguish, took no further part in the fight. The boy charged at the other man; but something hit him on the head—a blackjack perhaps—and he fell.

Some hours later he felt a floor swaying beneath him. His head thumped. He opened his eyes and saw the interior of a ship's forecastle. Joe lay huddled in a bunk across from him. He tried to sit up, but weakness overcame him. He fell back on his bunk until some one came in crying, "What the hell you lousy apes doin' here? Goin' to sea on your ear? Get up, you condemned sons of sea horses. Get up!"

This was the bos'n. He dragged Joe from his berth and slapped his face repeatedly. "Drunk, eh? I'll fix you!"

He gave Joe into the care of two sailors, telling them to slosh water on him until they sobered him up or drowned him; then grabbed Boris by the neck and jerked him to his feet. Boris pushed him away, and the bos'n clouted him on the ear, knocked his head against a sharp corner of the bunk, and kicked him in the ribs. Boris woke up again some time later, on deck, lying beside Liverpool Joe. Men were throwing buckets of cold water on him.

He was shoved in line, once he got up, with other bleary-eyed nondescripts, and stood shivering in the wintry wind. A vicious-looking man in oilskins walked forward and faced them.

"Listen, you damned lubbers," he said. "You're on the good old hellship Samuel H. Johnson. I'm Yam Larson, the first mate and chief devil, known from Nome to Cape Stiff as a bucko mate. When I tell you to do somethin', do it on the jump! If you don't, I'll crack a belayin' pin on your thick skulls. You understand, you God-forsaken hunks o' scum?"

He beckoned to the first man in line.

"Come here, you. What's your name?"

"Patterson."

Larson swung an uppercut to the man's jaw that sent him staggering against a windlass and felled him.

"Say 'sir,' the next time, damn you!" he said.

He questioned the next man:

"What's your name?"

"Jack London, sir."

"Shipped before?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. You're in my watch."

Liverpool Joe nudged Boris and whispered to him.

"When 'e hawsks your nime, mitey," he said, "tell 'im it's Sam'l Johnson. And s'y 'sir' to him, d'ye hear?"

Crimped! Shanghaied!—and at the mercy of a roaring bucko mate! How did the young lion-hearted Sam take it? Lying down? Hardly! . . . But read next week's installment, which will tell also of his electrifying adventures as a circus acrobat, as an Argentinean revolutionist in a "beachcomber brigade," and as a lover.

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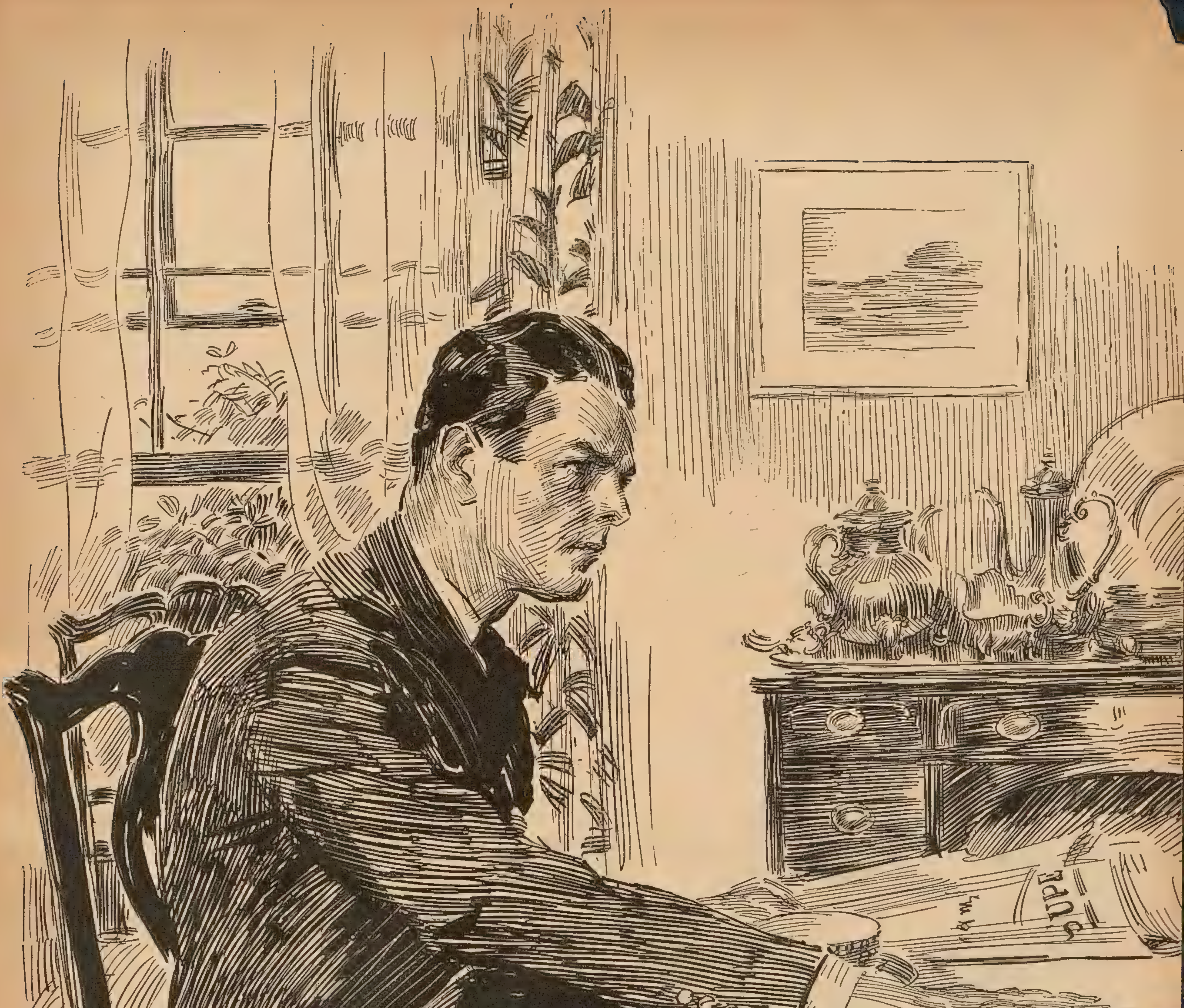
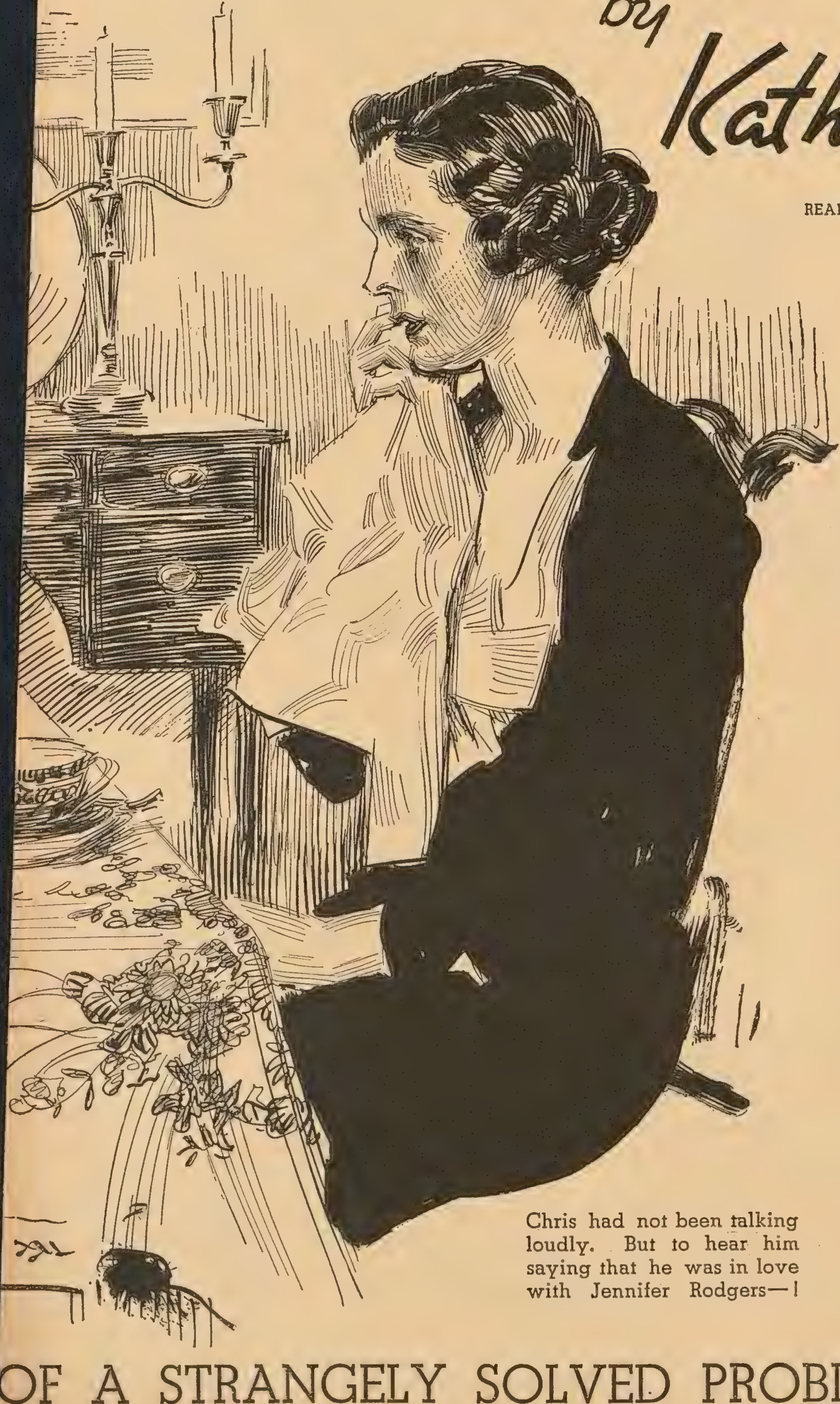

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

A STORY FOR EVERY MAN AND WOMAN-

BACKFIRE

by Kathleen Norris

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 5 SECONDS



Chris had not been talking loudly. But to hear him saying that he was in love with Jennifer Rodgers—!

FOR a long time Isabel sat staring blankly down at the tablecloth, and at her plate, with the broken toast and the marmalade on it, and at the silver spoon and butter knife that glinted in morning light. She was conscious of the familiar setting of the breakfast room, of flowers and sunshine and pink chintz, of Jean coming and going noiselessly, but they all seemed changed. Nothing here in the Lennox home—nothing in the whole world was as it had been at this time yesterday morning.

Chris's words seemed still ringing in the air. He had not been talking loudly—he never did talk loudly, poor Chris! He was always gentle. To have Chris assert anything definitely would have amazed his wife sufficiently. But to hear him saying that he was in love with Jennifer Rodgers—!

She had merely looked at Chris, and listened to the troubled, spasmodic, unwilling and yet eager rush of his words. And when he had finally said, with a firmness that in Chris corresponded to a blow from any other man, "So, that's that! And I'm not sorry. I'm glad! And I'll do anything you like, but I'm *done!*" she had not summoned up voice enough even to say "Good-by."

Well, and now what? Had he really been leaving the house forever, or would he be back, apologetic and ashamed, for dinner? Would he telephone her that he felt ill, or would he kill himself, or what? And what was she supposed to do?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

OF A STRANGELY SOLVED PROBLEM IN LOVE

What *did* the wife do? Tears came into Isabel's eyes. It was all so unlike herself and Chris—it was all so new! Splitting, not loving each other any more, acting like the husbands and wives in movies and books and stories and the newspapers.

It was not like the Lennox women, nor like the Gurneys and the Wriothesleys. Isabel had been a Gurney; her mother had been Isabel Wriothesley; Chris's mother had been Harriet Yeazell, and her mother had been Mary Gurney Wriothesley. The Gurneys and Lennoxes and Wriothesleys and Yeazells had been intermarrying for two hundred years; when the first friendship between the colonial beginnings of the families in America had commenced, they had all been loyal subjects of George the Third. Family loyalty had ruled them all ever since.

Isabel and Chris had danced at baby parties, shared Christmas festivities, been in summer theatricals together; Chris had finished college and had his year of travel; Isabel had gone with her Russell cousins to London, Paris, Rome.

Chris belonged to the richest branch of the clan; Isabel had been orphaned in babyhood, had been brought up conscientiously and affectionately by various Wriothesleys and Russells; she was poor. Poor Tom Gurney's wife had died young, poor Tom had gone wild and had pretty well dissipated his share of the family money long before serious, sensible little Isabel had been old enough to know what it was all about. But Isabel had never suffered, had never been allowed to feel that she was under the slightest disadvantage. Aunt Minnie and Aunt Fan had seen to it that her big white teeth were straightened and her fine straight hair brushed into a shine; she had had her tennis rackets and middy blouses, her French lessons and her turn with the pony just as the others had.

And when she had grown up into fineness and charm, her eyes deep-set and her mouth rather wide, as was the family fashion, but with the exquisite dark clear Gurney skin and the fine straight Wriothesley body, and with a delightful voice, and with German and French, and enough music, and enough knowledge of the poets and the philosophers, these kindly aunts and uncles and cousins had felt themselves well repaid for everything they had ever done for Isabel. Every eligible third cousin and fourth cousin in the group had wanted her; quiet blond Chris had been none too sure of this brilliant agreeable girl.

ISABEL and Chris had duly had a Thomas Gurney, now eight years old, a Toppy, who was Christopher Russell, junior, now nearing seven, and a Martha Remington. Then had come a check. Martha Remington, on her fourth birthday, her red Russell hair curling in an aureole about her small wan face and her little claw of a hand holding tight to Chris's big fingers, had gone away from Chris and Isabel, and for a year or two sorrow had somehow seemed to draw them closer together than even joy had.

Then joy had come back with Mary-Belle Gurney, now completing her radiant third year. Everything had gone well since Mary-Belle had come laughing into their midst; life had been serene and sweet. Chris was working in the family firm; Isabel was taking her place in club and charity work with the other young matrons in her group; children racing through the house in pajamas; family Christmas trees in the old brick houses in Salem Crescent; golf to take care of those extra pounds of Chris's; Europe for Isabel for six happy weeks with her doctor brother and his wife; order, beauty, content on all sides.

And now this!

"I've never been happy!" Chris had said, trembling but resolute. "I married the way my father and mother wanted me to marry. I studied law—I wanted to be a forester, but I studied law—I went into the family firm. I've been doing what other people wanted me to do all my life long. Well, I'm tired of it. You'll think I don't love you. I've always loved you, and the children too. We've had wonderful years. But from the beginning I've known that it wasn't *my* life—it wasn't *my* happiness! It's not going to hurt any one to have me take what's left and have a few years of living my way!

"While—while you've been away!" he had stammered, "I've had time to—to think things over! I've seen it clearly—reasonably. I've been living dishonestly. This is the first honest thing I've done!"

"WELL, but I simply mustn't think of it," Isabel said, reaching this point in her recollections. "I'll simply go out of my mind if I do. Christopher! Think of his brooding over this all this time. 'While I was away,' indeed! Of course that's when the mischief was done. But somehow, with the children and nurse and his mother right here, to keep an eye on him—"

She made herself get up and go into the kitchen to talk to Lulu; she went upstairs and sat at her desk telephoning; she wrote notes. Then she dressed with her usual care, and left a message to the effect that she would be at home for lunch and would stop for Mary-Belle.

Isabel went to the garage and unlocked the door and backed her car out. The October day was bright and clear with just a tang of dropping leaves and brush fires in the warm air; the old dignified brick houses of Salem Crescent looked their best in the morning light. Isabel stopped at the Lennox house and went in without ringing. Chris's mother was an invalid, and never left her airy big upstairs sitting room among the elm and maple branches. Her son's wife was one of the few persons privileged to go up to her unannounced.

A broadly-built fine-looking rosy old woman whose black silk gown flowed majestically about her chair, she glanced at her daughter-in-law as Isabel came in, and instantly the younger wife knew that her news was not news. She had been wondering how she should tell of Chris's madness; it was not necessary. Isabel was conscious of a strange dropping of the heart as she realized how far that madness had gone. He had told his mother!

"Good to have you home again," the older Mrs. Lennox said, with a glance at her secretary. Miss Oddie smiled and withdrew. Isabel stretched a firm left hand to grasp the invalid's fingers; sat down in a low chair close by, and took out her knitting. She had been to see Chris's mother almost daily since her return ten days ago. That was not what the old woman meant. "You can knit, eh?" said Harriet Yeazell Lennox dryly. Color came into Isabel's face.

"I can knit," she said quietly.

Mrs. Lennox did not speak for a second, then she said, "I thank God for you."

After a pause in which Isabel had knitted rapidly she added, "What's gotten into him?"

"Was he here?" Isabel asked. They must face the music now.

"He came in with Tom and Mary-Belle—Toppy'd gone on with Freddy's Fred. Chris sent the children on to school with Larry, and he sat here, raving"—said his mother with strong distaste—"raving like a maniac!"

"H'm!" Isabel said, and sighed again.

"What do you make of it, Isabel?"

"I can't make anything of it, gran. I suppose," Isabel said, "if I did, I'd be fainting and crying and carrying on in the regulation manner. But I'm dazed! He burst out with it all at breakfast this morning; that was the first I'd heard of it. It's left me feeling—oh, horribly tired and sore. It's shaken me. I feel," Isabel said, her eyes suddenly watering and her smile trembling, "I feel that if I can't trust Chris, there's nothing safe in the world!"

"It's ridiculous!" Chris's mother said. She stared sternly into space. "And it's got to be stopped!"

"It'll stop itself. It never would have gotten a start if I hadn't gone abroad with Tom," Isabel offered.

"YOU had every right to a holiday with Tom and Harriet. You'd had Toppy's arm to deal with all summer. It's nonsense that a woman can't go off for a rest without risking this sort of thing! Who's this woman? Something Jennifer—"

"Jennifer Rodgers. Oh, she's just—a woman," Isabel answered. "She's blonde and limp and very pretty. She was married to some Western man for a while; then she came back here and married Scott Rodgers. Now they're divorced, and she's been on the stage; she's had quite a career."

"That isn't the woman who sued her first husband's family for some stock recently?"

"That's the one."

"Good Lord!" the elder Mrs. Lennox said under her breath. It was a prayer. "He'll come home tonight wondering if he was out of his mind this morning," she predicted.

"Perhaps," Isabel said lifelessly. "In which case I suppose there's nothing to do but forgive him," she added with reluctance.

"In which case you *know* there's nothing else to do but forgive him!" the other woman amended it decidedly.

That was it, of course, Isabel reflected as she drove on to the florist's, stopped at the dairy, stopped at the kindergarten school to get Mary-Belle. The pleasant sunshiny day wheeled on its accustomed course about her. The children were home for lunch; the boys were off again, and Mary-Belle was idling contentedly in mother's room while Isabel talked to Marcia Monroe. Marcia was president of the club, and she and mother had much to discuss.

"But now to come back to the Red Stockings, Isabel," Mrs. Monroe kept saying. "If we can burn that mortgage at our Thanksgiving party, Marcia," Mary-Belle heard her mother replying, "we shan't have any

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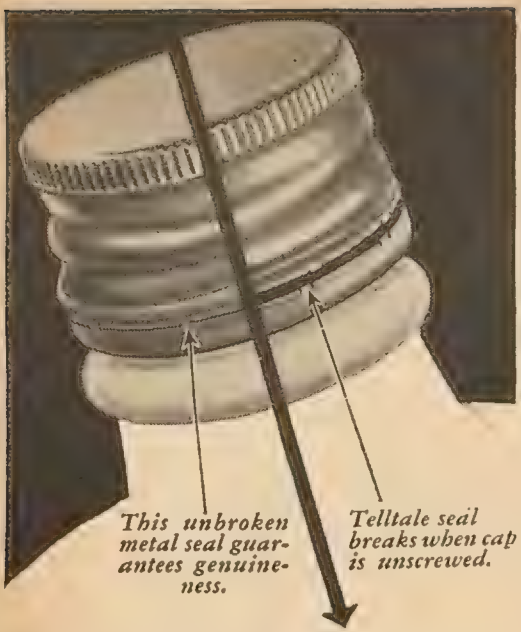
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Fleischmann's Dry Gin

See advertisement . . . . Page 19

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trouble with the Red Stockings!”

Then mother went downtown, and Mary-Belle, ecstatic in the new sailor coat and white pancake hat, went with her, hopping and jumping and chattering, and after they had done their shopping, they went to a tea, just for a perfumed confused few minutes of ladies' voices and furs and candlelight.

Mother would not stay because she never drank tea and because she had “a ball and chain” with her. She was putting Mary-Belle's curls out from her coat collar and kissing Mary-Belle's ear as she said it, and Mary-Belle proudly suspected that she herself was the “ball and chain.”

What Mary-Belle did not suspect was that mother was living and moving and speaking from the black depths of a bad dream.

The nightmare went on; went on. Quite simply Chris wanted a divorce; but when Isabel flatly refused to consider it, he quite simply pursued his own course without it. He was constantly away from home at dinner-time, sometimes until late in the evening; he gave his wife no explanation of his activities. His mother, his brother, his three sisters—Harriet Gurney Ashton, Margaret Lennox Ashton, Philippa Wriothesley Yeazell—scolded, reasoned, mocked at him in vain. Chris simply could not hear their voices, nor the voice of his wife, nor any other voice in the world except Jennifer's plaintive little one. His universe was Jennifer's pretty room, with the couch covered with a Turkish spread for daytimes, and the begonias in the windows silhouetted against the sunlight, and the pleasant scents of tea and toast in the air.

The Family raged about the matter in private, and kept its individual and collective chin high in public. Every one knew what Isabel was suffering and what Chris was doing, but nobody except her immediate relatives dared speak to her about it.

“CHRIS loves you. Deep down in his heart you're fixed as mother is,” Philippa said to Isabel. “Why—idiot that he is!—when he was talking to me about it the other day, it was almost as if he was counting on your sympathy still! Chris may be simple-minded over the whole thing, but he couldn't go on for one moment if he hadn't convinced himself that he's being noble, that he's doing what's honest by you and by Jennifer! I spoke to him of the children. He said, ‘Children belong essentially to their mother, but Isabel will be the first person to understand that a gentle, lovely nature like Jennifer's has much to give them, and she'll lend them to us sometimes!’”

“It's insanity,” Chris's mother said heavily. Isabel had formed a habit of turning quite pale, but she did not speak much. It was all too bewildering, too incredible! The prerogatives of girlhood, wifehood, motherhood—all accepted with such dignity, such decency, such delight—were swept away, were counted as nothing against this preposterous delusion of Chris's that was going to wreck all their lives!

“She flatters him, of course,” Philippa said firmly. “She has him completely deluded and out of his mind. She's persuaded him that you'll go on placidly taking care of the children and coming here to see mother, while he fulfills the tremendous obligation of making her happy! It oughtn't to surprise us. According to statistics it's what men are doing all the time. I suppose we ought to be surprised that our men haven't done it oftener!”

On the occasion when this particular conversation took place, there was a fourth woman sitting in the warmth and comfort of old Mrs. Lennox's room—her oldest daughter. Margaret had always been the unmanageable member of the family, not doing anything irregular but saying surprising and independent things that were infinitely alarming. Margaret was forty now, the impeccable wife of Wriothesley Ashton, the devoted and capable mother of five fine children. But she had moments of rebellion and daring and originality, and it was from one of these that she spoke now.

“ISABEL, you ought to start a backfire!”

“*Mag*gie—” Isabel murmured patiently, with a long-drawn stress on the first syllable.

“How d'ye mean backfire?” the old woman asked.

“Mother, I mean that I think it's disgusting to have men like Chris serenely confident that they can break up their entire circle and have us all quietly fall into line! He's deserting every obligation he's ever assumed, and Isabel is calmly accepting it. It's preposterous! If he once thought that Isabel was doing the same thing, that she was going to give up Tom and Toppy and Mary-Belle, we'd hear a little less of this nonsense. I'd like to scare him. After all, he adores the children. He's like lots of other men who have to lose their homes and wives and children before they'll know how much they love them! If Isabel said to him that in case of his remarriage she was going to take them to Calcutta, or Zanzibar, it might bring him to his senses!”

“He knows full well I'd never do any such thing,” Isabel said. Tears came to her eyes. “He knows that you girls and gran and the cousins are my whole world,” she added unsteadily.

“Yes, but you know there's no *reasoning* in this for Chris,” Margaret said eagerly. “You know he's like a person sleepwalking. One good jolt and he'd wake up. And when he does wake up, we'll all forgive him,” she added, with a glance for Isabel, “because he's Chris, and adorable, and doesn't know what he's doing!”

“Oh, we'll forgive him!” Isabel faltered. And she slid to her knees beside the spread of her mother-in-law's silken skirt and buried her face there and began to cry.

The eyes of the other women watered, and Margaret blew her nose. They had never seen Isabel cry before.

"I warn you," Margaret said, "that I'm going to try scaring him. I'm going to pick some probable person—like young Judge Taylor, for example—and I'm going to work up a good story of Isabel's liking him. Judge Taylor's going to Washington—he's been appointed to something—and I'll indicate that Isabel is going to take the children along. Chris is a fool in some ways, but he loves this old town, and the church Great-great-grandfather Gurney preached Revolutionary sermons in, and this house, with the Copleys and the spode and the Washington four-poster. He doesn't want his children taken away."

"Mag," Isabel said with dignity, "I don't think I want you to pretend that I'd jump into another marriage so quickly. I'm Chris's wife. He seems to me as much a part of my life as ever my brother did, or as the children do, or as I seem to be myself. He is me, and I'm him—there's no other life for me. If I hated him—and he's acting so smugly, so *stupidly* about this that sometimes I think I do!" Isabel said with what was for her unusual anger—"I'd still feel that we belonged to each other—that somehow we had to work out our problem together!"

"Exactly," Margaret answered with satisfaction. "It's to make him see exactly that, that I think we ought to show him how he'd feel if you began these absurdities! Chris is sick, he's in a fever, and we've got to break it, that's all. We can deal with him later," Chris's sister said on a grim significant note, and as Isabel laughed forlornly they all echoed her.

"IT'S always the good men, like Chris, that such women get," his mother said sadly. Isabel ended the conversation soberly.

"Chris is the best man I've ever known," she said briefly, finally. "And now I've got to go collect my children. You and Wry are coming to dinner tomorrow night, Mag?" she said. "Chris'll be there, but just a specter of the old Chris. And at eight o'clock he'll be called to the telephone, and they'll talk seventeen minutes!"

The last phrases were added with an air of lightness, of humor. But her face was drawn, and none of the women laughed. The elder Mrs. Lennox drew in her breath with a sharp sound of exasperation, and Margaret said warmly:

"I'd like to box his ears! There ought to be a hospital for men in Chris's condition. There ought to be a Board of Aldermen or something to sentence 'em to it."

"Oh, well—" Isabel said dully, her lips trembling and her eyes filling, as she went upon her way.

She had always thought of herself as one of the fortunate women of the world; it was strange to have the events of only a few weeks alter her position so radically.

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"So that's your secret recipe . . . I wondered why those Martinis tasted so smooth and delicious"

Nearly everybody makes a *Dry Martini* the same way . . .

1/3 French Vermouth, a dash of Orange Bitters . . . 2/3 gin. Stirred slowly—never shaken.

It's not the recipe that's so important. *It's The Gin!*

Most American people are discovering that an *all American* gin—like Fleischmann's—can make *all* the difference in a Martini.

Fleischmann's is a smoother, milder (but not weaker) American-type gin. It is especially distilled to blend perfectly with other liquors and fruit juices.

This famous *American* gin is distilled from *American* grain—from an *American* formula—by an *American* company—to satisfy *American* tastes and drinking customs.

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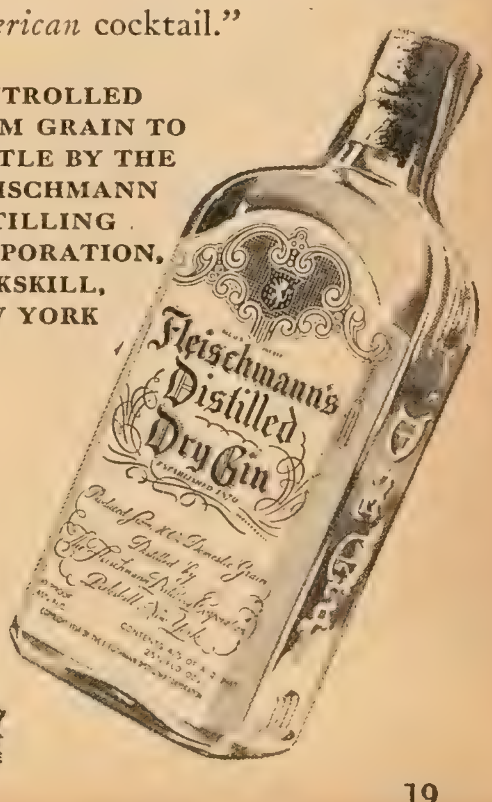

NRA CODE

She was still a fortunate woman, of course; any girl who was born into the Salem Crescent group was. At twenty-nine she still had youth, and health, and her mind, and her social position, and Tom and Toppy and Mary-Belle; she was still mistress of the brick house with the pressed-iron balconies, still president of the Women's Civic and the Browning clubs.

When one thought of—and Isabel not only thought much but actually worked to help—the women of China and Russia, the needy in her own neighborhood, then one couldn't but thank God for having been born a Gurney, and for having married the very pick of the Lennoxes. But somehow life seemed to have gone dreary.

Life had become just duty; nursery and kitchen and committee meetings, and speaking to Duke about the car, and speaking to the men from Fuller's about the asparagus.

Isabel had never thought of beauty as one of her assets; the Salem Crescent women didn't have to be beautiful. Rather, they were groomed and smart and lovely; lovely with the fineness of fine voices and fine hands, finished manners and cultivated tastes.

Now she looked at herself honestly in the mirror. Did women need more than she had, to win the long battle that was marriage? Jennifer Rodgers, a social outcast, a pariah long ago expelled from the company of dutiful women, had nothing else, to be sure, but she had lure. She had glamour.

Nobody knew where her husbands were, nor the two children she had incidentally produced, least of all Jennifer. But here was Chris—sober, steady-going contract- and golf-playing Chris—going up to have tea with Jennifer every day, telling a few intimates in a hushed awed tone that Jennifer was nothing more than a love-hungry little girl who had never been understood; telling any one who would listen to him all about the time when Jennifer had been a passionately affectionate baby, championing a forlorn one-eyed stray cat, and upsetting her boarding school by getting her brother's gun to protect the cat against the head mistress's decree to banish it. Chris fondly loved that story; it showed him what a fiery, loyal, amusing little monkey Jennifer had been.

Jennifer had not succumbed to Chris's charms—not Jennifer! She was too smart for that. She didn't want to be Chris Lennox's mistress. She wanted to be Mrs. Christopher Wriothesley Lennox of the Salem Crescent family, and push her way in with Harriet and Margaret and Philippa and Gurney, and have a boy baby and a new car and a mink coat.

And after a while, Isabel thought—for she was one of the most imaginative women of the clan—after a while Jennifer might even make headway. She would be winning, attentive, tactful with them all; she would love Chris so desperately and be so simple and happy and innocent that they couldn't help being won.

"Oh, Lord," prayed Isabel in her distracted soul, "get us out of this mess somehow!"

And quite suddenly, amazingly, quietly, as is the way of the divine unction, it seemed to her that her prayer had been answered.

Chris changed. There seemed to come a gentleness, a sympathy in his attitude. He was occasionally at home in the late afternoons.

He came home early on the eve of Christmas and helped trim the tree. When Tom showed him a bad splinter in a hard little-boy hand Chris did not merely listen to his story absently but he took boy and hand into the old fatherly stronghold of his encircling arm, and talked about the injury, and extracted the splinter. And because Tom was brave there was mystifying and entrancing allusion to a "twenty-two." A gun at last for Tom. These things shook Isabel to the heart.

ON the afternoon of Christmas Eve, when Isabel was sure that he was with Jennifer, she went in to see her mother-in-law, to settle last matters of presents, tree, dinners, charades, carols, all the usually delightful minutiae of Christmas Day that seemed so dull and lifeless this year, and there, in the magnificent old invalid's room she found Chris. He had been there some time, too; they had been playing dominoes, he and his mother, and they were now having tea.

Great wreaths showed against the frosted windows; coal burned red in the steel-rodded fireplace beside which Lafayette had once warmed his breeched and buckled legs; Katie was serving the famous fruit cake and the Oolong on china of real Old Blue. Philippa and her Harriet were there, and Aunt Minnie and little Fan. It was the happiest scene Isabel's eyes had found to delight them in many weeks; she merged into it with complete reassurance flooding up like a warm tide in her heart.

Then came happy holidays, days of interlude, when Chris was humble and gentle and thoughtful, and then, early in the frosty cold new year, Toppy was sick—not seriously sick, but sick enough to make Isabel look worn and white, and to grant both parents only brief intervals of uneasy sleep. And it was in one of the sacred vigils of Toppy's sickroom that somehow their eyes, their lips, their hearts came together again, and Isabel was crying on Chris's big comforting shoulder, and all the bitterness of the last few weeks was washed away.

Isabel was not pretty now; her eyes were sunk in rings of shadow, her hair pushed plainly back, her lashes were tipped with tears. But perhaps Chris found her lovely.

He loved the old gray wrapper too, as poor little feverish Toppy did. In Toppy's fever, the old wrapper meant "mother," and when the fever left

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[NO. 3]

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ice cubes at the refrigerator

him he still loved the familiar touch and color of it. And as Chris's fever abated likewise he seemed to want Isabel to be just what she had always been. He dropped his face on the shoulder of the gray wrapper and said, “I'm sorry, Isa. I've been an awful fool. I didn't know how far—these things—could sort of—slide.”

What Isabel brokenly whispered back meant little except to the two who had been man and wife for almost ten years; they presently went down to the kitchen together, and had coffee and toast, and saw the hard red January dawn against the bare hedge and beyond the garage, and smiled wearily at each other. . . .

“You know what did it, don't you?” Margaret Ashton asked her sister-in-law a few days later.

“What did what, Mag?”

“What brought that idiot Chris to his senses?”

“It would seem from your manner that you had something to do with it,” Isabel suggested.

“I did the whole thing!” The two women had had luncheon at Margaret's house, and were waiting beside the drawing-room fire for the Hospital Auxiliary Committee to arrive for the nomination of the new board. Toppy was sitting up, with brick blocks and water colors and two cousins in to amuse him, and Isabel was enjoying her first liberty from the fears and fatigues of the sickroom.

“What did you do?”

“I went to see Chris in his office—oh, before Christmas. I told him I had something horribly important to say to him. I said that I had reason to believe that you had become deeply interested in another man.”

“Margaret Ashton!”

“WELL, *some one* had to do *something!*” Margaret defended her duplicity stoutly. “I said that it was so unfortunate that his fancy for Mrs. Rodgers—I made light of that, of course; I made that a mere flirtation, because as a matter of fact Chris never talked very seriously to me about it, and I pretended that you and mother hadn't. I said that his unfortunate fancy for Mrs. Rodgers had come exactly at the wrong time, because you were definitely planning to get a divorce and take the children to England. Chris, you know, can't stand England! He likes certain English people, but he loathes London. Mother took us there when we were little, and Chris had typhoid, and he had one of those appallingly superior British nurses who kept trying to fight the battles of the Revolutionary War over again, and cornering and maddening him, and altogether he had a wretched time. So I told him that you were going to take the children to grow up in England. Seriously, you know, Isa, when he isn't out of his mind, Chris adores the children. Why wouldn't he?”

“Mag, you goose, Chris knows full well I'd never take the children away from gran and the rest of you!”

“No, but listen! I did better than that. I fabricated a lover for you!”

“British, I gather?”

“Isabel, you know this scientist who's coming to lecture at the university here next month? Sir Eric Pawling, I think his name is.”

“What about *him?*”

“Well, I happened to see in the Boston newspaper interview that he had been on the Berengaria coming to America at the same time you were. *Did* you meet him on the boat by any chance?”

“No, I didn't.”

“Well, I assumed that you had. I didn't,” Chris's sister interrupted herself to say virtuously—“I didn't actually *lie* to Chris. I just *intimated.* I intimated that you'd met him on the boat, and that you'd formed a tremendous friendship, and that you were all upset. Chris seemed stunned. He kept saying, ‘She never mentioned him! She never mentioned him!’

“I said, ‘Isabel has been a wonderful wife to you, and a wonderful daughter to mother, and we all love her. But you know Isabel when she makes her mind up to a thing!’ I said, ‘She feels that you'd like to make a break, too, Chris, and I'm afraid it means sad changes for us all, and especially for the children. They'll hate England—’

“Well, my dear,” the narrator went on with great relish, as Isabel continued to stare at her in stupefied amaze without speaking, “I had him completely—*flabbergasted!* I think in that moment he saw just what a fool he'd been, playing around with that painted yellow-headed Jenny Filmore that we all remember long before she ever met poor Joe Rodgers! He began to see what losing you would mean. And once their eyes are really opened they can't get themselves out of trouble fast enough!” she ended triumphantly.

“But—good heavens, Mag,” Isabel presently said weakly, “Sir Eric will be here in ten days; we'll probably have him to dinner, or Harriet will. How on earth can we—”

“Now, don't worry! I've thought of that. But that's exactly when Chris is going to New York. He'll never see him. Nobody'll ever know. What does he look like, Isa?”

“Chris? He looks fine now. You saw him last night. He was rather run down; we both were, after Toppy—”

“No, I mean Sir Eric. You saw him on the boat.”

“Oh! Oh, he's rather small, with glasses, and a little dab of mustache. He was with a group of scientists; they kept rather to themselves. Good heavens, suppose he does come here, and Chris says something about it—”

“Chris won't be here.”

“No; but I will be! And with all of you looking at him out of the corners of your eyes—”

“Now, don't worry, Isabel. The man'll be here for only the day of the lecture, and they'll all be buzzing about him. Harriet will want him to see the Memorial Museum, and old

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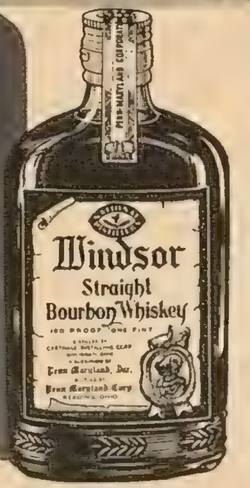

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It sounds too good to be true, yet nine out of ten who write us say that this simple treatment brought them blessed relief from sleepless nights of tossing.

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Just before you turn out the light, take a bottle of Absorbine Jr. and pour a little in the palm of your hand. Then stroke the back of the neck with slow, firm pressure, rubbing away from the brain. Stretch out in bed, let tight muscles relax, and breathe with a slow, smooth rhythm, like a person already sound asleep. And the next thing you know, it's daylight!

How easy and simple it is! Will you try it tonight and *sleep?* Absorbine Jr. is sold at all drug stores, $1.25 per bottle. A small quantity goes a long way . . . costs less than a penny per application. If you'd like a free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

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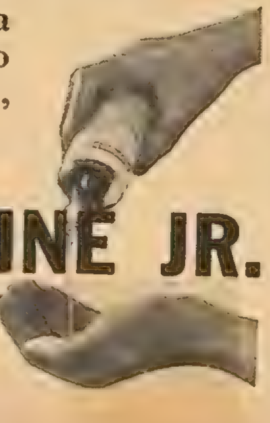

Dr. Whipple will produce that shark's vertebra or whatever it is, and he'll not know where he is! If he's a withered little gent in spectacles, and British into the bargain, we don't have to be afraid of *him.* And I tell you, Isabel, that's what *did* it. Chris waked up. What if we have sacrificed one little visiting scientist to the decency of the family? He'd probably fall right in line, if we told him.

"Chris said to mother this morning that he hoped he could talk you into going to New York with him, anyway," she added, as Isabel, who had walked to the window and was staring out, seemed to find nothing to say. "If you go— Why don't you go? It'd be a good break for you both. You could see a show or two, and get all the children the usual presents, and be back in a week."

"Maybe I will," Isabel said slowly. "Perhaps it would be the smartest thing I could do."

And within a few days she was packing her bags, with Mary-Belle and the boys flourishing about her disordered room, and Chris telephoning about tickets and hours, and all the excitements of what promised to be a sort of second honeymoon full upon her. The Christopher Lennoxes reconciled and back in step were going to New York for a week, and the delighted family was content. Isabel was to be sure to find out about the speaker for the club's March meeting; Christopher would make a special trip to the New Jersey factory to see how they were getting along.

SO that was the end of the story, at least as far as the family was ever to know it. But there was a postscript.

The postscript occurred on a snowy January afternoon ten days later, when Sir Eric Pawling, the famous English scientist, embarked upon a great transatlantic liner to return to England. He went down with his group to the boat some hours before sailing, and was met upon the dock in Brooklyn by a smart, plain, well-dressed woman who came forward from the churning groups on the pier. They walked away from the others to the empty space at the pier's end, where the snow was falling softly, and paced slowly up and down.

"Eric, my dear," Isabel said, to start the conversation.

"Isabel," the man returned. Their hands met; their eyes met; their souls rushed out to meet each other.

"Isn't this strange?" said Isabel. "I—I had to see you."

"I knew you were in New York," said Sir Eric. "I was hoping—but then, what haven't I been hoping, or thinking? Every street corner—every woman in a fur coat in the restaurants—everywhere—"

"I know," she said.

"I was in your town, you know. Probably met some of your people. Some one told me that you and your husband were away."

"We left the day before you got there. Chris, my husband, had a little business here, and I came with him. I was afraid that if I were there I couldn't—I couldn't quite give you a dinner, Eric, and have them all there, and act exactly as if—exactly as if—"

"I know," he said briefly in his turn, as she stopped short.

"It will all be all right if ever we meet again, and we will some day," she said. "I'll have the children in England some day, and you'll show me the Sussex place, and—it will be all right. It's only just now—just now that I had to see you—just for a moment, to say that—"

THEY walked up and down, and the snow fell softly, and far away the bustle of the ship's departure went its accustomed way, and men flung ropes and shouted, and porters strained at smartly barred trunks, and gulls fluttered over the harbor.

"How much did you tell them—tell any one?"

"Not one word. I never mentioned your name."

"Nor I yours. Of course," Sir Eric said, "they all know. I mean Grimm and Henderson; I suppose they know. Not about the beginnings, perhaps. But they saw us on the trip. And I suppose they've seen that I've been damned unhappy."

Her heart winced. She could not speak.

"I didn't have to lie out and out," Isabel presently said. "Some one, my sister-in-law, Mrs. Ashton, I think it was, asked me—this was when the subject of your lecture came up—if I'd met you on the boat, and I could truthfully say that I hadn't. I didn't have to say anything about the Purcells' dinner."

"Nor my walking home with you to the Savoy afterward, and along the Embankment, and our hearing all the bells."

"No; not about that. London—" the woman said simply. "I've been in London before. But you gave it to me, Eric. You and your coat with the fur collar—this coat—and your telephoning me the next morning to ask me if I'd like to go out to Old Bailey and hear the cases. Fog, do you remember?"

"Yellow fog in the Strand. Lights lighted at eleven o'clock and our stopping for violets."

"All of it. Your uncle's library that night, remember? And your sister saying, 'So *you're* Eric's American? And aren't you lovely!'"

"Ursula. She thought you were wonderful."

"I dare say I was. I was drinking strong wine, my dear."

"Strong wine!"

"Was any part of it happier than any other, I wonder, Eric? When I think of the Hampton Court day, my heart just shuts, as if acid were poured on it—somehow that day, and the darling little old gentlewoman who lives down there and who knew your mother—"

"Old Sibyl Coates."

"Yes. And the shadows in those big galleries, and the portraits looking down, and the fresh green grass, and the taste of everything after the rain."

Against the darkness of the pier buildings the snow continued to flutter softly; the little bewildered flakes caught the light; wheeled away into blackness above the water. Loose small cakes of ice churned in the harbor by the coming and going of boats made a wet, crunching sound. A tug's searchlight fanned against the blackness, and Isabel could see the metallic glitter of rough little waves and the grimy white-painted trunks of the piles rising from them. The scene about the gangplanks of the ship was still confused, animated, crowded, but out here, beyond the wide-open doors at the end of the wharf, there was darkness and peace.

Sir Eric's arm was locked tightly in hers; she liked to lean her seal coat against his fur-collared fine wool one; there was infinite restfulness where Eric was—there was complete peace in her soul.

"JUST the same," the man said, "I wish I hadn't dropped in at Johnnie Purcell's that night."

"I wonder if you really do, Eric."

"Oh, absolutely."

"Is it," she asked, touched, "is it as bad as all that?"

"It's very bad. . . . It's so odd, Isabel," Sir Eric presently added, as she paced back and forth with him slowly, her hand drawn tightly into the crook of his arm, and did not speak. "It's so odd that it should be so. The need—the desperate need a man has for just one woman—just one sweet slender hoarse-voiced woman in a velvet frock, meeting one at the Berkeley, coming into the laboratory and asking questions, walking along Piccadilly and into Regent Street, and stopping to look at Queen Anne's silver spoons in the windows—

"It seems such a hideous pity, my dear. It seems such a waste! To have a Tommy and a Toppy—"

"And a Mary-Belle," the woman said. "Oh, yes. And after all, your wife is living, Eric, and her people would know, even if she didn't. It would hurt them. And she may understand more than we think. She would miss your visits, even if in her poor mind somebody did not plant the idea and disturb her. There are always dear considerate friends—"

"Yes, I know," he said quickly.

"You're watching the time? Those little nosing tugs look very businesslike."

"Time's up."

They quite simply kissed each other, his arms gripping her tightly, her white-gloved hands on his shoulders. Then they walked back across the rough planks of the pier into the brighter lights at the ship's side, and Isabel said that she and Chris had a theater engagement with two old friends, and that she would be at home just in time to dress, and Sir Eric said that he rather hoped he would not find any familiar names on the sailing list.

She stood perfectly still as he went up the gangplank. He came at once to the rail, and their eyes met and she smiled. She did not wait for the ship actually to sail; a fringe of spectators standing packed between the great arches of the wharf building lined the ropes at the pier's edge. Isabel waved her hand and walked away.

When she came to the great outer room, through which scattered small groups were moving away, and where the great baggage escalators, lately so packed with barred trunks and smart suitcases and peasant bundles and cheap yellow and brown boxes, were empty, she stood perfectly still in the center of the enormous domed place, one gloved hand fingering the button of her coat that was nearest her heart.

"Elevators, lady?" an elderly stout official in policeman-blue asked solicitously. Isabel looked at him thoughtfully for a moment. When she spoke she had to clear her throat to make herself intelligible.

"Please," she said. When she got down to the dark street, where the cars and taxis were waiting, and where the clean snow was melting fast into trampled black grime, she could hear the boat's hoarse abrupt whistle shake the night air; she could hear the sudden plunge and crush of ice against the pier.

THE END

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Russian Youth
RATTLES THE BARS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

ANDREI MIATLEG was almost eighteen. The Czarist order had been swept away before he was born in Smolensk, near Moscow. His earliest recollections were of the fiery Lenin and Trotsky. His schooling passed in the shadow of the demigod Stalin.

Andrei was a product of the established Soviet system. All his life he had it drilled into him that the capitalist world, the outside world, was a shambles strewn with corpses, ridden with starvation, torn with class war, smarting under the whip of monster capitalists.

At the Smolensk railroad station Andrei would sometimes see visitors from the faraway bourgeois Mars—Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and other tourists. They did not look starved. They had baskets filled with fabulous food. They wore fairy-tale garments. Their shoes were the wonder and the talk of the town. Above all, they carried fantastic money which the Communists were eager to secure at any rate of exchange.

Andrei Miatleg had the curiosity of youth. He would explore for himself that strange world lying several hundred miles to the west. He knew that the border was sealed, that it was a cardinal crime to leave the millennial homeland; but he would try.

Last December a large consignment of caviar reached Poland from Soviet Russia. Andrei Miatleg was part of it. He had stowed away in a case-load of caviar.

"I wanted to see what life is like in the capitalist world," he declared when he was released from his prison box. Unwittingly, Andrei expressed the feelings of the new generation in Russia, which is trying to break out of its steel shell.

Simultaneous with Andrei's adventure was that of a youth in Leningrad, a young Communist by the name of Leonid Nikolaiev. He too had been reared in the Soviet cradle. Leonid was a child when the World War broke out. He too sought escape from the iron cage built by Stalin. His method was different. He shot and killed Stalin's right-hand man in Leningrad—Sergei Kirov.

Of the 117 men and women summarily executed by Stalin in retaliation for Kirov's assassination, the great majority were disillusioned Communist youths. Some were seventeen or eighteen. None was above forty. Of the fourteen terrorists identified with Nikolaiev and executed in Leningrad, six were Soviet students.

Nikolaiev's shot reverberated around the globe. The world woke up to the realization that eighteen years had elapsed since the great revolutionary hurricane swept the limitless Russian steppes. Since then a new youth has arisen in Russia. To this youth, Bolshevism is the inherited, established order against which one rises in rebellion.

It is the essence of youth to be in revolt. The greater the obstacles, the stronger the insurgence. The Bolshevist tradition excommunicates the instinct of rebellion. But youth cannot be excommunicated.

Is a New Revolution at Hand Within the "Red Millennium"? Here Are the Most Surprising Revelations Yet to Escape Through the Iron Walls of Censorship

by ISAAC DON LEVINE

Photos Sovfoto

An innocent Charlie Chaplin movie made in Hollywood exerted a profound influence in Leningrad.

Mikhail Burstyn, a mechanic at the famous Red Putilov plant, a shock brigadier on the Five-Year Plan front, decided to go on his day of rest to see a Charlie Chaplin film. He invited a friend, a young Communist sailor from the Soviet navy, to go with him.

"We laughed a lot at Chaplin's antics," tells Mikhail. "But we were petrified when in one of the scenes there appeared a table covered with a white cloth and loaded with all kinds of foodstuffs. The entire audience was literally spellbound by the sight. We gazed with our mouths wide open and our eyes popping."

The sailor pulled at his sleeve. "Look at them. They are eating fresh rolls, fish, meat, and butter! My mouth is watering."

The laughter dried up, there was silence. The two holidaying Soviet youths were thinking. They had been raised on promises of an abundant tomorrow. They demanded food today!

Practically all the Soviet's own movies deal either with the grandiose vistas of a future of luxury, or with newsreels showing starvation in New York or London, riots, and police cruelty to the workers. One evening last fall Mikhail Burstyn went with a Communist girl to such a movie in Leningrad.

"Let's get out of here!" The girl suddenly turned to her escort in the midst of the reel. They dashed out.

"What's the matter? Do you feel sick?" asked Mikhail.

"Yes; I am sick from that movie. I am sick and tired of these pictures! I don't believe them. They are forgeries. They are showing us how workers suffer and are enslaved abroad. But what about our own workers? Are we not enslaved? Do we not live in horrible want?"

THE girl burst into tears. To Mikhail's amazement, she continued to denounce bitterly the Soviet government, to speak of her disillusionment in the Bolshevist revolution, of the broken promises, of the shattered dreams, of the parasitic Communist bureaucrats.

The girl broke down and died within two weeks. This was her only escape. Mikhail Burstyn, like the boy in the caviar case, got out of Soviet Russia to tell the story of the new generation to an unsuspecting world.

The tragedy of Bloody Peters and his son, a tragedy of Shakespearean scope, dramatizes the war between the generations now going on in Russia.

Sergei Peters, a veteran revolutionist, returned to Russia from exile abroad in 1917. During the period of the civil war he acquired world-wide notoriety as Bloody Peters, one of the most ruthless high executioners of the dreaded Cheka.

Four years elapsed. Soviet Russia concluded peace with her neighbors. Peters went out to Finland to bring his wife and children, who had now arrived from England, into Russia.

He did not know that his boy Yuri was carrying, beneath his curly hair, pale lips, and firm chin, the embers of a consuming fire.

Yuri received a Soviet education, but his soul was in rebellion. He was the son of a Chekist who had shed torrents of blood. Only blood could redeem the sins of his father. Yuri would commit suicide. But no; that was not enough. He would attack the very system of which his father was a leader!

At twenty-two Yuri joined a secret terrorist youth circle organized by an intrepid girl, Maria Zakharchenko. Three times he smuggled himself out of the country, and returned with his plans ripe. One evening he paid a sudden visit to his father.

"I came to tell you," said Yuri, "that your serving the enemies of Russia is such a shame, such a crime, that I fear my death is insufficient to redeem your sin."

"Is that all you came for?" asked the father.

"Yes. By right, I should kill you. But I love you."

"You are insane," remarked the elder Peters.

"You know very well that I am not," replied the son. "Now, for the last time, are you going to change? There is the judgment of Heaven."

"Nonsense!"

"And there is the judgment of man. And when we shall have conquered, others will have no mercy."

"You make me laugh," said the father.

"If our victory were impossible, I would not be here."

"I will call the Ogpu [the secret police formerly known as the Cheka]!" threatened Sergei Peters, his hand reaching for the telephone.

"Father!"

Yuri vanished into the foggy Leningrad night. He escaped all the nets spread for him. He was now ready for a supreme act of sacrifice. Maria Zakharchenko entrusted him with the task of planting a bomb under the dormitory of the Ogpu headquarters in Moscow.

The Lubianka headquarters is the seat of the Red Terror in Russia, and is guarded day and night. But Yuri Peters succeeded in planting the bomb in the basement of the dormitory. It was discovered before it was set to explode. A nation-wide hunt for Yuri Peters and Maria Zakharchenko was ordered. For thirteen days they eluded the Ogpu bloodhounds. On June 16 the lad and his girl companion were killed "in an attempt to cross the border, after a desperate pursuit and shooting it out with the Soviet agents."

The dynamite which did not go off in the headquarters of the Ogpu was only a small part of the vast reservoir of explosive materials accumulated in the hearts and minds of Russia's new generation.

The Komsomol, the vast Soviet League of Communist Youth, is a hotbed of smoldering revolt. Many of the students in Soviet universities have no way of voicing their opinions of the Soviet government except by scribbling them on the walls of lavatories.

THE secretary of the student body in one of the Moscow colleges, M. Moskvin, who last year escaped from Russia, tells how he was one day called into the college director's office. Moskvin smelled trouble when he saw behind the desk an officer wearing the Ogpu uniform.

"Have you seen this?" The officer opened a folder containing about thirty photographs of inscriptions on the walls of the college lavatory.

"I had never paid any attention to those inscriptions," narrates Moskvin. "Suddenly they all assumed new meaning. Here was one demanding the removal of the director. There was another describing the Soviet government in unprintable terms. A third outlined the principles of a constitution for the future Russian government. Others were caricatures of political personages."

Moskvin was instructed to call a meeting of the student body. The director addressed it, praising the signal achievements of the institution. He proposed to hold an impromptu written examination to show the Soviet government the progress of his students.

Then all the papers were taken to the office of the director. Here three handwriting experts from the Ogpu studied them. In the night of May 7 the student dormitory was surrounded. There was a mass raid and search by the Ogpu. Three students were led away. They had no trial. They just vanished into oblivion.

A deadly hush fell over the college. It was an extension of that blanket of silence in which Stalin had wrapped all Russia. But no blanket has yet been woven which can stifle youth.

The sap of life of a still unborn giant nation oozes from the pen of Moskvin, the Soviet student who preferred to spend twelve days without food or water as a stowaway in order to leave his native land.

Moskvin had joined a secret circle in Moscow. One of its members was a chauffeur for a commissar. Now, even a group of five cannot hold a meeting in Russia without being watched. The Moskvin circle hit upon the bright idea of meeting in the commissar's Rolls-Royce. The chauffeur, Kleshna, would telephone his garage that the machine had broken down, and then take his fellow conspirators riding in it.

Moskvin has preserved for us the cry of the youth of Russia as embodied in a subversive leaflet adopted by his circle. It is typical of the literature now surreptitiously circulated in Moscow:

YOUTH, your turn has come! Comrade-students! Do not think that the author of this leaflet is a counterrevolutionary, a stranger to your ideals, a voice from afar. No; we are just like yourselves, representatives of the city, the village, the factory, the army barracks. We, like you, are pioneers, young Communists, party members, and common citizens.

Comrades, we, like you, have lost all connection with life. To us the Denikines and the Wrangels, the Trotskys and the Stalins, are criminals alike before history and humanity.

We came to replace the generation which has scattered its bones in the far north and east, south and west. We grew up in a laboratory which taught us how to maim man, how to tear his arms and his legs, how to make him lose his reason. We grew up weak and lifeless, afflicted with all the rickets, lacking the salt of life, lacking everything. We were hungry, we were without clothes. Even now we have no bread and nothing to wear. We know what lice, stench, filth, epidemics are. Many of us have not washed in months, have not changed our clothes in years.

Our youthful horizon did not go beyond three colors—Red, White, Green [the peasant movement]. We learned how to beg for alms, how to rob. We learned how to beat up, how to kill, how to knife. We learned how to employ falsehood, forgery, flattery, fawning.

Instead of water and tea, we learned from our childhood how to drink vodka and moonshine. We learned in our teens what a prostitute is and how to buy her. We desecrated all that is sacred because we had seen nothing but profanity and coarseness. We lost the conceptions of honor, of gallantry, of conscience, and found nothing new to replace them. We lost the conceptions of duty, of country, of society, and found nothing new in their stead. We arrived in the world gloomy and angry, feeble in spirit, sapped in health.

But we are an entire generation. We cannot be dropped from the ledger of history. We demand the right to life, to clothes, food, shelter. We demand ethics, culture, science. Otherwise we shall perish before having drunk of the cup of life. Youth, your turn has come!

In this agonized cry of the youth of Russia is the explanation of Nikolaiev's assassination, of Stalin's bloody "purge" of reprisals, of the terror against Lenin's erstwhile disciples. The unrest on the surface of Soviet life bespeaks a deep fever within its vital organs. That fever emanates from the new generation seeking a way out.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Continual means what?

2—What name is common to a unit of weight, an old coin of Morocco, and a leopardlike cat?

3—Who was the first Roman Catholic bishop in the United States?

4—By whom and when was Montreal founded?

5—In golf what is being dormy?

6—Where was Wiley Post, the noted aviator, born?

7—What is an allusion and an elusion?

8—Who achieved world-wide fame as a writer of French-Canadian *habitant* poems?

9—What dangerous explosive is used medicinally?

10—What are some synonyms of hint?

11—The rights of an owner of land bordering a body of water are known as what?

12—What is the difference between prophecy and prophesy?

13—From where is the quotation "This we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat"?

14—Where is it possible for a vessel to be in no latitude and no longitude?

15—An *ex post facto* law is what?

16—Which is larger in area, New York City or Los Angeles?

17—What is the oldest active amateur theatrical organization in the United States?

18—Which is the longest transcontinental railroad in the Western Hemisphere?

19—When was regular airmail service first established in the United States?

20—What judge of the United States Supreme Court, now on the bench, was born in England?

(Answers will be found on page 52)

LOVE MY DOG

A SHORT SHORT STORY

by SAMUEL MERWIN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

GEOFFREY HAMMER was susceptible. Why not? He wasn't yet forty. There were few more successful painters in America. Unlike certain artists he dressed with care and wore his clothes well. His graying hair gave him a touch of distinction. And he was a city bachelor.

Having lunched uptown, he decided to walk down Fifth Avenue to the Irving Club, a matter of nearly two miles.

The avenue was in the full flux of midafternoon. Prettily dressed women and girls crowded the sidewalks, window-shopping. He studied them guardedly as they passed.

And then, abruptly, he saw her. Perhaps we should say, he saw Her. She had a small dog on a leash. She was moving slowly, easily along from window to window. He picked a window and stopped dead. Mustn't pass her. She was small, smartly dressed, her shapely head poised a thought provocatively. Her walk was sheer grace. She could even stand beautifully.

She moved on. Slowly he followed. By a window, the dog pulled back. She turned to draw him forward. For a brief moment her lifted eyes rested on Geoffrey. He saw a straight little nose, an oval face, an exquisite mouth. The eyes, he thought, were hazel. Or perhaps brown. He hoped they were hazel.

She moved over to the curb and leaned out a little, peering down the street. Looking for a taxi, almost certainly.

He couldn't lose her like this. He'd gone too far. He couldn't! But what—how? He went straight over to her.

"May I speak to you just a moment?" He was smiling with diffident charm, hat in hand. "It's this wonderful little Scottie of yours." He knelt right down on the sidewalk and laid gentle hands on the dog, feeling the back, running sensitive fingers through the wiry coat, lifting the snout and closely studying the head. He had seen the professional judges handle dogs in much this manner at the shows. The Scottie, sensing a friend, rubbed closer.

Geoffrey looked up. She was smiling and her color had risen. The texture of her skin suggested the petal of a rose. "I simply couldn't let you vanish with him. I'm a perfect fool over dogs. What's his name?"

"Mac," said she in a gentle contralto.

"Mac," he repeated softly. "Nice Mac." The dog stretched up, forepaws on his knee, and nuzzled his face. Geoffrey murmured, "Down, boy!" and rose.

"From his condition I'm sure you've shown him."

"Oh, yes." Her eyes were hazel. And that coloring! "He's real. He has won his ribbons. I'm pretty proud of Mac."

"What's the rest of his name, if I may ask?"

"MacGregor Champion. And a lot more."

He considered that musingly. "Oh, of course. Hmm! Probably I should have known."

"Oh, you could hardly be expected to recognize him offhand. On the street."

He stood thinking. "Look here," he finally said. "It's certainly mighty nice of you to let a perfect stranger speak to you like this. I've got to arrange it somehow to meet you properly. No doubt we know some of the same people."

She seemed now to be deeply interested in a big green bus. "I wonder," she mused aloud, "if people who love dogs are ever really strangers."

"Perhaps not. I'd like to think so." He was still intent. "Please tell me, would it be within the bounds of reason for us to drop in at some tearoom or other—you and Mac and I—and talk things over a little. I've got something on my mind."

The big green bus was getting under way with the traffic. She seemed to find it absorbing.

"May I at least give you my card?"

Her sensitive lips formed the words, "Of course."

She read the card: "Mr. Geoffrey Hammer. The Irving Club, New York."

She didn't know the name. He caught that much. He was almost a little nettled.

"I don't know," said she, turning back to him. "I've walked a lot today. It might be pleasant to sit down somewhere. But I hate to leave Mac in coatrooms. He could be stolen."

"I know a place," said he, "not far from here. Just an old-fashioned German Bierstube." He signaled a hovering taxi. "Awfully good beer."

IN the restaurant she drew up a chair on her farther side. Mac leaped into it and sat sedately, his snout just above the edge of the table. "He usually eats with me," she remarked. "May I have a little liverwurst for him?

"You spoke of having something on your mind," she continued.

He nodded and chuckled. "I naturally felt some hesitancy. You see, I happen to have some pretty good Scotties. Oh, nothing like Mac here, but—I have one really good little lady—a beautiful little critter—and the minute I saw Mac here and looked him over I found myself wondering pretty excitedly if—oh, the thought of romance—well, I found myself daring to wonder if Mac could be persuaded—"

Was she fighting back a smile, or—people to whom canine obstetrics were everyday matters never floundered as he was floundering.

"Well, I'm dreaming of a marriage between your Mac and my dear little Lily Black."

Now she *was* smiling. "Lily Black," she murmured. "What a cunning name!"

Later that afternoon—well along in the cocktail hour—Geoffrey Hammer came briskly into the Irving Club barroom. Many friends greeted him, but he seemed to be too intent on his own thoughts to hear them.

"Look here," he said, his brows knit, "any of you fellows know where I can pick up a really good Scottie bitch?"

THE END

Irene
THE STUBBORN GIRL

FASHIONABLE Mrs. Angelica Bullock and her two pace-setting daughters, Irene and Cornelia, are competing in a "scavenger hunt" being held at the Waldorf-Astoria. Its exciting object is to gather together a certain series of impossible and useless objects. On the list is a "forgotten man." Which stumps most of the ladies engaged in the game.

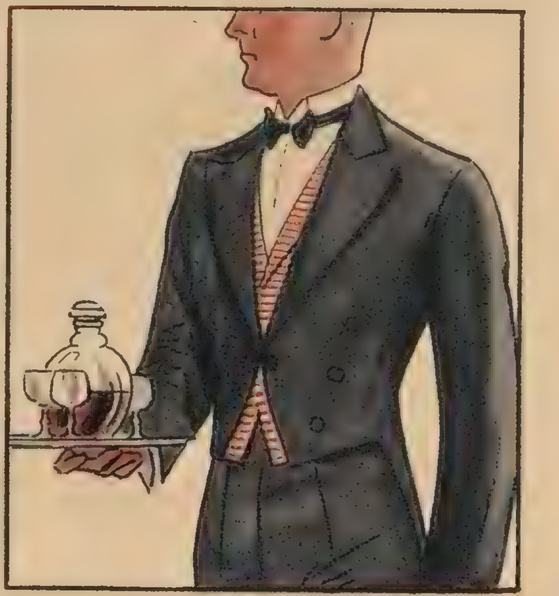
But Irene and Cornelia invade the tramps' jungle city on the lower East Side of New York, escorted by Faithful George, young Cornelia's adorer. They discover one of the most "forgotten men"; but when Cornelia in her uppity way suggests he become the missing item in her "scavenger hunt" for five dollars, he pushes her into a scraggly bush!

Then Irene, considered the "dumb one" of the Bullock family, tackles him in her own peculiar fashion, and triumphantly leads him back to the Waldorf, where she is awarded the scavenger prize cup.

Irene's shabby captive calls himself simply Godfrey, and says he'd like a job. Why not take their butler's place? Irene proposes. He's been fired for theft. Cornelia seconds the idea, for she wants to get this insolent bozo under her cruel thumb and lashing tongue.

So Godfrey serves them their late breakfasts in bed next morning. Encouraged, he sits down on Irene's bed and holds her hand. Molly, the maid, who has been eavesdropping, goes into the room on a pretense, and then rushes out in embarrassment. Irene merely says that twenty cash will seal Molly's mouth. After Godfrey leaves her, Irene cries out to herself:

"If I don't think I'm falling in love with the man!"



READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

PART TWO—DANGER AHEAD

IRENE BULLOCK'S mind—what there was of it—was definitely single-track. It was probably the most single-track of any mind in New York society. When she got a thought, she stuck to it. Had Godfrey, as he entered his pantry to have it out with the maid, had even a suspicion of the track his employer's daughter's mind was taking, he very likely would have run screaming from the house. But of course he hadn't the faintest idea of it; so he paused, just before he pushed open the swinging door from the dining room, and assumed his dignity—his professional dignity. In the pantry the maid was waiting for him, sitting beside the sink and banging her heels against the cupboard doors under it. As he came through the door she grinned.

"I get it now," she said. "You don't need to worry—much."

Taken aback, Godfrey said, "You get what?"

"What you're doin' here buttling. I didn't think you was a real honest-to-God butler. But if you and Irene are that way, and this was the only way you could get to see each other—well, I understand about those things. Why the disguise? Afraid the family'd think they're too good for you if you met 'em socially?"

Godfrey stayed silent. He was thinking hard. He had a hunch that this Molly person could be made an ally. He nodded.

"They're not," said Molly. "They're lice. They—" She caught herself. "That is, except Irene. She's dumb but she's decent. The rest of 'em? Phooey!" She stopped and looked at him quickly. "Say, is it worth anything to me to keep my face shut, or are you one of the busted ones?"

"I'm one of the busted ones," said Godfrey.

Molly looked at him again, appraisingly.

"Y'know," she said, "I kind of thought so. You look peaked. Well, there's good eats here; I'll say that for 'em."

A bell rang—twice. Molly slipped from her perch.

"The Battle-ax," she said. "Two's for me."

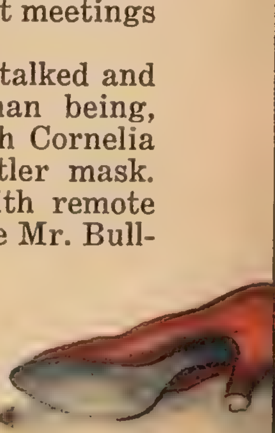
With a swish of those too-short skirts, she flounced out of the pantry.

For the two weeks following his installation at the Cow Shed, as he called the Bullock ménage, Godfrey lived a life so comfortable and so full of good food and pleasant surroundings that the idea that something might happen to deprive him of it began to haunt him.

Except for the daily battles with Cornelia, it was a life of utter tranquillity. Each morning he would rise at eight, feed father Bullock and shoo him off to work. He would then rest and read or talk to the cook or one of the maids, all of whom he found sprightly conversationalists, until about ten, when Mrs. Bullock would ring for her breakfast. This attended to, he would take Irene's tray to her and, at her insistence, sit with her while she ate. After that first morning he never went to Cornelia's room unless he knew positively that she had a hang-over. This enraged her, which added zest to their frequent meetings during the rest of the day.

Although with Irene he talked and acted like a normal human being, with Mrs. Bullock and with Cornelia he never dropped the butler mask. Mr. Bullock he treated with remote disdain. He felt a man like Mr. Bullock expected to be treated so by any half-way decent butler.

It was during the third week of his incumbency that the



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Bandwagon Now, with Its
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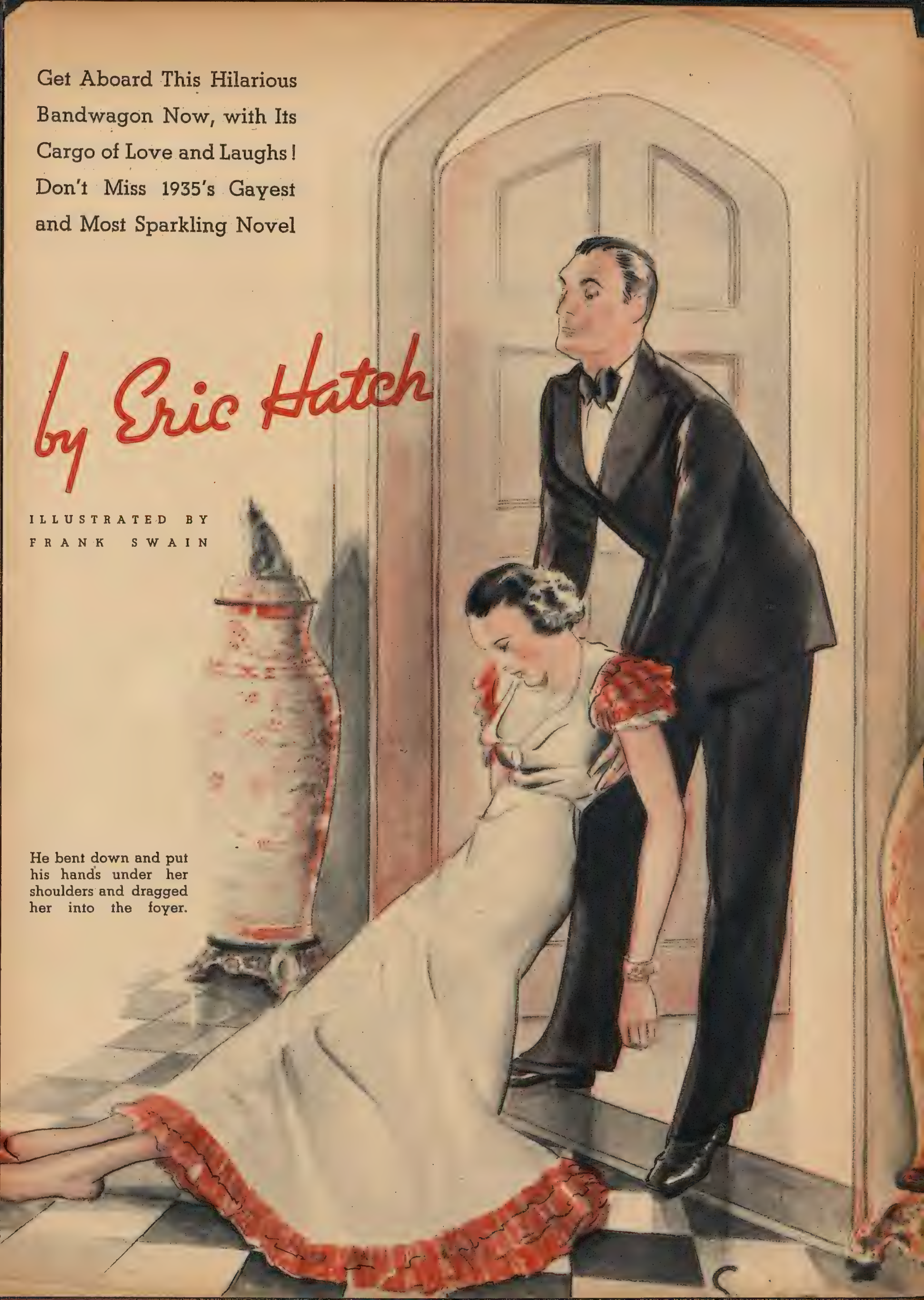

by Eric Hatch

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK SWAIN

He bent down and put his hands under her shoulders and dragged her into the foyer.

pleasant stream of Godfrey's life grew turbulent again.

On the Tuesday of that week he came softly into the living room to draw the blinds and light the lights. This evening he happened to reverse his usual custom and turned on the lights before he drew the blinds. There on the big sofa, having a perfect whale of a kissing bee, were none other than Mrs. Bullock and that sleek young foreigner, Carlo.

Carlo at once sprang to his end of the sofa, Mrs. Bullock to hers. Godfrey said, "My God, I'm sorry!" and started to flee. Any one but Mrs. Bullock would have completely ignored the incident until she got Godfrey alone and could, with some grace, buy his silence. But not that old battle-ax.

"Oh, Godfrey," she said. "Before you bring the tea things, come here. I want to speak to you."

"Yes," said Godfrey. He was so surprised he forgot to add the "madam." He went over and stood politely by the sofa.

"Godfrey, Señor Covici has been having a very hard time with his music. I don't want you to misunderstand. I was trying to comfort him." She forced an odd little laugh. "Why, Godfrey, ever since he started his career in this country I've been a mother to him."

"But *no!*" tittuped Carlo. "You could not say *that,* Angelica! You could not say *that!*" He clapped his hands together in delight, not at all embarrassed. "That eez good one! But you onderstan', eh, Godfrey? An' we forget heem, eh, Godfrey?"

Godfrey bowed. He didn't like bowing to people like Carlo, but it seemed the only thing he could do.

"He's so gallant," said Mrs. Bullock. "The poor boy *will* go on pretending I'm young. It's so silly!"

She said this with a look in her eye that told plain as daylight that if any one agreed with her they'd likely get a clout on the jaw. Godfrey said, "Yes, madam."

"We'll have tea," said Mrs. Bullock.

With a sensation of acute relief, Godfrey withdrew.

THE second untoward thing occurred the following morning while he was feeding Alexander Bullock his breakfast. Godfrey had just filled the coffeecup and Bullock, as usual, was reading his newspaper. Suddenly he stood bolt upright, went dead white in the face, and clutched at the edge of the table for support.

Godfrey thought he was having a heart attack and forgot he was a butler. He went over and put his arm around Bullock's shoulders to steady him and said, "Take it easy, old boy; you'll be all right."

Bullock sat down again, but there was a strange light in his eyes. In the moment of his panic he too had forgotten Godfrey was a butler.

"Do you really think so?" he said; and then he began talking to himself, the way people do sometimes when they have had a shock.

"I didn't mean to get into it," he said. "Now I can't get out of it. I never dreamed any one suspected anything." Then, suddenly, he banged his fist on the table and said, "By gad, they won't get me!" And then he realized that his butler was in the room, peering avidly over his shoulder at the newspaper. Being a really successful banker, he at once tried to cover up.

"Deal I've got on," he said. "Very confidential. Didn't want anything to come out about it."

But Godfrey had seen the item that had started the panic. It was very brief. It stated simply that the rumor of a scandal in the South Central Bank and Trust Company had been emphatically denied by the board of directors.

Godfrey didn't approve of blackmail, but he saw a chance of insuring his job and so he took it. He put his finger on the newspaper paragraph, looked Alexander Bullock straight in the eyes, and said, "I beg pardon, sir, but isn't this your bank?"

It took Bullock perhaps thirty seconds to recover. Then, looking at his plate, he said, "My heart's been bothering me for some time. I—I'd rather you didn't let it get around that I had an attack this morning."

"I won't," said Godfrey.

Bullock pulled out his wallet, opened it, and started to draw out some sizable bills.

Godfrey reached over and closed it.

"Don't do that," he said. "It isn't necessary." He laughed. "I don't go in for blackmail." And then he laughed again—at himself this time, because what he'd said was so obviously hypocritical—and added, "Except in a nice way. All I want is to go on working here."

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Alexander Bullock.

Godfrey bowed. "I think it likely," he said; "but it won't be my fault."

BULLOCK gave him a sharp look, but Godfrey had already redonned his butler face and so the look was ignored. A few moments later Bullock finished his breakfast, said, "Oh, Godfrey, my coat." And that was that. But Godfrey knew he had Bullock where he wanted him. . . .

A third thing happened on Saturday night.

Godfrey had formed the habit of changing out of his full dress into what he called his "fatigue uniform"—being a very ancient blue-serge suit—on Saturday nights when the family was out, and of waiting up for them. He knew that all really high-class menservants did this unless specifically ordered not to, and whether they liked it or not, he was determined to do it to the Bullocks. There is nothing like having a butler lurking in the foyer to steady your home-coming roisterer. Also, he'd learned that all the Bullocks except father Bullock had invariably spent every nickel they had on them and needed taxi fare by the time they came home. Sometimes they needed escorting to their rooms.

On this particular Saturday night Bullock and Mrs. Bullock and Cornelia Bullock arrived home together quite early. All three of them had more or less peaceably gone to bed. This by midnight. Godfrey stirred up the fire in the library, stretched out on the sofa before it, and pretended it was his own. Presently he slept. At three the doorbell rang. Godfrey awakened, yawned, said, "Oh Lord, but it's nice here," and went to let in Irene, who he knew had been to a party.

When he opened the door he saw her standing alone in the entryway. It didn't surprise him, because no one ever bothered to see Irene home. But, as she looked at him, two great tears welled up in her eyes and spilled over down her cheeks—and this did surprise him.

Godfrey stepped quickly to her side.

"Miss Irene!" he said.

She smiled at him as fresh tears formed and made little rivers on her cheeks.

"Oh, call me Mabel," she said.

"Mabel?"

"First name," said Irene. "It sounds so silly asking you to call me Irene that I just said Mabel hoping you'd catch on. Don't you think so?"

"What, miss?" said Godfrey.

"Yes," said Irene. She continued to gaze at him out of moist eyes. "I don't usually want to go home from places, you know; but tonight I said to myself, 'Oh, well, he'll be there to welcome me!' and so I just came."

There was a silence during which Godfrey stared at her and felt a curious prickly sensation of fright running up and down his spine, and Irene stared back and continued to smile at him, and the tears continued to well up in her eyes until they became quite beautiful and almost like Guernsey eyes filled with belladonna.

Oscar of the Waldorf would have known that Irene had simply had the twenty-first cocktail. But all Godfrey knew, as he grew fully awake, was that he had something on his hands that was apparently going to take a bit of handling.

"It's so *darned* cute of you to wait up."

"But it's my place, miss," said Godfrey.

"Uttsnay," said Irene. And then, without any warning at all, she closed her eyes and toppled forward in a dead faint—or, in more modern jargon, a pass-out.

By dint of amazingly fast footwork Godfrey managed to get under Irene Bullock as she toppled and so to break her fall. Because he had in the past few weeks got back a good deal of his normal strength, he was able to keep himself from going down with her. The two of them ended up in much the same position that professional ballroom dancers so often do at the climax of their turn when the male member of the team is a little out of training: Irene, limp as a rag, lying across his arms, and he with his feet spread wide to support the weight and his face flushed and tense with the strain of it. As soon as he'd caught his breath again, he lowered her very gently to the floor. Then he stepped back a pace and looked at her and tried to figure what he'd best do.

HE bent down and put his hands under her shoulders and lifted them, and so he dragged her into the foyer and closed the door. Then he noticed her dancing slippers were missing, and so he quickly opened the door and saw they'd been scuffed off as her heels caught on the sill. Once again he stepped back and looked down at her. He took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and tried to pretend he was a Boy Scout saving a lady in a fire. All he could remember about being a Boy Scout was a hold called the "fireman's lift." He used it. . . .

So far as he could make out, no one observed their passage through the living room and up the stairs to the bedroom floor.

With a vast sigh he laid Irene on her bed. Then he decided it would be a good idea to put her in a cold shower, clothes and all. He went to the bathroom to turn it on; so he didn't see her sit up on the bed, look across the room into a mirror, and carefully rearrange her hair. When he came back for her she was as she had been when he left.

Once again he deftly hoisted her across his shoulder and carted her to the bathroom. He turned his back to the shower and let go of her legs so they would swing into it.

"Hey," said Irene, "that's a cold shower!" It took Godfrey some seconds to realize that this was said in a

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perfectly normal voice. When he did realize it, he set her down and faced her. He was pretty sore. He said, "Have you been pretending? Have you made me lug you all the way up here for nothing?"

Irene's eyes swam now with pure unadulterated affection.

"You're so strong," she said. "Besides, I didn't think you'd put me in a cold shower with *all* my clothes on."

"Weren't you cockeyed when you came in?"

She slowly shook her head, continuing to gaze lovingly at him.

"Weren't you cockeyed at all?" he demanded again.

She continued shaking her head and said, "Well, just a teeny-weeny bit, maybe."

"Good God!" said Godfrey.

And then Irene, in her simple direct way, put her arms around him and tried to kiss him.

Godfrey was shocked beyond words. He struggled to free himself; but Irene was as strong as she was Amazonian. He struggled for several seconds. Then he tried strategy. He kissed her. And then he was thoroughly ashamed of himself; because he found kissing her was quite pleasant, and he knew that kissing her was quite wrong.

Godfrey wasn't in love with Irene Bullock and he was her servant. He had no business standing in her arms in a bathroom beside a cold shower, kissing her. He had no business in her arms anywhere. He blushed, was ashamed of blushing, and freed himself. Then he quickly stepped into the bedroom. Irene, with the long stride of a panther, stepped after him. He got panicky and made for the door; but Irene beat him to it and got her back against it so he couldn't possibly get at the doorknob.

"Do you know," she said, "you're behaving in a very silly way?"

"Listen," said Godfrey, speaking to her as though she were a child. "You're a bad, wicked girl."

Irene's eyes promptly welled up with tears.

"You're being mean to me," she said. "I don't like it when you're mean to me, and you've been mean to me right along since you came here."

"I have not."

"You have too. You keep on pretending you're a butler, and you're not a butler at all. You're a lousy butler."

Godfrey took issue.

"I'm a damn good butler," he said.

"No, you're not." Irene was crying hard now. "You're the lousiest butler I've ever seen, and you're mean too, and I wish I'd never set eyes on you!"

FEMININE logic—that whirligig lovely thing called the feminine mind—had always bewildered Godfrey. Now it out and out startled him.

"Get out of my room!" said Irene. "How dare you come in here, anyway, at this time of the night? I didn't ask you to grab me and carry me up here and throw me on the bed. I didn't ask you to chase me into the bathroom, where God knows a girl's got every right to think she can be alone."

This was too much. Godfrey started toward her. He reached her, grabbed her wrist to pull her away from the door so he could properly whale her where he thought she should be whaled, and then the curious doglike affection in her eyes got through to him.

It had nothing to do with anything she'd said—it was just the look. But quite suddenly he realized that in her strange dumb way this girl was in love with him. He knew it as surely as though she'd told him. And though he couldn't understand it, and the idea of it made him feel horribly uncomfortable, it touched him. He found he wasn't sore any more—just sorry. Because he really liked Irene, and thought he must have hurt her and would have to hurt her more. He was still holding her wrist. He raised it and with a swift, almost courtly gesture, kissed the back of her hand.

"I'm sorry, Miss Irene."

She continued to stare at him.

"I thought you were going to sock me," she said. "You had the look of it."

"Oh, no," said Godfrey gently. "Can I get you a whisky or anything before I go to bed, Miss Irene?"

"No, Mr. Godfrey, you can't," said Irene.

"You mustn't call me that," said Godfrey.

"You mustn't call me Miss Irene—now that you've kissed me. It makes it—sort of indecent; don't you think so?"

It was a nice point. Godfrey kept silent.

"I'm glad you did," said Irene. "I think I would have killed myself if you hadn't."

GODFREY didn't feel there was anything he could say.

"You see—" Irene crossed the room and sat down on the bed and started to take off her stockings, that had got wet in the shower. "You see, I—" Then she broke off.

She looked up at him again, and, perhaps because she *had* had the equivalent of twenty-one cocktails instead of twenty, once more began to cry. She wasn't quite steady in her head. She'd had an impulse and she'd obeyed it, and it hadn't worked out quite the way she'd thought it would.

Godfrey, the old retainer, knew what to do about it. He bowed, said, "I'll be back in a moment," and left the room.

Irene undressed, hung her dress over a chair by the window so the bottom of it would dry, hung her stockings beside it, put on her nightgown, brushed her teeth, and climbed into bed.

"Ah," she said, "the hay!"

She wriggled and stretched herself to her full great length. Irene wasn't very old. She was only three years older than Cornelia, and Cornelia was very young; so Irene was still young enough to be ashamed of temperamental outbursts. She was a little ashamed now and wished Godfrey hadn't said he was coming back.

"The swell cozy hay!" she said, half aloud. "Nice to be in—the swell cozy hay—but lonely."

Then she heard a discreet knock on the door. For a second, panic took her and shook her heart so it banged against her ribs. Then she said in a voice faint with excitement, "Come in."

Godfrey, wearing the coat of his blue-serge suit now, entered bearing a small tray. As he crossed the room he took from it a steaming glass which he set on the bed table. His eyes were, as they had been the first time he'd entered that room, carefully focused on the windows. Then he went back to the door and flipped the switch that turned out the overhead lights.

Irene, of course, didn't know it; but this return visit was much harder for him than it was for her. He'd done considerable swift thinking while he was down brewing the toddy. He didn't want to go back to not having enough to eat again and to living in a packing-box house. He had, with all the solemnity men in their early thirties are apt to have, decided on a policy. Carrying out the policy, he crossed the room and switched off the light on the bed table. Then he took Irene's hand. He had to grope about for it a little, finally finding it under her head; but he took it.

"You're—" he said. Then he stopped. He'd had a swell speech ready, but the way her hand quickened when he touched it threw him off. Godfrey wasn't used to being loved.

"Irene—you're—the hell of a swell sportsman!" he said. If she'd been a man, he'd have then given the hand he held a good firm shake. But of course Irene wasn't a man, and so instead he kissed her. He kissed her gently—as gently as he would have shaken a man's hand strongly. Then, feeling it was much the wisest thing he could do, he left.

"The hay," said Irene. "The swell cozy hay."

She reached out for the toddy. She'd drink it if it killed her, because he'd made it. . . .

The pleasant stream of Godfrey's life having grown turbulent, it continued, in the cursed manner of such things, to grow more turbulent.

He was sitting one morning on his favorite perch in the pantry, absent-mindedly hugging the pretty maid, when the final stroke of turbulence arrived. Suddenly the bells in the little box over the door began to ring so wildly that for a second Godfrey wondered if a mouse could have got lost in the box. They looked up and saw the indicator pointing to Mrs. Bullock's room.

"The Battle-ax has the colic," said Molly. "You'd better go, Godfrey; she says you soothe her."

"You'd better come along," said Godfrey. "It sounds to me like a two-man job."

"O. K., pal."

THEY hopped off the sink and hurried upstairs. When they reached the bedroom hall they saw Angelica Bullock. She was standing in her doorway, a demented look in her eyes.

"My pearls! Oh, Godfrey, my pearls!"

"Stolen?"

Here Mrs. Bullock flung herself upon him in a paroxysm of weeping and nearly bore him to the floor. But he braced himself against the wall and began soothing. He said, "But, madam, they're insured, aren't they?"

Mrs. Bullock stopped weeping, looked up brightly, and smiled. "But of course!" she said. "How nice! I never thought of that."

Molly said, "Was it a burglar?"

Angelica Bullock said, "You bet your shirt it was a burglar. And he was right here in my room!" Then, realizing this wasn't just the way social leaders are supposed to speak to their personal maids even in times of stress, she went into the poor-neglected-woman routine: "Oh, why can't any of you take care of me?" and began to cry again, but this time softly.

Godfrey put on his best manner.

"We all try to," he said.

"Come with me," she said, "both of you. I've got a clue! Why, the man might have killed me!"

They followed her into the bedroom. Here she pointed to the window.

"Look at it!" she said. "Broken!

(Continued on page thirty-six)

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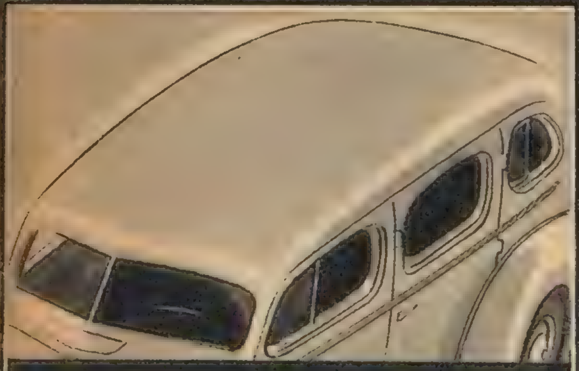
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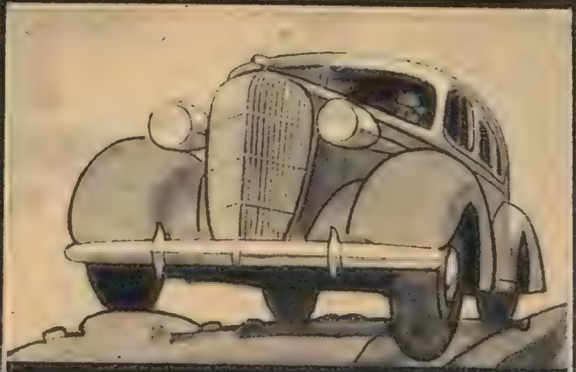
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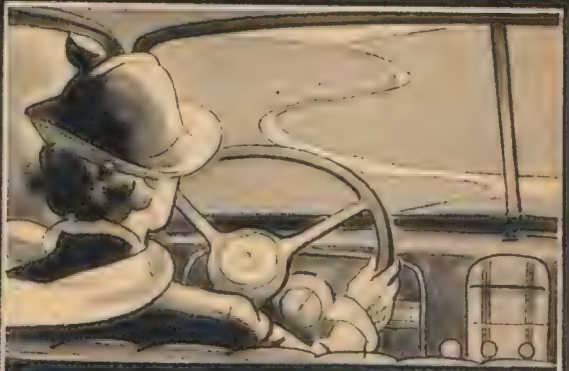
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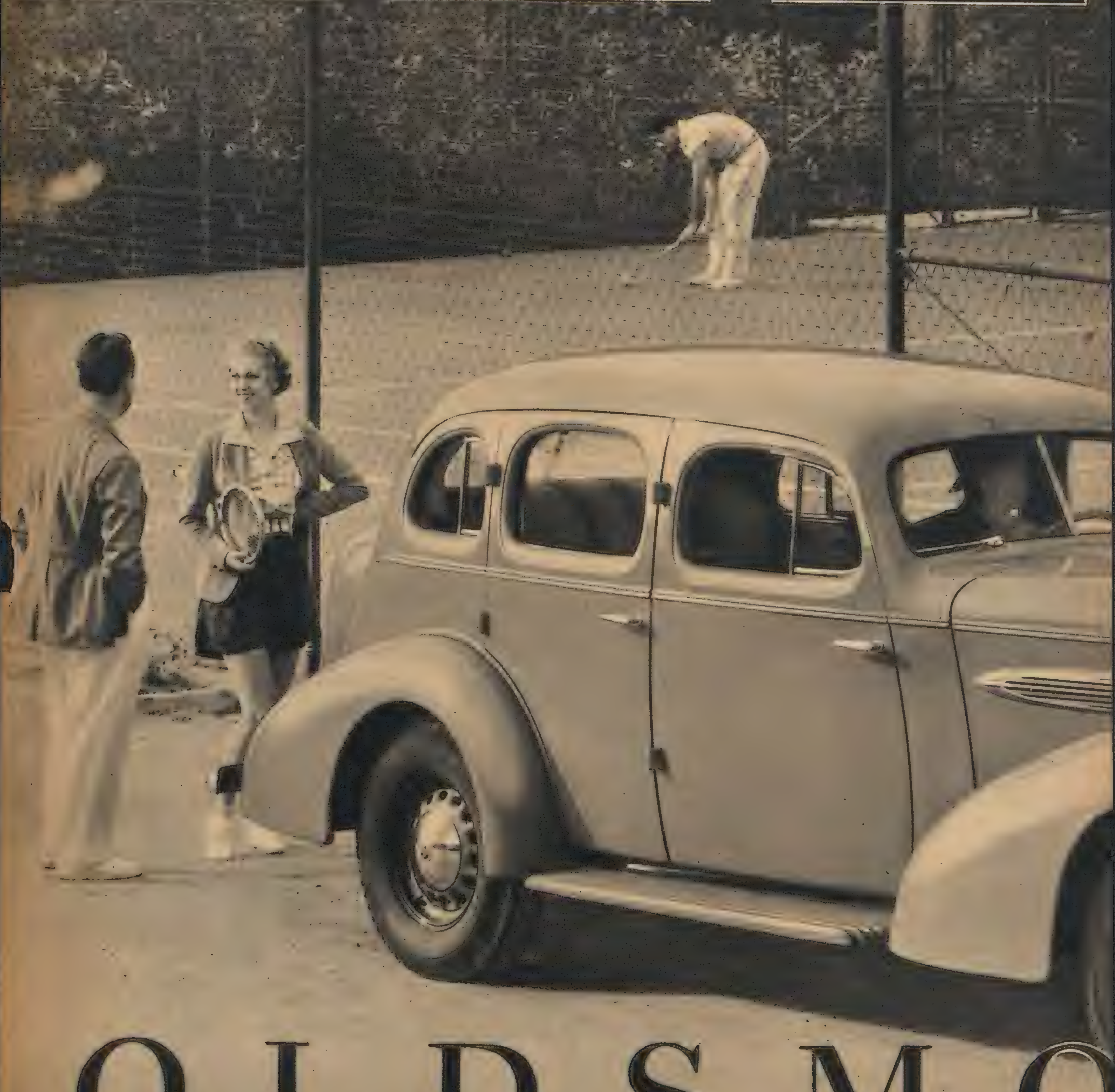

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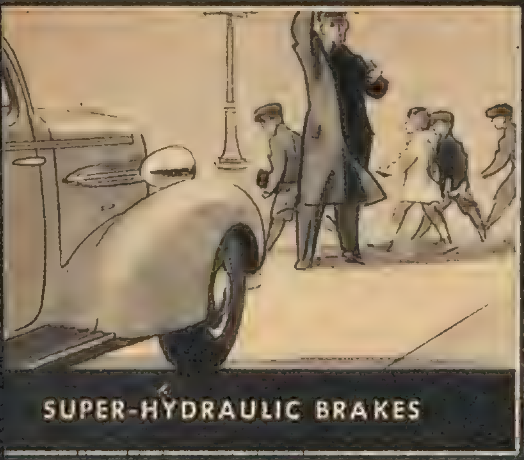
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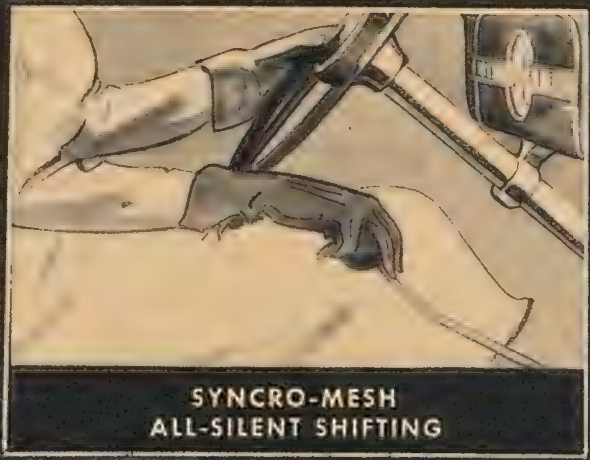
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"The Car that has Everything!"

(Continued from page thirty-three)

But entirely broken!"

A pane of glass just above the lock was definitely missing. Molly was intrigued. She said, "Aw, gee! The man must've been right here in the room with you!"

It occurred to Godfrey that it was just a little bit odd that this burglar, however untutored he might be, should have broken the pane of glass over the lock, when the window must already have been open. Godfrey himself had opened these windows many times for her on order. He said, "Perhaps before we do anything else we should telephone Mr. Bullock and let him notify the insurance company. They may want to examine things—madam."

Mrs. Bullock turned to him. Her eyes were full of laudatory affection.

"You know," she said, "I don't know *what* I'd do without you, Godfrey!"

"I don't know what I'd do without you, Mrs. Bullock," said Godfrey.

Godfrey picked up the telephone and called the South Central Bank.

After a little groping about among the various telephone-minded secretaries, he got through to Bullock.

"Godfrey speaking, sir. Mrs. Bullock's pearls have been stolen."

"Very distressing," said Bullock. "Can't talk about it now—too busy. I'll call you back."

"Odd," said Godfrey to himself as he hung up the phone.

"Well," said Mrs. Bullock, "what does he say?"

"He says it's very distressing and that he'll call us back. He was too busy to talk about it now."

"In your hat!" said Angelica Bullock. "I've seen him at the bank. He's never busy with anything. Molly, get my things ready. I'm going down there. I'll show him if he's too busy to talk about my jewels!"

Molly disappeared into the dressing room. Godfrey was still standing by the phone, thinking hard. He didn't like Bullock—in fact he considered him as one of the earth's worst worms. But it seemed inhumanitarian, if the things he was thinking were correct, to let Angelica Bullock descend on him at his office in her present mood. He said, "Madam, I think it would really be better to wait until he calls us back. The insurance people will undoubtedly be coming here, and you're the one they'll want to talk to."

But Godfrey was, for once, thoroughly wrong. Bullock did call back. He spoke to Mrs. Bullock, and the insurance people arrived about an hour later, and Godfrey found that he and not Mrs. Bullock was the person they wanted to talk to.

HE was very much surprised when the doorbell rang that afternoon and he opened it and two men came in, one of whom refused to surrender his hat, and both of them looked at him and the one with the hat said, "So *you're* the *butler*, eh? What do *you* know about this burglary?"

"Look here," the second man said. "In these society stunts we have to assume from the first it's an inside job. The butler is the first guy on the list of suspects—automatically. Have you, by any chance, a prison record?"

Godfrey drew himself up straight, so that he towered above these two inquisitionists. He stood silent for almost a minute, the gaunt lines that had been almost erased settling back into his face. Then he spoke.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I have. No one knows that here but me. You won't let them find it out, will you, if you can help it?"

"What were you in for? Burglary?"

Godfrey managed to smile. He couldn't help catching the eagerness in the insurance man's question. He shook his head.

"No," he said. "Attempted homicide." He laughed softly. "I think it would have been actual homicide if I hadn't been out of training at the time. God knows I wanted to kill the skunk."

The detective and the insurance man registered different emotions as they received this statement. They were both puzzled. But the insurance man decided that Godfrey must be innocent of the present crime. It was obvious that, having a record, he would have vamoosed long ago had he done it. Joe, the detective, whose brain didn't work that fast, simply thought Godfrey was dumb not to have vamoosed anyway.

THE insurance man then asked Godfrey all the routine questions anent the burglary. Then Godfrey, because he knew these people would be suspicious when they found it out, told him about the curious fact of the window being broken in spite of the fact that it was undoubtedly open anyway. To his delight, the detective wasn't in the least suspicious.

"T'iefs are dumb," he said. "Dat's why de'r t'iefs. Dey do dat offentimes tryin' to t'row us off wid phony clues."

Godfrey nodded. A suspicion that had been forming in the back of his mind crystallized into an absolute certainty. It seemed to him there was a good chance that perfectly appalling things would soon happen to the Bullock household. As he ushered the insurance people into the living room, where Mrs. Bullock was waiting for them to question her, he was deeply troubled; for quite suddenly he had realized that he didn't want awful things to happen to the Bullocks—that, in fine, he had grown fond of them. He paused in the doorway for his formal bow, said, "The insurance people, madam," and withdrew.

From here he went slowly and thoughtfully back to his pantry. Molly, reperched beside the sink, was waiting for him. She saw his expression of extreme thoughtfulness and immediately misinterpreted it.

"Aw, Godfrey," said Molly, "you're the butler. Butlers are always suspected first. You told me so yourself."

He hoisted himself up beside her. She promptly tucked her arm through his.

"Y'know," said Molly, "I'd almost forgotten you weren't a regular butler."

Godfrey didn't answer. He was still thinking.

"Y'know, I think maybe you lied to me, that day you come here, about you and Irene bein' that way. *I* think maybe you're the pawn of a gang of international crooks."

Godfrey threw his head back and roared with laughter. He also, quite unconsciously, threw his arm around Molly. It was still around her when, a second or so later, Irene Bullock walked into the pantry.

Molly instinctively jumped to the floor and curtsied. Godfrey stopped laughing so suddenly that his mouth stuck open and he blushed.

Irene had just come in and, having left in the early morning for lunch at Piping Rock, knew nothing of the portentous events that had that day been occurring in the Cow Shed. Because female human beings are made that way, she didn't take the little scene she had stumbled in on at its face value, but thought it undoubtedly just a small sample of the things that really went on between Godfrey and this red-haired hussy in, say, the small hours. She stood quite still for a moment staring glassily, and then said, "You may go, Molly."

Molly curtsied again and went into the kitchen.

Irene said, "My gawd, Godfrey, I never dreamed you'd turn out to be an alley kitty."

Godfrey continued to blush, but he went to his own defense: " I'm not an alley kitty."

" You are. It sticks out all over you."

It didn't occur to Godfrey that Irene hadn't the slightest objection to his showing alley-kitty tendencies, but was pretty darned sore that they seemed to be manifesting themselves with Molly instead of with her.

" A fine business, really, Godfrey, when I thought you were such a gentleman, to come in and find you fondling the maids! "

" Rats! " said Godfrey. " I wasn't fondling the maids."

" You were fondling my maid."

Godfrey began to get mad.

" Dammit," he said, " what if I was? Gentlemen have been fondling maids for years—and besides, I'm not married to you. Why shouldn't I fondle a maid if I happen to feel like fondling a maid? Dammit, why shouldn't I? "

" Oh, Godfrey! " said Irene. She had never seen him really angry before and she was beginning to wilt. Her eyes swam over. " You're being mean to me again."

Godfrey pressed his lips together in a final silent burst of anger and said, " I'm sorry—really I am, Irene; but it didn't mean anything. We often sit like that talking when waiting to be called."

THIS was a singularly stupid remark for a man of Godfrey's worldliness to make to any lady; but, strangely enough, Irene didn't take him up on it. Once having wilted, she stayed wilted. She moved over close to him.

" Why don't you ever want to fondle *me*, Godfrey? "

Godfrey took her by both elbows and shook her very gently and slowly and said, " Listen, Irene. Some other time I'd love to fondle you. But today—just for today—please be reasonable about things. You see, all—every last one—of your mother's pearls have been stolen, and there're nasty unpleasant people from the insurance company here trying to find out who took them, and because I'm the butler they suspect me. And what with that, and with your mother falling all over me in hysterics, and one thing and another, this place is driving me nuts. Do you see? Just plain nuts! "

" Poor Godfrey," said Irene, all woman. " Poor Godfrey! " And then, in a slightly less comforting though equally friendly tone, " By the way, *did* you swipe them? "

" Of course I didn't! "

" Why not? You've got to have some money, of course, and gawd knows what we pay you isn't enough to buy hen scratchings with."

" Lay off," said Godfrey. " Lay off, will you please, Irene? "

But Irene wouldn't lay off. She had had a pleasant drive out to Long Island and back in her own open car, and was filled with health, energy, and affection. She collared Godfrey just as he was about to slip into the kitchen and, with her arms around him, said, " Go on; fondle me just a little, Godfrey, please—just to make up for my finding you fondling Molly."

It was almost immediately after this somewhat questionable suggestion of Irene's that the detective—who had been listening, with his hat practically mashed against the door—stepped into the pantry.

Characteristically he laid a heavy hand on Godfrey's shoulder.

" You're under arrest! " he said. " For de t'eft of de famous Bullock boils."

Godfrey and Irene looked at him in some astonishment. Godfrey said, " For the theft of the what? "

" De Bullock boils."

" Do you mean by any chance," said Irene, " my mother's pearl necklace? "

" Soitanly—de Bullock poils," he laughed. " We call 'em de other t'ing down to the insurance place because of de size. Get it, lady? "

With Godfrey confessing to a prison record and the famous Bullock pearls stolen after a few weeks of his butlership, will he go to jail and have his real identity disclosed? Read the next installment in Liberty for merrier and madder complications.

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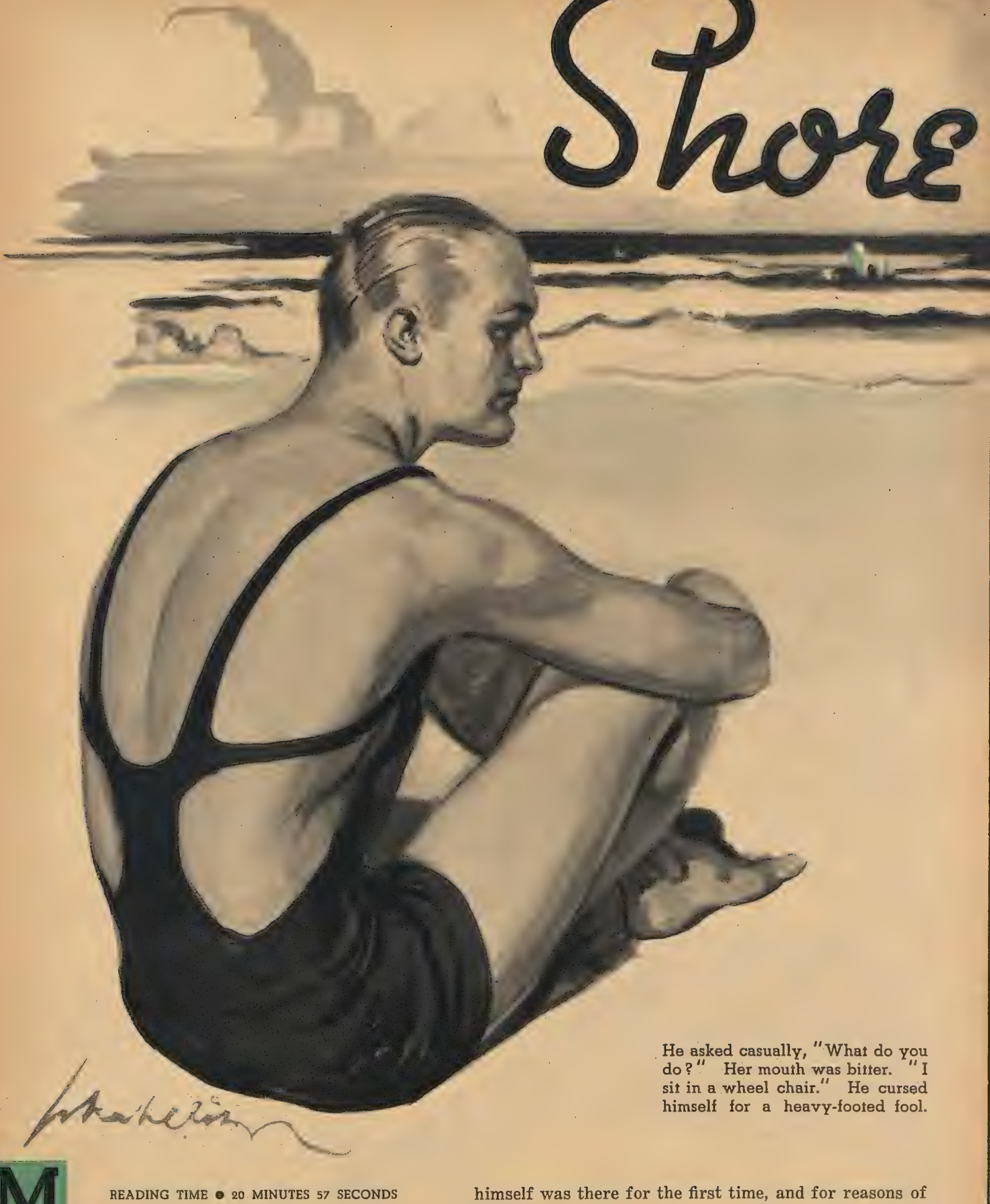


He asked casually, "What do you do?" Her mouth was bitter. "I sit in a wheel chair." He cursed himself for a heavy-footed fool.

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

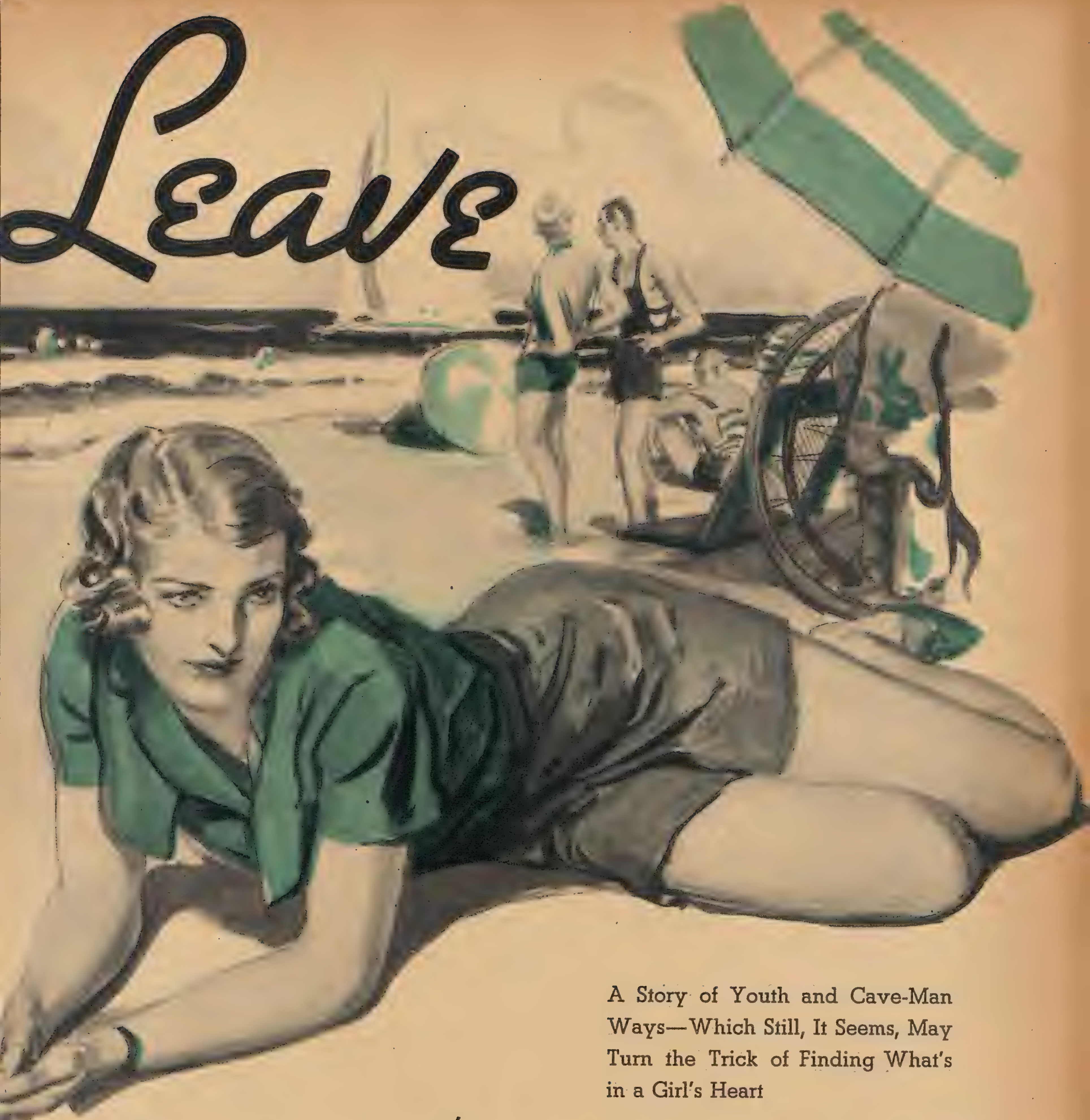
MORLEY decided after a single glance that the girl in the wheel chair had no business at the Seaside Cottage.

The Seaside was small and quiet and—well, inexpensive. Brides and grooms came there, each with a week's vacation for a honeymoon; middle-aged couples saved for fifty weeks in order to spend two at the Seaside. Morley himself was there for the first time, and for reasons of his own.

The girl was small and quiet too, perhaps; but her quietness was that of a temporarily inactive volcano. And she was certainly not inexpensive: she managed, sitting in a wheel chair and wearing a cream linen dress, to look as costly as a jewel.

She was on the porch when Morley arrived, staring darkly at the distant horizon, where blue-gray water met

Leave



A Story of Youth and Cave-Man Ways—Which Still, It Seems, May Turn the Trick of Finding What's in a Girl's Heart

by MARIAN SIMS

ILLUSTRATION BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

and merged almost imperceptibly with a gray-blue sky. She glanced once in Morley's direction, and the look contrived to throw into bold relief the scantiness of his luggage and the rust on his golf clubs, unused for six months. He followed the bags a little belligerently into the house.

An hour later he came down for a swim, and the chair was gone; but when he walked toward the beach he saw it, shaded by a huge umbrella. Near it the girl, dressed in shorts now, lay on her face in the sand.

He walked past her and she lifted her head and stared at him. He smiled a little—not flirtatiously but tentatively and casually—and her eyes became darker and more contemptuous than ever. He went straight past her, suddenly self-conscious about the whiteness of his skin.

Waves edged with white lace rushed to meet him, and he dived through them and began to swim, a competent eight-beat crawl, straight toward the horizon.

By the time he reached the shore again he had forgotten her.

She was still lying on the sand, and she watched him steadily as he waded out of the water. He met the look levelly, challenging her to find another excuse to snub him.

"Sit down," she said, "and talk to me."

It was a command, not a request. Her voice was as beautiful and as arrogant as her eyes. He stopped, and anger swept away the pity that had for a second time assailed him: the fact that she was rich and crippled gave her no license to be so rude. To his surprise, he heard himself prompting her as if she were an unmannerly child:

"'Please.'"

The girl's eyes, gray-blue like the sea, widened in astonishment. They stared angrily at each other.

"You think it would be such a great favor?"

"Yes," he said shortly, towering over her. "If you're as unpleasant as you seem."

He had a sudden feeling that she would have struck him if she could. Then she laughed shortly.

"I am. Sit down, 'please.'"

He dropped down beside her, and sat with his arms about his knees, still breathing a little heavily from the unaccustomed exercise. She rested her elbow on her hand and looked him over. She didn't look like an invalid, lying there; but a slight thickness about an otherwise slender body undoubtedly meant a plaster cast. He waited silently until she spoke again.

"What's your name?"

"Morley Laird. What's yours?"

She brushed the question aside: "It's not important." Then swiftly, as he began to get up, "Where are you going?"

"To get dressed. I thought this was supposed to be a conversation, not a police investigation."

Was there, he wondered, a suggestion of helplessness or panic in her eyes?

"Please don't. It's Lynn Harding."

He sat down again and she went back to her investigation: "What do you do?"

HIS mouth twisted wryly. "I worked on a newspaper once. Then I wrote a play that was a success, so I quit. The next one died in a week—the critics said it had never been alive. Now I'm trying to finish the third one. But for heaven's sake don't give me away: they'll all want to tell me a plot that happened to them, or poke at me through the bars." He asked casually, "What do you do?"

Her mouth was bitter again. "I sit in a wheel chair. What did you think?"

He flushed and cursed himself for a heavy-footed fool. He said more gently: "For always?"

Her voice was harsh: "They say not, and the doctor knows me better than to lie to me. Two years already; a year—maybe two years—more. A horse fell on me."

Some of the pity left him again. Three or four years was even less justification for rudeness and bad temper than a lifetime. And so he said:

"But you could do things—even in a wheel chair."

Her laugh was short and hard. "Sit and spread sweetness and light, I suppose?"

"Yes," he said levelly.

She turned abruptly and buried her face once more in her arms. After a while she spoke without looking up:

"I'm tired. Go tell a porter to send Miss Mills down here."

To be lifted into the chair, she meant. He reminded her again:

"'Please.'"

She turned over, and he saw that her eyes were brilliant with anger. "You make me sick!" she said distinctly. "Go on away and don't tell anybody anything." She hid her face again.

Instead of answering, he got up and went to her, turned her gently over, and slipped one arm under her shoulders and the other under her knees.

"Be still," he said roughly, "so I won't hurt you."

SHE glared at him but she kept still. Her body was pitifully light and the cast was brutally hard. For all her rotten temper, his throat felt tight.

When he had put her in the chair, he stooped and picked up her beach robe and a book she hadn't been reading. Then very deliberately he began to push the chair toward the hotel. . . .

She didn't appear at dinner, and Morley guessed that pride kept her in her room at mealtimes. He sat at the table with a youngish woman of indeterminate age and one of the kindly curious middle-aged couples. The middle-aged woman, whose name was Burns, began an investigation of her own.

He was from Baltimore, Morley told her agreeably, and he was a newspaperman. Mr. Burns confessed that he had always had a hankering to try the newspaper game, and Morley admitted that it *did* have a certain fascination. The youngish woman had noticed him talking with Miss Harding: she was beautiful, wasn't she? and such a pity she was crippled.

He declined to play bridge after dinner, and went to his room to work. The first draft of his play was finished, but the third act lay on the table and sneered at him. It flattened abominably, he knew, and he wondered helplessly why plays had to have three acts. He wrote until eleven and went to bed.

The next morning he read what he'd written and tore it up reluctantly. The lines were good, many of them, but the sum total was bad; and Morley knew enough to relegate the best of lines to limbo when they didn't really belong. He put on his bathing suit and went to the beach.

Lynn Harding was lying on the sand again, and beside her sat a blonde woman who looked like a viking and who must be Miss Mills. He bowed formally to them both.

When he came out, Miss Mills had disappeared and Lynn Harding was alone. As he drew even with her she spoke:

"How did the play go?"

He shrugged and after a slight hesitation dropped down beside her. "Rotten. It flattens at the end."

She said abruptly: "Then why not cut out the end?"

He stared for a moment; saw that she was serious. He chuckled suddenly.

DECORATION by COLE BRADLEY

"Damn it, that might work! Let 'em worry a little over what really did happen."

"They might suspect. Audiences aren't half so stupid as they're supposed to be."

Nor a tenth so stupid, the tone implied, as playwrights. He said a little stiffly:

"Thanks for the suggestion. I'll try it out."

She brushed his gratitude aside. "It wasn't for you; it was a plea for the audiences."

Blood thudded in Morley Laird's ears.

"It must take a lot of effort," he said pleasantly, "to be as consistently disagreeable as you are."

Her eyes widened in amazement. Beautiful eyes, if they'd been decently human; but to Morley they were merely eyes, and the fact that they'd turned black with anger was entirely unimportant. He went on:

"People are such fools about a woman like you. They spoiled you in your cradle. Lately they've burnt candles to you; convinced you that nobody else in the world ever had a tough break. You believe 'em, and so you sit and cry over yourself, and get some sort of distorted satisfaction out of browbeating your friends and inferiors. You know they can't hit back."

He stopped because anger was playing havoc with his voice, and she broke in hotly:

"You know so damn much! Suppose *you* hurt all the time. Suppose *you* sat in a wheel chair, doing nothing but hurting?"

He clung to his anger. "Well, whose fault is it? You didn't get this way earning a living: you got hurt doing something you enjoyed—because it was dangerous. You took a chance, with this as a possibility, and now you're sniveling." He demanded irrelevantly, "What happened to the horse?"

SHE looked down, and sand trickled through her restless brown hands. "They—shot him." Her head came up. "What business is it of yours?"

"None, except that you stopped me first and began the conversation, and I've fallen victim to your temper." He added deliberately, "I'm—sorry about the horse," and got up and walked away.

But he realized, remembering her face as he walked toward the hotel, that her eyes had been wet. Somehow, he wished fervently that he hadn't noticed that.

He wrote feverishly, exultantly, until dinnertime, and realized that the thing was coming to life at last. Lynn Harding had helped him in spite of herself. He finished the draft and went to dinner in a haze of abstraction.

"I thought," Mrs. Burns said brightly as they rose from the table, "that we might get up a game of bridge. Would you care to play, Mr. Laird?"

Morley's first impulse was to decline, and then he said yes, he'd like to very much. If he went to his room he knew he'd start working again, and the thing really needed to cool a little.

"That's fine," Mrs. Burns said, and turned to the youngish woman. "Do you play, Miss McNeil?"

Miss McNeil said apologetically and regretfully that she hadn't ever learned.

Mrs. Burns looked at Morley. "I wonder if Miss Harding would play? She's on the porch, and she seems so lonely. You know her: suppose you ask her."

He wanted to smile pityingly at Mrs. Burns, who wagged a friendly tail at the world. Lynn Harding would pulverize her with a single sentence.

"I doubt very much if she would," he said.

Mrs. Burns was undaunted. "Ask her anyhow. I hate for her to feel left out of *everything*."

HE went reluctantly to the porch, where Lynn Harding sat motionless and stared at a path of moonlight on the water. She looked small and beaten and lonely, and his throat tightened again. He stood before her chair.

"Mrs. Burns wants to know if you'd care to play bridge." I know you won't, his tone said; I'm only asking because they insist.

She turned her head slowly. "With you?"

"And Mr. and Mrs. Burns." He said it defiantly.

She said sweetly: "Thank you; I'd love to play."

He was glad the darkness hid his astonishment. He said tardily: "Fine. I'll tell them."

While Mrs. Burns hovered and fluttered, Miss Mills lifted Lynn Harding into a comfortable chair. Lynn smiled at Mrs. Burns sweetly, vividly, and Morley Laird stood by and marveled. Then he knew: she was putting on an act; she was showing him, by contrast, how much she disliked him. Only—her face was so damnably lovely when she smiled.

Mr. and Mrs. Burns announced apologetically that they liked to play together. They understood each other's system. Morley thought after a few hands that they must be mind readers: nobody else could understand such a system; nobody else could play so badly.

But Lynn Harding was perfect. Whenever Mrs. Burns slaughtered a hand, Lynn assured her that it was unmakable. Whenever Mr. Burns hung himself, she reminded him consolingly of the impossible distribution. And she played better bridge than Morley had ever encountered. He finished the evening in a state of mental turmoil. . . .

On his way to the beach the next morning he searched eagerly for her chair. It was near the water again, and she was lying beside it, talking to a small boy who belonged at the hotel. With the memory of last night fresh

I was sallow and sort of logy

● Everything I ate seemed to give me gas—I just couldn't get my system regulated properly. My little boy suffered from constipation, too, and didn't like the taste of castor oil. His teacher advised me to give him FEEN-A-MINT. He thought it was just nice chewing gum and took it without the usual fuss. It gave him such a prompt and complete movement that I chewed one myself. That was over a year ago and I want to tell you that FEEN-A-MINT has been a welcome friend in relieving constipation. I wouldn't have any other laxative in the house.

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in his mind, he went curiously toward her, wondering what her morning mood would be.

When she turned to stare indifferently at him he was conscious of a swift unreasoning disappointment. It had been an act, then, and not a conversion.

He bowed, intending not to stop, and the small boy addressed him curiously:

"Can you swim?"

"Yes," said Morley, pausing a minute. "Can you?"

"Course I can. I can swim better than anybody my age." He eyed Morley contemptuously. "You're awful white. I'm browner than anybody here."

"Stop bragging," said Lynn Harding shortly, and Morley's mouth twitched.

The small boy stared at her in astonishment, and then achieved nonchalance by hurling a shell at a little mongrel dog that was advancing ingratiatingly. Morley's hand clenched as the shell struck and the animal uttered a yelp of pain.

Lynn Harding's eyes went black. "Stop that, you cowardly little beast!"

The child swaggered. "She's nothin' but a cur bitch," he said defiantly, rolling the phrase on his tongue.

"You're nothing but a cur, either," Lynn said with deadly calm; "but a shell would hurt you just the same as if you were a gentleman." And Morley forgot his wrath and grinned.

The child lowered at her and rose. "Well, I'm not crippled," he announced—and then dodged as Morley reached for him.

Morley started to follow and drag him back for an apology; but she stopped him.

"Let him go. He's obnoxious and incorrigible. His mother's a widow with two chins and platinum hair." As if that explained everything, she turned and buried her face in her arms once more.

Recognizing his dismissal, Morley got up and went toward the water, stopping on the way to pet the small eager dog. When he looked shoreward a few minutes later, he saw the dog lying confidingly at Lynn Harding's side.

DURING the rest of the week Morley's play smoothed out, stayed alive. He worked on it several hours a day, polishing lines, retyping the whole manuscript. The rest of the time he read and swam and played an occasional game of golf at the South Shore Club or a rubber of bridge with the hotel guests.

The state of armed neutrality between Lynn Harding and himself continued. He wondered why she put up with him, and decided it was for the sadistic pleasure she derived from making him angry. Certainly there was nothing pleasant in the relationship, and certainly she did as much or more than he to keep the relationship alive.

He finished the play on the ninth day of his stay, and knew the thing was good. He had a mad impulse to shout, to throw things out the window, to get riotously drunk. But not at the Seaside. He'd save that for New York, after he'd seen Holcomb and made him agree that the play clicked. Instead he put on his bathing suit and went for a final swim.

MARIAN SIMS

is a Georgian, but now lives in North Carolina. She sold her first story in 1933 and since then her work has appeared in a number of leading magazines. Her first novel was published last October. She is interested in the stage and is one of the leading lights in the Charlotte Little Theater.

Lynn Harding was taking her morning sun bath, and he went eagerly toward her, forgetting his resentment.

"IT'S finished!" he said exultantly. "It—rings the bell!"

She looked indifferently at him. "What am I supposed to do: cheer?"

The exultation faded, and a flare of battle lit his eyes. "No," he said shortly. "You're supposed to lie there and be as poisonous as possible. Only you'll have to find another victim, because I'm leaving tomorrow."

He tried to read the look that flickered across her face, and failed. It had gone too quickly. He asked curiously:

"Are you going to be this way all the rest of your life? Or only as long as you're an invalid? You'd be surprised to see how much just being pleasant would help."

She stirred resentfully. "Being an invalid's the least of it. You make me sick—you know so much! There's a lot, though, that you'd never guess."

He had a sudden flash of intuition. Ordinarily it was a topic he'd never mention; but something—some undefined thirst for knowledge about her—drove him to put the thought into words. Besides, he was leaving tomorrow and she couldn't dislike him any more than she disliked him now. He said recklessly:

"I can guess one thing—"

"What?" She was watching him closely.

He hesitated, and then plunged. After all, he had nothing to lose.

"That you—were engaged. And that—after a lot of heroic protestations—the rat finally consented to let you break it off." He stopped and waited for the storm; but it didn't come. Her face was hidden once more.

He felt sorrier for her than for any one he'd ever known, and angrier at the man who had thrown her over. She *mustn't* go on worrying over a cad like that. He said huskily:

"Lynn, he couldn't have been worth it. It was a lot better to find it out in time—"

Her voice reached him finally, as husky as his own: "Do you suppose I don't know that? Now will you please go to hell?"

He stood up and looked helplessly at her, and felt the old tightening of his throat. Sunlight hurt his eyes, and the roar of water and the shouts of children playing was loud in his ears. Lynn Harding lay small and quiet and broken on the sand, and he wanted to pick her up and try to comfort her—before he left. . . .

He realized suddenly that grown people were shouting too, and that the shouts had an overtone of horror. He turned and looked toward the water: saw that people were running back and forth, gesticulating toward two dark spots beyond the second line of breakers. He forgot Lynn Harding and began to run too.

The minute he stepped into the water he knew that the undertow was running, and guessed what had happened. He sighed as he struck out, wondering why instinct drove him to risk his own neck to pull out some idiot who should have known better. As he settled down to swim, there came to him the vague memory of a child's excited shout, heard as he left the beach and only now comprehended.

"Tommy bet us he could drown that dog, mama!"

He had then an almost overpowering impulse to turn back to shore. It must be the obnoxious little boy, still smarting under Lynn's contempt, still trying to prove to his world that he was master of the sea as well as of small defenseless dogs. I wish, Morley thought as he swam, that I had the courage to save the dog and let the little brute drown!

The undertow dragged at him once; and a short distance away there was only one dark spot, bobbing like a cork.

It wasn't a bit difficult, after all—and it took only a short time. The child was reasonably close to shore; it was only fear of the undertow that had reduced the bathers to shouts and gesticulations. Morley grasped the child's suit and pulled him above water; realized that he was still conscious, and looked anxiously and futilely about for the dog. After a moment he turned and made his way to the shore.

THE platinum widow, dressed in ruffled organdy, stood knee-deep in water and screamed. Morley thrust the sputtering child at her.

"Here. It's a pity he didn't drown. If I could have found the dog I'd have saved it instead." He turned and waded out of the water; waved the astonished audience rudely aside.

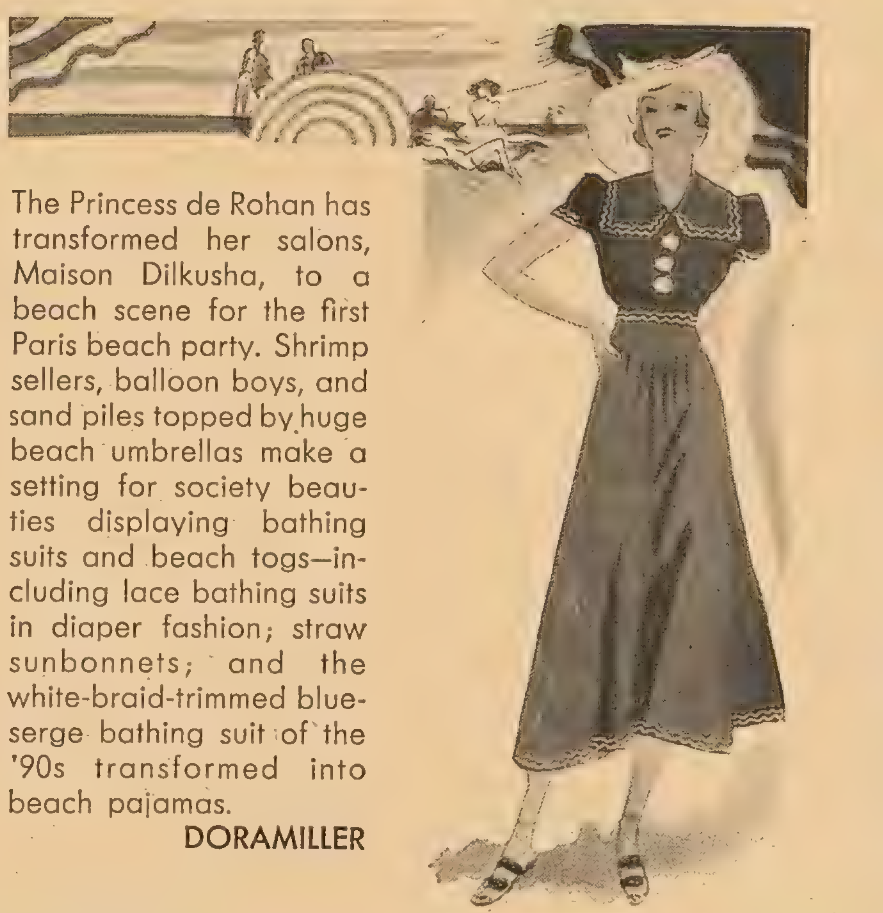
He looked toward Lynn's chair, and saw it standing where it always stood. But Lynn was not beside it. He swept the beach with an anxious look, and began to run.

She was lying in a queer crumpled position at the water's edge. He wondered, as he ran, how in heaven's name she had got there.

She was very still as he bent over her, and he lifted her in his arms and started toward the hotel. Away from the water the sand was deep and heavy, and the breath in his lungs hurt; but he kept on running toward the hotel.

And then Miss Mills, with her face as white as Lynn's, came down the steps. "Mr. Laird! What on earth—"

FASHION HINTS from PARIS



The Princess de Rohan has transformed her salons, Maison Dilkusha, to a beach scene for the first Paris beach party. Shrimp sellers, balloon boys, and sand piles topped by huge beach umbrellas make a setting for society beauties displaying bathing suits and beach togs—including lace bathing suits in diaper fashion; straw sunbonnets; and the white-braid-trimmed blue-serge bathing suit of the '90s transformed into beach pajamas.

DORAMILLER

He couldn't talk very well, so he said: "I—don't know. Get her bed ready. Hurry, damn it!"

He laid her on the bed and stood helplessly by while Miss Mills took charge. Miss Mills opened a medicine kit, and gave orders to bellboys, and was efficient and busy, while Morley stood by and panted and waited.

"Get out," Miss Mills said finally. So he went and stood outside the door and dripped water on the floor of the hall.

Several years later Miss Mills reappeared.

"She fainted," Miss Mills explained. "She's all right now. She says for you to come in."

Lynn Harding looked smaller than ever in bed. Only her eyes were big—bigger than Morley had ever seen them, and different. He began angrily: "What the devil did you mean—" And then he realized how different they looked, and he stopped suddenly.

"SIT down," she said, and as he hesitated she added: "Please. In that wooden chair, if you're afraid of spoiling the others."

He sat down, and tried to keep from looking at her that way.

"I have to tell you," she said. "I was going to let you go away without telling you. But I can't now!"

She twisted the sheet in a small brown hand. "I'm —not a devil. For two years I've been a good sport. I've been 'sweet' and 'jolly' and 'brave.' For two years I've laughed about everything during every minute of the day. And lots of times I've been raging and cursing inside. I've wanted to break things, and shake my fist at heaven—"

"I—I know," Morley said huskily. "I'm a damn brute, but I know."

"No," said Lynn Harding—"you don't. But you did exactly right. I thought," she explained wistfully, "that if I could cut loose and be a—fiend—just for a little while, it would help. I thought maybe I'd get it out of my system. I didn't want my friends to see me while I was being one; so I came here, where nobody would know me. I was being—wonderfully hideous—when you came."

"No," Morley said, and kept looking at the small brown hand because he couldn't look at her face. "Even with all that trying, you—slipped a few times." Then a thought struck him. He lifted his damp head and looked straight at her.

"How in heaven's name did you get down to the water's edge?"

Color flooded her face. "I—crawled," she said simply.

"Why?" He couldn't say it out loud. He could only shape the question with stiff lips. "Why?"

The color deepened, and one corner of her mouth lifted.

"I—was worried about the dog. You see, I love animals— It wasn't really my fault about the horse, Morley," she burst out. "He bolted when a car backfired and—" After an instant she protested breathlessly: "How can I explain if you keep kissing me like that?"

"You can't," said Morley, on his knees beside the bed. "You needn't!"

THE END

ROMANTIC, ROIST

Victor Hugo's Passionate Masterpiece Comes Opulently to the Screen; Mr. Powell Pursues a Bibulous Way Through Two Eventful Entertainments, and a Slice-of-Life Melodrama Provides Some Moments of Tense Excitement

by
BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary 3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good 1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ LES MISERABLES

THE PLAYERS: Fredric March, Charles Laughton, Cedric Hardwicke, Rochelle Hudson, Frances Drake, Marilyn Knowlden, John Beal, Florence Eldridge, Jessie Ralph. Directed by Richard Boleslawski. Story by Victor Hugo.

THERE is little that Twentieth Century won't do for the young lovers in its films. In Cardinal Richelieu, George Arliss defied the king, brought on war, and changed the course of history, so that Maureen O'Sullivan's pristine loveliness wouldn't be tarnished by immoral court life. And now, in its richly mounted version of Victor Hugo's Les Misérables, this studio has Jean Valjean, literature's most famous victim of the law, risking his life and possible recapture by the police so tnat Rochelle Hudson and John Beal may have a happy final clinch.

While it is true that the picture is handsomely dressed, impressive both in its playing and heavy sincerity, it is equally true that this ponderous story seldom rises above a depressed mood and is as often tedious as it is gripping.

Perhaps a good portion of the fault lies with Hugo's story as screen material. For adapter Lipscomb's screen play is generally faithful to the narrative of the man who stole a loaf of bread, served ten years in jail, and was ever after hounded by the police for failing to report to the parole board. But stripped of Hugo's style, Les Misérables becomes a passionate propaganda piece for humane treatment of French prisoners and ex-convicts.

However, this film probably will cause as much discussion as any released this year. In it Fredric March gives a noteworthy performance as the maligned Valjean—though he is at his best in a brief appearance as a dull-witted peasant mistaken for Valjean. Charles Laughton, as he does with all his roles, fashions the police inspector into a pathologic case—a man born in prison, with abnormal respect for the very letter of the law.

Les Misérables has many commendable features, especially its original use of the camera in close-ups, and the film has enough vitality to throw audiences into distinctly divided camps.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Misérables has been filmed before. The French did it in four separate installments, feeling that justice couldn't be done it in one. Maybe I'm wrong, but William Farnum did it justice in one, back in the nontalkative days. Despite discouragement, its present producer, the mitey Zanuck, went right ahead to crowd it into one. Shot 250,000 feet—half of the number of words in the book—and himself cut it into feature length. Is the only producer in the world to do his own cutting, most producers not even cutting their own cigars, requiring stooges. . . . Zanuck was born in Wahoo (not Yoohoo), Nebraska; is a war vet; wrote postwar short stories, and sold them too; is short, bright, unillusioned, Napoleonically domineering; and keeps one eye on the b. o., the other on history and the classics with the movie angle. . . . Misérables cost around a million, salaries eating up plenty, March and Laughton each getting $100,000 apiece for their efforts, and Fox Films a nice hunk for services of Rochelle Hudson. . . . Laughton didn't much like leaving the comic Ruggles behind to do the relentless Javert, but, boy, does he do it! He is a terrific worker, going off by himself into corners to rehearse his stuff, and when he gives he gives. . . . Freddie March took a terrific beating in the ship's-galley scenes. That dog-collar ankle chain was uncomfortable, and though yucca wood was used by the guards to beat him up, his body was a mass of black-and-blue welts afterwards. . . . Dumas's book was unchanged except that the first five bitter years of Jean Valjean's life were lopped off to retain a previous tremendous spiritual finish and thus to lay a load of faith at the feet of the Legion of Decency. It makes a better ending, as a matter of record. . . . Freddie March doubles his identity in the picture, but few will recognize him. Look for him when an innocent half-wit is picked up mistakenly as Jean Valjean and is about to be sent back to the galleys.

★ ★ ★ STAR OF MIDNIGHT

THE PLAYERS: William Powell, Ginger Rogers, Paul Kelly, Gene Lockhart, Ralph Morgan, Leslie Fenton, J. Farrell MacDonald, Russell Hopton, and others. Directed by Stephen Roberts. Story by Arthur Somers Roche.

STAR OF MIDNIGHT is a murder mystery which seems designed not at all for sleuthing fans, as its denouement is no more lucid than its vaguely motivated killings and disappearances. However, this diverting production of Arthur Somers Roche's story is so lively in its telling and playing that the film must be listed as one of the happier presentations of the month.

Consuming enough Martinis to float Oliver Hardy and Charles Laughton, William Powell is seen as a fun-loving lawyer who lets his profession slide for the more exciting diversions of amateur detective work. When at the request of his lovelorn friend, Leslie Fenton, he takes on the apparently harmless task of tracking down a lost girl, Powell runs into such dangerous obstacles as gangsters and professional double-crossers, and is accused of murder himself.

While the plot is skipping through its intricate paces, Powell and the lovely Ginger Rogers—rapidly becoming one of the screen's most pleasant personalities—have so much drunken fun that the audience can hardly miss capturing a share of it. This brightly written and frequently bawdy film has Mr. Fenton's lost girl reappearing as a masked singer in the Broadway show, Midnight. Just when a columnist is to break the news of her identity, he is killed. From there on, Powell plays in barrooms and figures it all out, though you may not. Obscure as it is, Star of Midnight climbs to a tensely exciting climax wherein Powell sets the trap for the columnist's murderer.

Paul Kelly, Gene Lockhart, Leslie Fenton, and Ralph Morgan, all of whom give nicely etched performances, are the suspects.

VITAL STATISTICS: Arthur Somers Roche died in Florida February 17, 1935, while picture was being filmed. Wrote twenty-seven novels in his lifetime; married twice; rose from newspaperdom to everything he wanted; and admitted a few months before his death he didn't know why people read his stuff. Was frank and honest about his shortcomings, which is more than which of us can say? . . . Bill Powell is borrowed from M-G-M for this one. Is a Pittsburgher. Got his movie start in John Barrymore's Sherlock Holmes. Powell's ambition was once to retire to a villa in the south of France; now he finds work relaxing. It's easy to relax on his salary. Is building a new home around a bathroom which contains, amid its Carrara marble, exercise implements, a barber chair, rubdown slab, and bar. Bathroom modeled on the one in the picture. Once Powell worked for fifty dollars a week as a telephonerino. . . . Ginger Rogers still is looking for that honeymoon with husband Lew Ayres, RKO working her like a lovely horse: twelve hours per diem for past eight months. She once toured vodvil as Ginger and Her Redheads. Recently two elderly sisters completely unrelated to her left her all their money in a will, just because they liked her. She started movies as the baby-faced siren of Young Man of Manhattan. . . . Leslie Fenton, married to Ann Dvorak, also finds little time for home life on his thirty-seven-acre San Fernando Valley walnut farm, what with the press of studio work. . . . Paul Kelly was once called the Vitagraph Boy and played with John Bunny and Flora Finch. . . . Gene Lockhart is of London, Ontario; a Toronto U. grad; made stage debut as Scottish dancer with a kiltie vodvil band of windy screechers.

★ ★ ½ RECKLESS

THE PLAYERS: Jean Harlow, William Powell, Franchot Tone, May Robson, Ted Healy, Nat Pendleton, Rosalind Russell, Henry Stephenson, Mickey Rooney. Directed by Victor Fleming. Story by Oliver Jeffries.

UNLIKE Les Misérables, Reckless has no pretentions whatever to art. This well dressed film is concerned primarily with re-establishing the truth that oil and

ERING, REALISTIC

Fredric March, who plays Jean Valjean, and also a dull-witted peasant, in Victor Hugo's masterpiece, Les Miserables.

water won't mix; and laden as it is with all the elements that have come to be known as sure box office, the picture does exactly what it sets out to do—provide complete if not memorable entertainment.

Beneath the tinsel of lavish party scenes and stage shows with which M-G-M has gilded the picture, there runs a story which closely follows a recently headlined case. Miss Harlow is seen as a show girl who marries society playboy Franchot Tone, heir of a wealthy family. When Tone, finding his bride an outcast among his friends and remorseful over having jilted his society girl, kills himself as a way out, Harlow returns home. Acquitted of murder but still hated by the smart set, the gorgeously upholstered Miss Harlow attempts on the stage to regain fame and a means of support for her baby.

As Harlow's stanch friend, Powell carries his drinking right over from Star of Midnight to win the liquor-consuming honors of the year. In this sprightly dialogued film he gives—as do Tone and Harlow—a well realized portrayal which aids greatly in making Reckless a satisfying picture. Nat Pendleton and Ted Healy stand out as Powell's loyal but mezzo-witted stooges, while Rosalind Russell—a girl to be watched—repeats the promise of her last few pictures as Tone's boyhood sweetheart.

VITAL STATISTICS: Oliver Jeffries, who wrote this story, is really David O. Selznick, who also produced it. Selznick is a repressed writer and started life wanting to be a book publisher. Had he satisfied either ambition, today he'd be counting pennies instead of thousands. Always sits in on his story writing, lending an able hand. . . . Reckless was originally titled Hard to Handle and then Born Reckless. It started as a straight melodrama and music was added as an afterthought. . . . P. J. (Pinkie) Wolfson did the screen play, and Donald Ogden Stewart, Ted Shane, and Norman Krasna were called in to do rewriting. . . . William Powell has been playing the Thin Man so often recently he's beginning to lose weight. His frustrated complex is, singing; his repressed desire is to sculp. . . . Picture cost over half million, some say around eight hundred thou, dribbling over months in perfecting process. . . . Jean Harlow's divorce from Hal (Snaps) Rosson came round recently. She's circulating very little these days. . . . Nat Pendleton is quite a serious young man offscreen. Has just finished a novel—largely biographical, they say. . . . Ted Healy looks lost around the M-G-M campus without his stooges.

★ ★ ½ FOUR HOURS TO KILL

THE PLAYERS: Richard Barthelmess, Joe Morrison, Helen Mack, Gertrude Michael, Dorothy Tree, Roscoe Karns, Charles C. Wilson, Henry Travers, Paul Harvey. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. From the play by Norman Krasna.

FOUR HOURS TO KILL is Grand Hotel in a theater lobby. Here life—as it has been doing for some time—goes on. Lovers quarrel and make up, one man becomes a father, one man dies. In short, the picture faithfully follows the formula for this type story, whether it be on shipboard, in a hospital, or in a hotel. Four Hours to Kill strings these brief glimpses of life stories around a tensely exciting situation which has an escaped convict hiding in a telephone booth waiting to shoot the gangster who squealed on him.

Though this pattern is designed especially for the limitations of the stage and must, even at its best, appear a bit turgid in screen form, Four Hours to Kill emerges as a terse, well played, and engrossing melodrama.

VITAL STATISTICS: Norman Krasna, who wrote original play, is ex-publicity boy at Warner Bros. At thirty dollars a week, he wrote an original story snatched up by Darryl Zanuck, then a Warner stooge, no bonuses extended, Zanuck theory being he wrote it on company's time. Such high-handed chiseling became *cause célèbre*. Hollywood fumed and it remained for head press agent Hubert Voight (Columbia '24) to paste *on dit* the Zanuck on the prow and lose his important job at Warners'. Since then that bop has become historic. The Krasna has come far in the money if not the years since then: at twenty-seven he earns his $1,300 a week as a Paramount contract writer. . . . Helen Mack (MacDougall) married motion-picture distributor for Fox West Coast Charles Erwin during filming, honeyswooning at Frisco. . . . Director Mitchell Leisen is son of a Milwaukee brewer. Had artistic exposure abroad and got movie start—get this—when a woman associate of Cecil De Mille saw something terrific in his marvelously long slender artistic hands (paws to you). He is happily unmarried and quite the ladies' feller, which he can easily be on his seven or eight hundred a week. . . . Joe Morrison lived for three years with his manager Eddie Vine in a room overlooking the Lemon Grove Avenue Paramount Hollywood gate, trying to make good. Down to a final four bits, of which fifteen cents went for potatoes and ten cents for dog meat for Rover, they touched starvation. A surprise telegram for Joe to appear on a small-town movie-stage circuit started Joe toward food and the Get Along Little Dogie fame that landed him square on the Paramount lot. . . . Ralph Rainger and Leo Robin wrote a complete musical show for the backstage background of the picture. Snatches of it are heard; not a bit of it is seen.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta, Clive of India, David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow.

★★★—Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace.

What Being *Kidnaped* Has Done to Me

READING TIME
6 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Two years ago, Miss McElroy, daughter of Judge H. F. McElroy, city manager of Kansas City, Missouri, was the victim in a kidnaping which was front-page news everywhere. On May 27, 1933, she was surprised by intruders as she was taking a bath and was " snatched " from her home and carried across the state line, to be held for ransom in a dungeonlike basement by four men and a woman. Of these, Walter H. McGee, the ringleader, is now to be hanged for the crime on May 10—within two days after this issue of Liberty appears on the newsstands. If his execution is carried out as scheduled it will be the first in the United States for kidnaping. His brother George is in prison for life, and a third kidnaper, Clarence Click, for eight years.

A Vivid Account of the Aftermath of a Terrifying Experience

by

Mary McElroy

as told to

CORINNE REID FRAZIER

THE actual physical experience of being held captive is nothing compared to the mental torment that lingers after release. *This is the real crime of kidnaping!*

To awaken at night months later, cold from a dream in which you are being killed or tortured; to be unable to walk down a quiet street after dark or to go into an empty room without the heart leaping in fear and the hands trembling—this is the phase of the crime which I believe few people who have not been its victims are capable of grasping—least of all, the kidnapers themselves.

Kidnaping is a *mental inquisition.* I am haunted today not only by my own memories but by two great fears—that some one else may be in danger of experiencing at any moment what I experienced, and that somewhere other men are planning such another crime, with the certainty of death or imprisonment for it awaiting them.

The physical aspects of kidnaping are bad enough. No one enjoys being snatched rudely from the privacy of one's own bedchamber; ordered to " get a move on," with the threat of death for disobedience; and forced to plead for permission even to clothe oneself first! It is frightening, to say the least, to be hustled into a motor and thrust rudely on to the floor, to ride unnumbered miles with unknown captors, and finally to be chained to the wall of a damp basement room.

When the men first came into my room my mind was painfully clear on the minutest details. I dressed with the most meticulous care while one of the kidnapers stood outside my door threatening to shoot me if I didn't hurry. And on that long ride, while my nerves were still numbed by the shock, my most conscious thought came when I looked down at my hands and noticed my white gloves, and thought how foolish I had been to wear them.

" You're certainly not going to need a white hat and gloves where you're going, Mary! " I told myself. And the thought somehow amused me tremendously. I kept as quiet as I could. I felt I would rather die than let those men guess I was afraid.

Strangely, my first vivid feeling at the cabin where I was taken was worry for fear I had spelled " counterfeit " wrong in the ransom note the kidnapers forced me to write my father. And I wasn't sure about the number of p's in " kidnaped."

But, once I began to realize the seriousness of my plight, a sort of dead calm settled down upon me. The calm of utter hopelessness. One does not worry when there is no hope. Through no fault of my own I was in this predicament. There was nothing I could have done to prevent it—nothing I could do now.

I had heard so much of kidnapers killing their victims that I thought this was to be my fate ultimately. My one hope was that they would not torture me first. The man who guarded me throughout the night seemed friendly when we talked. I told him of two books in which I thought he might be interested: Victor F. Nel-

In this house near Shawnee, Kansas, the gang held Miss McElroy prisoner.

son's Prison Nights and Days and Warden Lawes's Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing. I recalled that Warden Lawes had said: "If you want to make a dangerous man your friend, let him do you a favor." So I followed that advice.

While I was not conscious of worry, I knew fear. A fear that I tried with all my strength to hide. This strain told on me. It was a fear bred of the unknown, of what *might* happen. To pass through a night of such fear—perhaps many of them—is to experience a nerve shock which impresses indelibly upon the subconscious mind horrors that not even the joy of unexpected release can wipe out.

My anxiety for my family's mental suffering was acute. No jury should overlook this angle of the crime—the mental anguish of the victim's family and friends, with its sometimes fatal results.

IN the morning, that black morning when I was almost too weary and bewildered to think, I was permitted to have a mirror, and it took me nearly an hour to make up my mind to look into it—so sure was I that my hair had turned white!

That afternoon I was told to prepare for a journey. It proved to be my journey of release.

The real effect of those hours of captivity only began to make itself felt weeks afterward. Only then, when the strain was over, when there was no longer any stimulating excitement, did I begin to experience the reactions so difficult to describe. These seem almost too terrible to put into words. They involve the things that *might have happened.* How can I explain them? The torture I mercifully escaped; the personal attacks I thought inevitable; the death I felt to be a certainty. Can't you imagine for yourself what shape these dreams would take?

I cannot believe my kidnapers (one now sentenced to be hanged; two, to long terms of imprisonment) could have brought themselves to commit such a crime had they given a moment's thought to the almost unimaginable cruelty of its results. Had they considered, even, the mental torment of my father, who for all I know may suffer still as I do from the effects of those agonizing hours of waiting for my return.

To most kidnapers plotting the crime I am sure it never occurs that with the physical presence of their victim must go, also, the mental and spiritual being—a being they will injure inevitably, beyond complete restoration. Nor, I believe, does it occur to many of the citizens whose indignation is aroused by the physical aspects of the crime.

In my own case I could not help noticing at the trial of the kidnapers that the jury was much more affected by the evidence of a threatened attack upon my person than by the far more terrible evidence of an actual attack upon my mental and nerve centers!

The point I am trying to make clear is that the world should be made to recognize kidnaping as a crime of mental destructiveness, to be punished with equal severity whether the victim is returned physically "safe and unharmed" (this is ironical to me), or whether his battered body is found in some isolated wasteland.

I am quite as much concerned with ways and means of preventing men like my kidnapers from committing such crimes as in the protection of people from being kidnaped.

I believe that I have a peculiar right to express certain opinions on kidnaping, for I have never felt any personal bitterness toward my kidnapers. I feel exactly the same toward them today as I did while they held me captive and just after I was released. When I testified against them in court, it was their crime I was fighting. I don't know why it is so hard to make people understand that it is possible to believe a man must pay the penalty for his crime and at the same time to wish that he didn't have to.

They kidnaped Miss McElroy—and are paying the penalties. Top to bottom: Walter H. McGee, who is to be hanged May 10; George McGee, now doing life; Clarence Click, in for eight years.

And one way of staying them, I believe, is to bring to them a realization of the hideousness of crime. Let the law, the people, and the potential kidnaper himself remember this: It takes but a few hours to "restore" a kidnap victim to his loved ones. *It may take a lifetime to restore him to himself.*

THE END

It Was a Certain Look. She Gave Him Both Barrels. Then Things Happened—Here's a Lively Story of the Magic in a Pair of

Big Brown EYES

by JAMES EDWARD GRANT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK PAGNATO

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

MISS EVE WHITNEY, better known to the readers of the Daily Courier as Doris Dare, sob sister de luxe, scratched a match on the picture of a man wanted in seven states, and blew smoke at Sergeant Daniel Howard of Homicide.

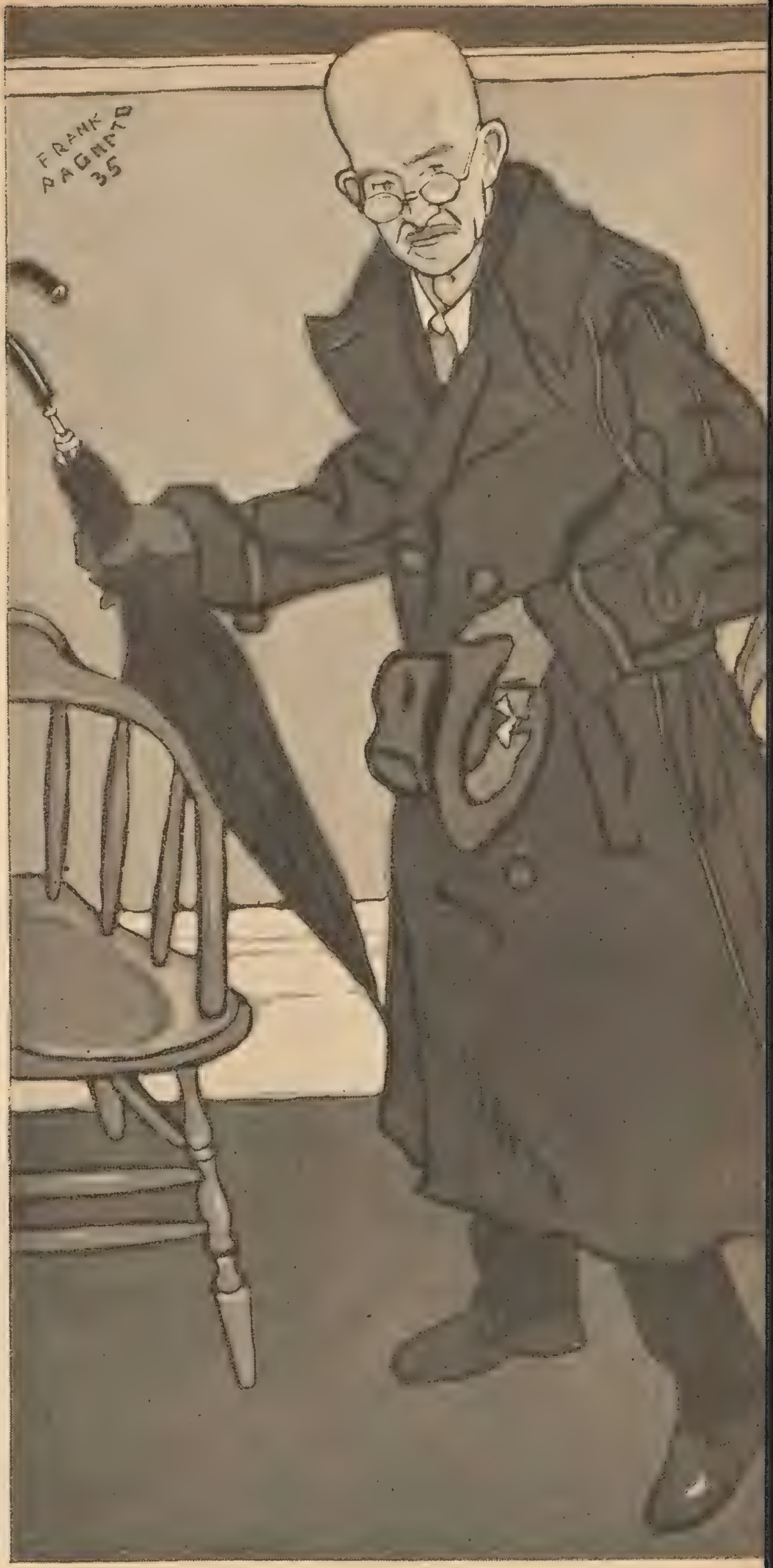
"Don't deny it, handsome," she said sternly. "You've been giving me the dust-off for a couple of weeks. Why the chill?"

Sergeant Howard scowled at his feet crossed atop the desk. "Any time you say the word, you're welcome to send out your Christmas cards with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Howard engraved on them. But nix on this trailing me from the bull pen to the morgue. Pretty soon I'll just be your stooge."

"Don't be an utter chump," she coaxed. "I should marry you! On your two hundred and six per? With me nicking the Courier for one fifty a week! Not on your Bertillon records! Show me a lieutenant's forty-eight hundred a year, and I might consider buying a cookbook."

"That's love for you," said the sergeant, speaking to the picture of the much-wanted criminal.

"Look!" she cried brightly. "He's peeved. It won't be long, handsome. Look at all the publicity I got you in the Gottbaum case. That jumped you up close to the top of the list, and in the spring when appointments are made—"



Hulburt started out. Dan had his mou

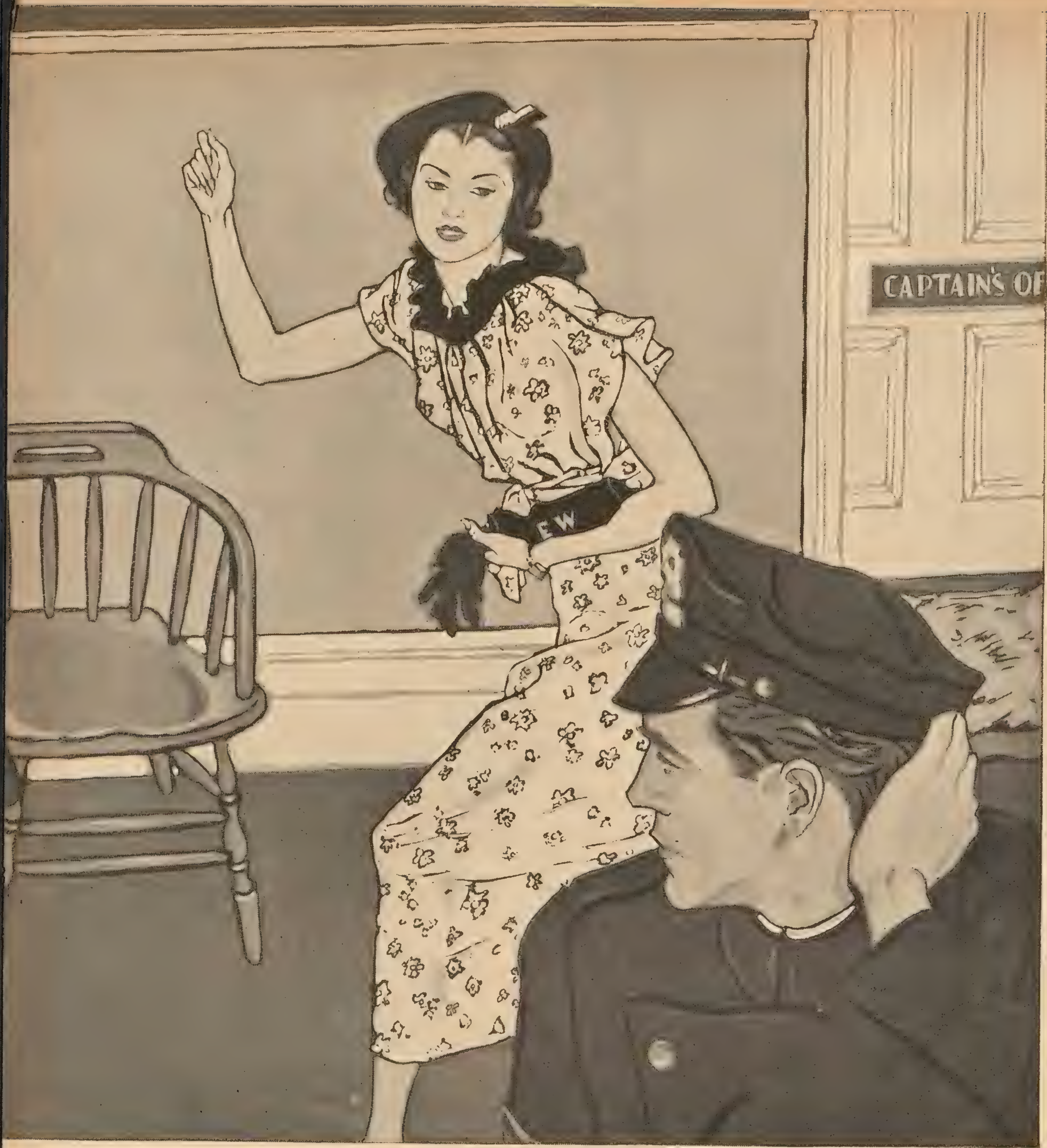
A bell jangled thrice and Dan came out of his swivel chair like a bean out of a blower, went downstairs and into a squad car that was already moving.

"Well," Dan asked, when the speedometer said seventy, "have you got an anchor dragging? Stamp down on it."

They traveled two miles in something under two minutes and grated to a stop before a small cigar store, in front of which a curious citizenry was already gathering. Inside the store was a mass of wreckage, and a cadaverous patrolman, who stated, "Sutter—that's the owner—is on his way to the hospital, a couple of slugs through him."

Dan nodded. "Any witnesses?"

The cadaverous one shook his head. "Not as I know



pen to continue his tirade, but Eve stopped him. "Don't go away," she said, and started after the little man.

of, sergeant. I got the flash over the radio. When I got here everything was just like you see."

"Long on this beat?"

"Twelve years," the patrolman stated. "I knew Sutter, if that's what you want."

"That's what I want."

"A harmless little guy." The lean policeman shook his head, "But as stubborn as hell. He wouldn't join Tony Amati's club."

Dan said something bitter under his breath. Everything came clear. Amati's organization—that's what he called it; the police referred to it as a racket—was known as the Retail Dealers' Discussion and Protective Association. The dues were fifty dollars a month for protection. If a merchant did not desire protection he would shortly find himself engaged in discussion with Tony Amati. The outcome of the discussion was a foregone conclusion. The first time, the merchant came into the association or he went to the hospital; the second time, he came in or went to the morgue.

Dan's scowl deepened. He went to the phone and called the Emergency Hospital. When he was connected with the officer whom the department stations at all times in the receiving room, he said, "Canby, I want you to get a statement from that Sutter chap. How is he?"

"Nothing bothering him now," said the morbid Officer Canby. "The poor duck's dead."

Dan strode out into the crowd before the cigar store and yelled for quiet. "Anybody that knows anything about this or saw anything that might be of help to us?"

There was no answer. As he started back into the store a hand caught his elbow and a meek voice said, "Officer, please."

He turned, saying brusquely, "Well, what is it?"

The elbow-tugger was an undersized man whose face ran mainly to Adam's apple. He had more ears than were necessary and less chin than was desirable. Though the evening was warm and balmy, his feet were encased in heavy rubbers, and, as if the buttoned-up mackintosh he wore were not sufficient protection, he carried an umbrella in his right hand. The hands were gloved.

The small man tugged at the celluloid collar that surrounded the Adam's apple. "I—uh," he said meekly. "Well, I saw the trouble—uh—maybe I ought not bother you, but—uh, well—"

A vast change came over Sergeant Howard. The scowl vanished from his face. "Splendid," he said heartily. "Come in, Mr.—what did you say your name was?"

"Pawley. Hulburt H. Pawley. The H is for Howard."

Having cleared the store of photographers and reporters, Dan seated Mr. Hulburt Howard Pawley on what was left of a shattered chair, and said gently, "Now you tell me just what happened."

"Myrtle," said the rabbity man—"that's Mrs. Pawley—does not enjoy the smell of tobacco and I simply cannot do without an after-dinner cigar. So we have compromised. I come over and smoke my cigar in Mr. Sutter's store. This evening, just as I was entering the store . . . The time, officer? It would be exactly eight minutes after seven. I always finish the dishes at three after, and by the time I get my rubbers and coat on and walk here it is just exactly eight after."

"Swell," Dan cheered. "Go on."

"As I say, just as I was about to enter I heard the most horrible crashing noises. Most startling noises. I went around to the side show window and peeped in. Mr. Sutter was lying on the floor and a simply huge man was smashing everything in sight."

Dan's voice was as soft as the touch of a trout fly on water. "Can you describe the man?"

"Well over six feet. Dark-complected with curly black hair that had a sheen to it. Pomaded, undoubtedly. He had a narrow dark mustache. I would know him anywhere, and you may depend on my description, officer," Hulburt said with tremulous dignity. "I am a designer of ladies' house dresses and my powers of observation are acutely developed."

The fish was almost on the hook. "Go on," urged Dan.

"Well, Mr. Sutter got up off the floor and seized the big dark man. They wrestled about a moment, and then," Hulburt's voice ran up the scale, "the dark man shot Mr. Sutter twice. And then I ran away. I am not an adventurous person, officer."

"I can believe that," Dan said, but his voice was happy. "Hogan! Hogan! Take Mr. Hul—oh, I mean Mr. Pawley down to the Bureau and wait for me there."

"The police station?" objected Hulburt. "But I can't —what would Myrtle say if I'm not home on time? Really, officer."

"You can call Myrtle from the Bureau," Dan told him and trotted for the street and a fast ride to the Cloverleaf Club.

CLIMBING into the car, he heard dulcet tones behind him. "In a hurry, sweetheart?"

He turned to Eve Whitney. "No," he said caustically; "no hurry at all. There's a murder and I'm on my way to catch the guy what done it. But there's no hurry if you think you'd like me to sit on the curb and make mud pies."

She shrugged amiably. "Still turning thumbs down on me, hey? Who is the little man with the face like an income-tax agent?"

"That," said Dan, getting into the car, "is an angel from heaven."

He had his chauffeur drive unhurriedly to the Cloverleaf Club, and there, after mounting a flight of steps and passing through a deserted table-surrounded dance floor, he came to a small barroom. Five men were sitting around a table there. Five men who looked up with a great show of surprise.

Dan went over to the table and sat down. "Expecting a pinch, Tony?" he asked the tallest. "If you are, you can be happy. It's come."

"Hello, copper," Tony said affably. "Expecting a pinch? No. Why should I be? Drink?"

Dan waved the drink aside. "I want you. Do I have to use cuffs?"

"Certainly not," Tony asserted virtuously. "I'll come peaceable. And why not? I ain't done a damned thing. I been sitting here all afternoon punching the bag with these guys. How about it, boys?"

"He certainly has," chorused the other four. "All afternoon he ain't been out of the joint."

Getting into the squad car, Dan asked easily, "How did you know I wanted you for a caper that was cut this evening, Tony? It might have been last week or last year. You ought to train your stooges better. And they looked absolutely too surprised to see me. Like it had been rehearsed."

Tony looked sad. "Gees, you're a suspicious guy, copper. I bet you don't even believe in Santy Claus."

Dan suddenly stopped being affable. "Listen, you three-for-a-nickel murderer," he barked. "You've laughed your way through a lot of pinches, but this is the time you're going to get a bad fall. There was a witness."

"A witness?" Tony, too, stopped being friendly; his face went blank. "A witness to what?"

Dan ignored the question. "A real witness. He came, he saw, and he remembered. Try and stand your phony barroom alibi up against that kind of testimony."

MR. AMATI did not think it necessary to speak again until he was entering the bull pen at the Detective Bureau. Then he was short and to the point. He said, "I want my lip."

Dan matched him. "Do you?" he asked politely, and went upstairs to fill out the necessary papers, charging Tony Amati, alias a great many other names, with murder in the first degree. To Mr. Amati's request for a lawyer he gave no further thought. The grapevine would be at work, and soon—all too soon—a great many legal gentlemen would be charging about, assiduously protecting Mr. Amati's constitutional rights.

In the corridor on his way to the captain's office he saw Eve Whitney. But when she tried to speak to him he said flippantly, "I'll bet you have a sinkful of dirty dishes at home. Go tend them and keep out of my hair."

Some fifteen minutes later, in the doorway of the show-up room, he encountered the officer to whom he had entrusted Hulburt. "Hogan," he said sternly, "where's my rabbit?"

"Inside," Hogan said. "I'm letting him forget Myrtle by watching the parade. He identified Amati's picture in the B. of I. files."

Over the sound of their voices the mellow brogue of the police lieutenant who conducted the show-up came through the loud-speaker:

"This man is Tony Amati. His age, thirty-two. His criminal record goes back eighteen years. At fourteen he served a year in the House of Correction for housebreaking. At sixteen, another year for assault with a deadly weapon. Tried and released in the next ten years on two charges of murder, one of arson, and one of manslaughter. He was convicted of grand larceny in '27 and sentenced to twelve years. Paroled in 1930, he has since been tried twice for murder—no convictions, and seven times for intimidation and extortion—no convictions."

A small nervous individual popped out of the room. Even beneath the concealing mask it could be seen that Hulburt's Adam's apple was bobbing like a metronome.

Dan plucked off the mask. "Come along, Mr. Pawley," he said ingratiatingly. "We'll go downstairs now and take your statement."

"Gosh!" quavered Hulburt. "That man is certainly a desperate character, isn't he? And no convictions!"

"You mean the man you saw in the store?" asked Dan guilefully. "Your tense is wrong, Hulburt. Where he's going they don't allow desperate characters."

Hulburt's Adam's apple surged like a cork in the surf. "I didn't say he was the man," he said nervously. "The uncertain light—and the—"

"Listen!" yelled Dan in sudden exasperation. "Are you going to turn yellow? Are you going to refuse to identify a man you saw do murder? Are you a coward?"

“Yes,” answered Hulburt simply.

Dan took the rabbity little man down to the captain’s office and with the aid of that meaty-faced and bellowing gentleman endeavored to inject a little courage into Hulburt.

Finally they gave up in despair and let Mr. Pawley go. Dan followed him out into the corridor, only by great will power resisting the desire to help the jelly-spined one down the stairs with a hearty kick.

Eve was still lounging in the hallway. Dan pointed after Hulburt, who had stopped at the telephone and was assiduously dialing a number.

“You see that—that—” He gave up the search for a proper title, and foamed on. “He just blew up a case for me where I could have put the most vicious rat in this town right where he belongs. In the electric chair. And that weaselly little fish actually refuses to make an identification.”

He ran out of breath and they could hear Hulburt’s voice whining, “Yes, dear. . . . No, dear. . . . I’m sorry, dear. . . . Please, dear. . . . Right home, dear.”

Hulburt plunked the receiver back on the prong and started out at the double-quick. Dan had his mouth open to continue his tirade, but Eve stopped him.

“Don’t go away,” she said, and started after the little man. “Mr. Pawley, could I have a word with you, please?”

Hulburt turned around and immediately came unraveled. A pert and pretty girl was begging for a word with him!

“Why—uh—” he stuttered. “It—I—”

EVE put on a certain look. Her city editor called it “The Big Brown Eyes.” She wore it for interviewing tycoons, and many a blustering magnate who was determined not to be quoted had calmly and happily let her put a ring through his nose and lead him into newsprint. She gave Hulburt both barrels of The Big Brown Eyes.

“Such courage!” she said.

The gentleman’s pale eyelids fluttered. “Uh—that’s nice,” he said. “But I don’t—”

“Oh, but I didn’t mean to be wasting your time, Mr. Pawley,” she apologized prettily. “I realize that a man like you is just rushed to death. I’m Doris Dare of the Courier.”

“Doris Dare!” Hulburt gaped. So this was the awe-inspiring personage whose column he reveled in between home and office.

She dimpled. “Oh, I’m so flattered that you even know who I am, Mr. Pawley. Would you please give me a statement—just a little one?”

“Statement?” he stuttered. “About what?”

Eve’s eyes widened delightfully. “Modesty,” she said. “That’s the trait I admire most. You big men are always so modest—and brave. It just thrills me. No, don’t interrupt, Mr. Pawley. I won’t waste a moment of your time. But I’d like you to listen to the story I’m going to run in the paper about you.” She struck an oratorical pose. “ ‘Hulburt Howard Pawley Stands Like a Stone Wall’—that’s the headline! Here’s the start of the story: ‘Our fair city would be a much better place if we had more stanch, patriotic citizens like Hulburt Howard Pawley, artist, of—’ ”

Hulburt’s chin—what there was of it—came up and his chest rose. Then he thought of the record of Mr. Tony Amati.

“But I haven’t—” he muttered. “I mean I’m not going to—”

“Not going to give me an interview?” she cried. “Oh, Mr. Pawley, if I had this story my editor would page-one my column—that means the front page—and I’d be so proud.”

“But—”

“Oh, please, Mr. Pawley. Listen to what I want to say. This comes next: ‘Mr. Pawley fearlessly pointed his finger at Tony Amati and in a voice like thunder said, “That is the man!” ’ Then I go on to say, ‘This handsome young artist—’ ”

“Ulp!” said Hulburt. “Well, how about that artist business? I mean, after all, I’m not really an artist. Just a designer of women’s house dresses, the Kuter Kook line, and—”

“What could be more artistic?” she demanded. “ ‘This handsome

When a girl needs a girl friend

"Those were his very words!"

"What do you suppose that new young doctor said to Jack after the dance? When Jack asked him how he liked the rush Jane was giving him, he just looked bored and said, 'Why doesn't some kind girl friend tell her she needs Mum?' Those were his very words. Imagine!"

What an old meanie she is for not telling!

"Mr. Glover said he was afraid he'd have to let Ann go. Wish I had the nerve to tell her what's the matter. It's such a pity when a jar of Mum would save her job for her."

(In other words, young lady, you need Mum.)

"Your references as to ability are very good, Miss Clark. But I hardly think you'd fill the requirements of our position here. Sorry."

SHE'S bound to lose out every time — the girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. For people will not excuse this kind of unpleasantness when it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

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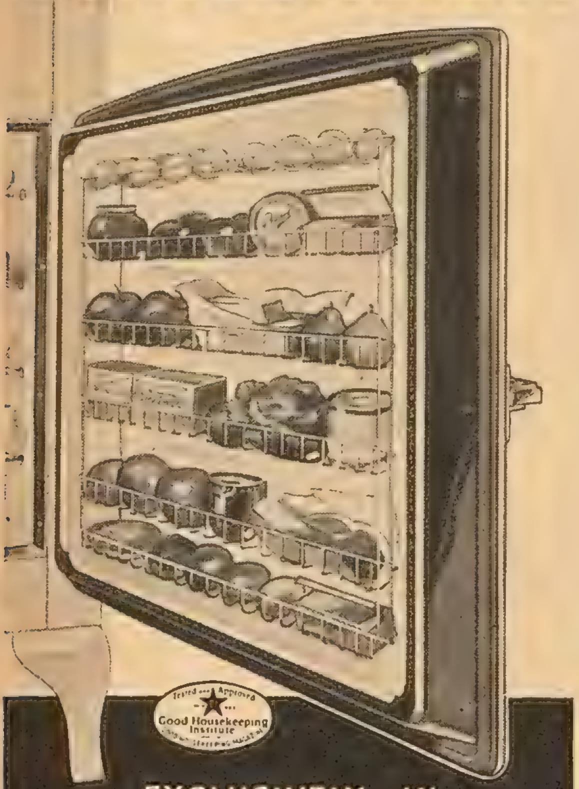

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FOR THE SOPHISTICATED TRAVELER

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3 MINUTES FROM THE LOOP
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young artist has rendered this city a service it can never repay.' "

Mr. Pawley's chest had risen again. He was standing firmly on both feet and his eyes were glazed and faraway, as if mentally he were reading the encomiums of Doris Dare on a most enticing subject, to wit, himself.

"Could I quote you," she queried sweetly, "as saying something should be done about crime?"

"Absolutely." Hulburt was beginning to enjoy himself. He crossed his arms. "Furthermore, you can say for me that the federal government ought to step in."

Eve scribbled furiously.

"And you can say I think the sale of firearms ought to be curbed."

"Why," Eve cried in delight, "that's the most original idea I've ever heard! You ought to write editorials, Mr. Pawley."

Hulburt beamed. "Do you really think so. I've always thought secretly I'd like to write."

"Surely you could," Eve nodded. "And now how about some statement about every citizen doing his duty and—"

Masterfully Hulburt interrupted: "Every citizen should do his duty and co-operate with law-enforcing agencies to the fullest extent. What has led to the current crime wave is the tendency on the part of the citizenry to condone disrespect for the letter of the law."

"Splendid!" Eve cried. "Simply splendid!"

HULBURT had expanded. No longer was he sunken-chested and meek, the sort of man to whom waiters give a table under the stairs, the man whom subway attendants jostle and shove. Instead he stood, chin up, chest out, the captain of his destiny.

"I know it's asking a lot of a busy man like you," Eve urged timidly. "But I do wish you could go down to the newspaper offices and have a picture taken."

"Picture?" he cried happily.

Eve applied the pressure. "Under the caption, 'Fearless Citizen' on the front page."

"I will do it," stated Hulburt firmly. "Excuse me just a moment, young lady."

He strutted down the hall and snapped his fingers at Dan. "Officer," he barked, "let us go into your office. I wish to make a statement. A statement without fear or favor, identifying Tony Amati as the man I saw shoot and kill Lester Sutter this evening at eight minutes past seven."

Slightly groggy, Dan managed to take down the statement and have it duly witnessed and notarized. He had little questioning to do. Hulburt had become a man who knew his own mind and how to speak it. Eve, who had witnessed the statement, winked at Dan.

"You've forgotten to thank Mr. Pawley," she suggested.

"Oh, yeah," Dan said feebly. "Thanks."

"No thanks necessary," rapped Hulburt. "Every citizen should do his duty. Mind if I use your phone, officer?"

Without waiting for permission, he seized the instrument, dialed firmly, and, after a pause, spoke. "Myrtle? . . . Stop yammering and listen to me. *Will you shut up?* That's better. Drunk? Myrtle, you talk like an utter idiot. You know I don't hold with alco— What? Yes I said idiot. *Idiot!* I-D-I-O-T. I am going down to the newspaper offices to have my picture taken—for the front page. . . . What?" Mr. Pawley's face became a choleric purple. He barked slowly but loudly, "I-will-be-home-when-I-get-there-and-not-before."

He planted the receiver back on the hook, said "Good evening, officer," and strode forth to have his picture taken.

"That reminds me," Dan said, watching him exit. "I'm going to be boss in our house. And I guess it's all a cinch now, sugar. We've got Tony Amati sewed up tighter than a drum. The commissioner will probably kiss me. At any rate he'll take off my three stripes and give me a pair of silver bars. So now I've got my four hundred a month, how about it?"

"Say," she asked curiously, "how much does a captain get?"

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

1—Characterized by continuity; proceeding without interruption or cessation; continuous.

2—An ounce.

3—The Rev. John Carroll (1735-1815), appointed Bishop of Baltimore in 1791.

4—By Paul de Chomedy, Sieur de Maisonneuve, May 17, 1642.

5—When one side is as many holes ahead as there remain holes to be played.

6—At Grand Plains, Texas.

7—An allusion is an indirect reference; a hint. An elusion is an adroit escape; an evasion.

8—Dr. William Henry Drummond (1854-1907).

9—Nitroglycerin.

10—Suggestion, intimation, implication, innuendo.

11—Riparian rights.

12—A prophecy is a prediction; a foretelling. To prophesy is the act of predicting.

13—From 2 Thessalonians 3:10.

14—In the Atlantic Ocean, approximately 375 miles south of the Gold Coast.

15—In a general sense, any law, civil or criminal, with a retroactive effect.

16—Los Angeles, which covers 440.32 square miles, while New York City's area is 308.86 square miles.

17—The Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard University, founded in 1795.

18—The Canadian National Railways' line—between Sydney, Nova Scotia, and Prince Rupert, British Columbia —4,116 miles.

19—On May 15, 1918, between New York City and Washington, D. C.

20—Justice George Sutherland.

A Better World for Your Children

They Can Make It Themselves—
Are You Helping Them Start?

by ANNA ROOSEVELT BOETTIGER

Photo by Ewing Galloway

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

"I HAVE a boy in college, and all he thinks about are dancing parties and football scores. Now, I'd like him to have some interests and thoughts in something else. Oh, I'd like him to be a little disturbed about the boys and girls who aren't fortunate enough to go to college and who can't find jobs. When he talks about a job he hopes to get when he graduates, his chief concern is how much it will pay. I want him to be thinking about some sort of work which will not only give him a fair livelihood but also work which will have real interest for him and which might be of use in the world."

So spoke a mother.

This mother is objecting to the fact that her son seems to lack what we today are calling social-mindedness. He fails to realize that in our present civilization no one person can live as a law unto himself and that progress depends largely on our ability to live together in a group with mutual consideration and interest for each other.

What this mother doesn't seem to realize is that this social attitude is not suddenly acquired when a boy or girl reaches maturity. It must be growing all through life. It gets its foundation in simple ways in earliest childhood. Young children must learn to be reasonably unselfish, thoughtful, and considerate. I hear the protest, "But aren't all children taught those things?" Yes, they are taught but they don't all learn. There's a vast difference between forcing a child to share his toys, to be polite and helpful, and in directing his development so that he sincerely and spontaneously does them.

Let's take the specific instance of sharing toys. Mary comes to spend the day with her playmate Bobby. Bobby has a new fire engine. When Mary reaches for it, Bobby shrieks and clutches it to his bosom. Bobby's mother remonstrates vociferously, "Naughty boy! Give that to Mary at once." When Bobby refuses, she forcibly takes it from his tight little fingers and gives it to Mary. Has Bobby learned to share his toys? No; he is only resentful and will probably clutch all the harder next time.

Here is a suggestion as to what Bobby's mother might have done. In simple words she could quietly explain to Bobby that Mary would like to play with the fire engine for a little while and that he could have his turn to play with it very soon. She could tell him that big boys play that way. She could even reward him for his generosity by giving him another of his favorite toys to play with in the meantime. Naturally, this sharing is not learned in one or two sessions; it's a gradual process. And all the while the mother can build up the idea that generosity has its own reward as well as the approval of adults.

I feel that it is vital for children of the same ages to play in groups. These groups can start at a very early age, certainly by the time the children are two years old. Of course these groups must have guidance from adults, but not dominance and dictation. In groups, they have to give and take, so that they learn for themselves tolerance, fair play, and consideration. In playing in the community or nursery-school sand pile, or in building a group project with blocks, these smallest citizens get the foundation for a lifelong sense of co-operation with other people.

But, after all is said and done, the most important way that children learn social responsibility is by example in the home. All the preaching in the world is worth nothing compared to specific and continued example of this type of living. If a child sees, hears, and takes part in activities and family talks which demonstrate consideration for other human beings, this social consciousness is very likely to grow to be an integral part of his character.

What are specific ways which small children can comprehend? For example, the mistress of a house who thinks of a servant as another human being and not a mere automaton for drudgery sets such an example.

She pays this servant adequately, sees that she has a healthful and pleasant room, sufficient sleep, and enough time off to have some life of her own.

The family which takes a part in community activities demonstrates to the children a sense of caring what happens to other human beings besides themselves. For instance, one family which has little money to give to the Community Chest donates time and energy as well as their small contribution. The mother takes over the park playground which has no supervisor one afternoon a week.

CHILDREN who are taught not to throw paper and refuse in the street and not to destroy trees, flowers, and grass in public places are acquiring a social sense. It is necessary for them to understand that such conduct is not only unaesthetic but that the enjoyment of other people is impaired by unsightly parks and streets.

It still annoys me to hear some people say, "Progressive education? Oh, I don't believe in letting children do just what they want and never punishing them." People who say this do not understand progressive education, which holds discipline as one of its fundamental prerequisites. It is a discipline, however, founded on reason and a discipline which brings satisfaction to the child. Thus the child in a progressive environment obeys, is polite, and conforms to the group because he has learned that he lives most happily in this way. The world demands discipline and self-control of an adult if he is to be a useful and contented person, and the child should learn in the family life that tantrums, scenes, and impositions on other members do not work out successfully.

This type of training, I realize fully, is not simple and easy; it requires patience, consistency, and thoughtful planning.

Its objectives, I feel, can have a significant role in directing the destinies of our civilization.

THE END

From Washington

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

● *"All about Huey! All about Huey!"*

Washington newsboys yell this at you on the street corners, outside the office buildings, in front of the big hotels. They shout themselves into convulsions every time Senator Huey P. Long makes a speech. The Kingfish sells their papers.

I met Huey Long in the Senate. We made a date for dinner. "You'll have an interesting time," said a Great Man when I told him about my date.

HUEY LONG

Senator Long calls for me. He is driving his own car—not a de luxe model. In back sit three Louisiana boys—*the guards!* We go zipping through red traffic lights, taking all curves with a slam. "You are the world's worst driver," I say to Huey as we arrive at his hotel. He grins.

"What of it? Didn't I get you here safe and sound?"

Dinner is served in his bedroom. "I hate parlors," he explains. Later I learn that every one who visits him in Washington is received in his bedroom. It is a small room strewn with papers, books, letters, news clippings. Stalin once lived in such a room. So did Mussolini and Hitler. It is a typical bedroom-office of a new *man of the people.*

We dine. Huey drenches his well done steak with Worcestershire sauce. To mix a salad dressing he used nearly a pound of Roquefort cheese. For him no dessert, no liquor, no tobacco. He is on *all* the wagons now.

After dinner he throws himself on his bed, stretches, yawns. "Rest for three minutes," he says. In less than three minutes he is up, prowling the room, starting a phonograph record, turning it off again. "O. K. now," he declares. "I'm ready for your questions."

We take up his Share Our Wealth plan. We argue about it. He says, "You know there's nothing new in my program. You know—every thinking person knows—that we must find *some* way of giving every one in this country a chance to live a decent life. It's either that—or Communism!"

Noisy, nervy, newsy Huey! Whatever we may think of his ideas, he *is* a lot of fun.

● "Switzerland won't be home this week. . . . France has gone to Florida. . . . Argentina is sick in bed."

That's how the foreign diplomats and their wives are spoken of by Washington hostesses. It sounds funny at first. Much of the diplomatic rigmarole seems strange, but it has to be learned, for the ambassadorial womenfolk from abroad are heavy cream indeed on the milk of Washington society. No social career can really thrive here without the nourishment of their favor.

They themselves have worries aplenty trying to strike the right note of Washington elegance. The wife of the Venezuelan envoy came garnished with priceless emeralds to a recent reception. Next day she told a friend, "I was so disappointed to see that emeralds are out of fashion. No one else wore emeralds last night."

Great was her relief when she learned that emeralds such as hers are out of fashion merely because nobody else can afford them.

● Some Washington servants are almost legendary figures. One of these is Ridgeway, emergency butler at the British Embassy. For great occasions he wears Scottish kilts—and feels acutely self-conscious in them. Tries hard to keep them pulled down over his knees.

Another famous servant is George the doorman, colored and elderly, whom you will find employed at all big parties. He knows every one who *is* any one. At the door he conducts a reception of his own, exchanging words of welcome with each arriving guest. "Mind your elbow, ma'am," George says invariably as he helps you out of your car.

● The venerable Supreme Court justices like to be nodded to by any acquaintance who comes in while they are sitting. If you know one of them and do not nod to him he will rebuke you gently the next time he meets you. My eagle eye observed a large piece chipped out of the Supreme Court's umbrella jar. I mentioned this to Justice Owen Josephus Roberts. "We never have noticed it," he said. "I wonder who did it." Then he said, "*You* didn't break our umbrella jar, did you?"

● *Loose leaves from my Washington notebook:* Attractive Congresswoman Virginia Jenckes of Indiana, nicknamed the Garbo of Washington, but livelier than Greta, according to my eye. . . . Eleanor (Cissy) Patterson, favorite lady journalist of Washington, receiving her cocktail guests ever so prettily in white satin with black lace, and a swell white poodle. . . . Dancing at the Shoreham with Senator McAdoo—that silver-toed orator from California. . . . Senator Marvel Mills Logan—of Kaintucky, ma'am—now the last lone wearer of long senatorial hair and old-fashioned Congress clothes. . . . Democratic power lady, Mary Dewson, telling me at dinner, "We girls are not politicians; we're just girls who have done things together for years and years." (She meant Frances Perkins, Emily Blair, Josephine Roche, *et al.*) . . . A woman (one who knows) informing me that the Treasury Building is infested with cockroaches and rats. "Good sign!" says another stanch lady Democrat. "The rats aren't leaving *our* ship."

On this page next week we go to the White House.

To the Ladies!

KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

● Sally Rand once sat on Teddy Roosevelt's lap in the dining room of a Kansas City Hotel.

Yes, Sally the fan dancer!

But she wasn't a fan dancer in those days. She was just a little girl—and here's how it happened:

Her real name is Helen Gould Beck. Her father was one of the officers who rode up San Juan Hill with Roosevelt's cavalry. Eighteen years later Roosevelt came to Kansas City campaigning for World War preparedness. The Becks lived in Kansas City. Roosevelt invited Daddy Beck out to dinner, and daddy took his little girl along.

"I sat on Teddy's lap," she told me. "I don't remember anything he said, but I remember he had on a rough tweed suit, and I remember how nice he smelled. That was my first meal in a restaurant. It was the first time I ever tasted mayonnaise."

Now Sally Rand is a national figure. Or should I say she *has* a national figure? Few politicians have splashed the newspapers with more screaming headlines. You all know the story of her rise to fame—her arrest for dancing at Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition clad in a mere fan—her Hollywood pictures (it was Cecil B. De Mille who renamed her Sally Rand)—and her present success as one of the highest-paid vaudeville and night-club entertainers on record.

What you may not know about Sally is that she backs the Ella Daganova school of ballet dancing in New York, and that she has slaved at classical ballet exercises since the age of six. When she was eight she asked Pavlova for a job. She still treasures the understanding letter Pavlova wrote to her in reply.

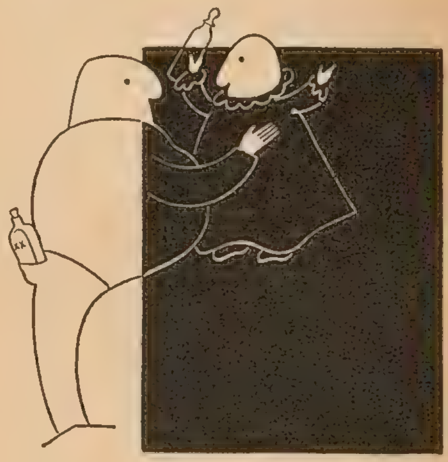
In the matter of nudism, Sally Rand doesn't preach what she practices. "I have no use for nudism," she says. "I don't believe in cults of any kind."

● A young lady engaged to be married this spring writes.

"I am a Southern girl," she says. "My fiancé works in the North. After our honeymoon we will live in a Northern town where he has plenty of friends but where I will be a complete stranger. I am afraid of what may happen to our marriage unless his friends take to me, and I to them."

Although this girl surely has some reason to be concerned, I believe most of the danger has been eliminated from her problem by our modern mode of living. In our age of easy transportation, with so many of us migrating almost seasonally from one place to another, we have developed a new talent for making friends where and when we find them. The old prejudice against the stranger in our midst has broken down. And good riddance, say I. Our new standards of friendship are better, I think. We choose our friends now according to kindred interests and sympathy. Nowadays we are not afraid to make friends quickly. No woman or man need be a stranger very long in any town today. We may not keep our friends as permanently as we used to—but that is a different question.

● It seems likely that President Moscicki of Poland has been reading reports from our air-conditioning experts. Stuff like this, for example:



That sixty telegraph operators working in the same room speeded up their summer wordage from thirty words a minute to forty a minute after the room was air-cooled. . . . That a well known utility company saved 1 per cent in wages by conditioning its air, thus cutting down absences due to head colds, grippe, etc. . . . That without conditioned air the winter efficiency of office workers drops as far as 30 per cent below summer efficiency, etc., etc.

Anyhow the President of Poland has had *his* office rigged to receive continual fresh air. Says he feels dandy all the time now—like being on a mountaintop.

The progress of air-conditioning is a march to keep in step with. It's getting better and better, cheaper and cheaper. Probably won't be long now before we all can afford it.

● I know one woman who saves samples of cloth in every conceivable color. She uses them to try out color combinations for new dresses. Her logic is admirable and rare. Most of us conceive our gowns by sheer guesswork. Scarcely ever do we apply the scientific method.

● Family resemblances are a source of mystery and wonder. Some relatives look as alike as peas; others no more alike than radishes and cauliflowers. Also it is amazing how little some of us change with age, while the rest of us alter so tragically. From his published photographs I see that General Hugh S. Johnson looks surprisingly like the child he was at the age of four.

● A book worth reading: The Arts of Leisure, by Marjorie Barstow Greenbie. (Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc.)

● Italians roast their veal this delicious way: Stuff a boned loin with bread crumbs, chopped mushrooms, green pepper, onion. Season well. Butter the meat, pour 1 cup water in the pan, cover and roast 2 hours. Baste frequently. Drain meat, brush with egg yolk, sprinkle plentifully with crumbs, Parmesan cheese, and parsley. Dot with butter and brown in hot oven. *Viva!*

I FLEW for the

A Hair-Raising Fact Stor
of a Seeker of Thrills Wh

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

I YANKED the DH out of that diving bank and prayed. The water rushed under the lower wings and I felt a terrific downward pull on the plane; the wheels were carving a groove through the water and the suction was pulling us under. Another instant and it would be slow music and a lot of flowers we couldn't smell for Collings and Smith. I shoved on full gun and heaved the stick back as hard as I could. With a jerk the wheels tore loose from the water and the DH staggered upward.

The commander of the subchaser complained that his cylinder was wet. (It was otherwise undamaged and he used it to repair his engine.)

I regassed at Jacmel and went home to Port-au-Prince to find that I was ordered back to Quantico; my time in Haiti was up. General Smedley Butler was planning to refight the Civil War battle of the Wilderness as a fall maneuver, using modern equipment—including airplanes. President Harding and Secretary Denby would be witnesses. That ought to be fun.

Every one at Quantico was preparing for the forthcoming maneuvers. The first job handed to me after my arrival was to give "advance training" to a brand-new class of naval aviators who had just arrived from Pensacola. When I saw who were in that class, I whooped for joy. In addition to "Spud" Campbell, "Nuts" Moore, and "Shep" Shepherd, there was none other than Joe Ed Davis. He was now an aviator. (He still is, and a good one. So are Spud and Nuts, but Shep was killed on the west coast.)

The "advanced training" which I gave them was a joke; there was nothing in which to give them any except a pair of old German army Fokkers. I gave them each a check hop in the DHs; a ride in the Fokker two-seater; and a word of advice—and a prayer—before loading them in the Fokker D7, a single-seater.

If that be "advanced training," the boys were "trained." I reported that they had passed with flying colors, and were now ready to participate in the maneuvers.

It was planned that we should fly nights. Some one remembered my experience in Haiti and immediately I was considered an authority on lighting the field. (Which was the one thing I knew absolutely nothing about.) I gave what advice I could, and Captain McCaughtry went to work on the lights.

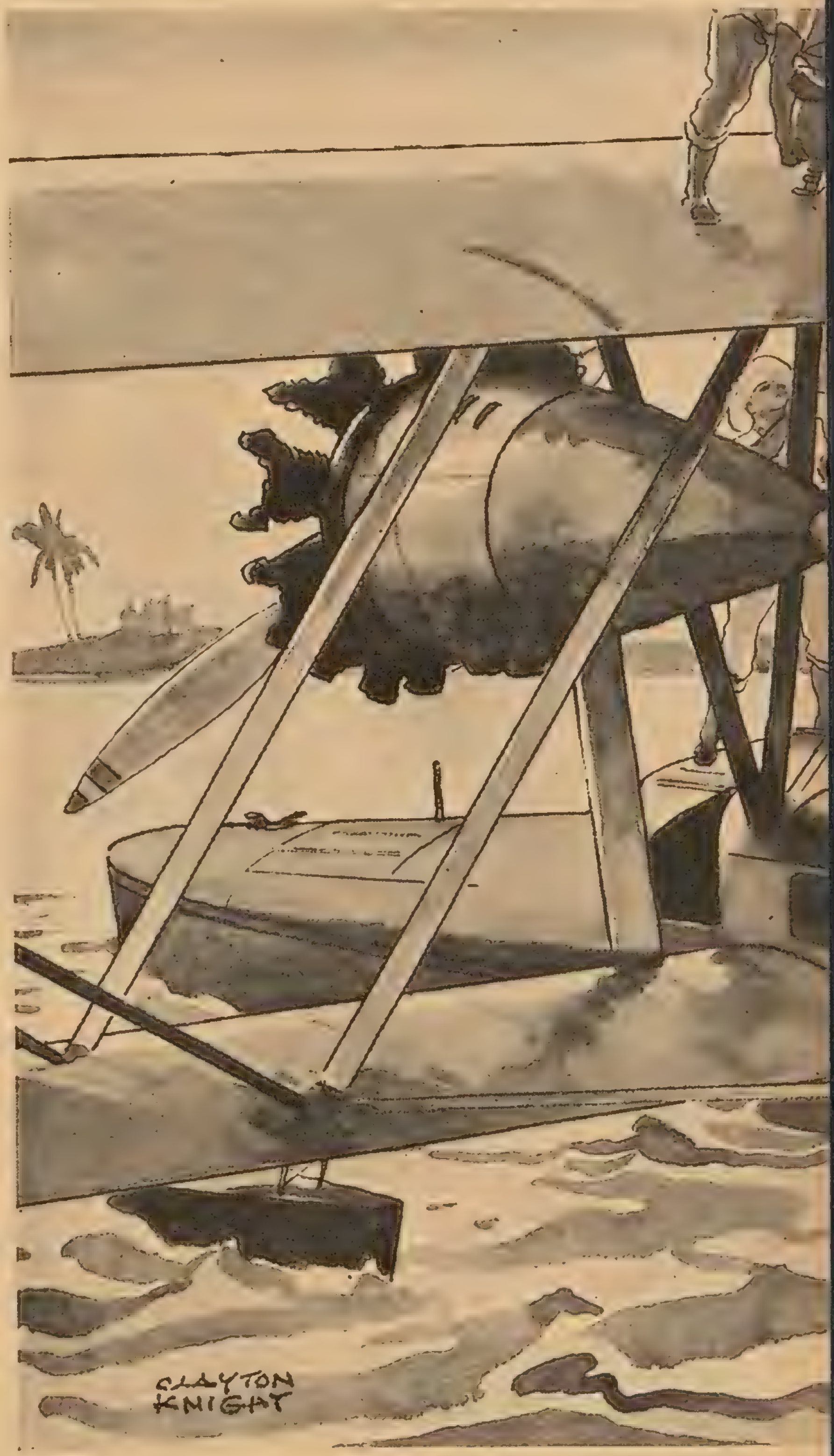
Such a thing as a floodlight was unknown—to us, at least—and he laid out a regular series of electric-light bulbs at hundred-foot intervals on the grass around the border of the field. They looked swell—from the ground—and we started practicing.

They turned out to be mighty confusing when it came to landings. But they were all we had. DHs and Voughts landed and bounced in the gloom; bounced high enough to spiral down. But none of them was broken up and nobody was killed—in landing on the field, that is.

The antiaircraft batteries with their searchlights were set up at the main barracks at Quantico. We flew up and down the Potomac every night to give them practice in spotting aircraft. Our orders were to *let* them pick us up in the beams of their lights.

As soon as one light picked you up, eight or ten others ganged on you from all angles. The first time they caught me, I tried everything in the book to escape. At first it was just a game and I enjoyed it. Suddenly I realized that their glare was blinding me. I heaved the nose up into a stall, and then kicked out of it, to the left and nose down. I lost the lights—and in the sudden blackness I was blind as a bat. I eased my nose out of the dive and waited for my eyes to adjust themselves.

When they did, I sweat blood. *The Potomac River was skating by not more than ten feet under my wheels.*



My mechanic had bought a gigantic sea tu

hell of it

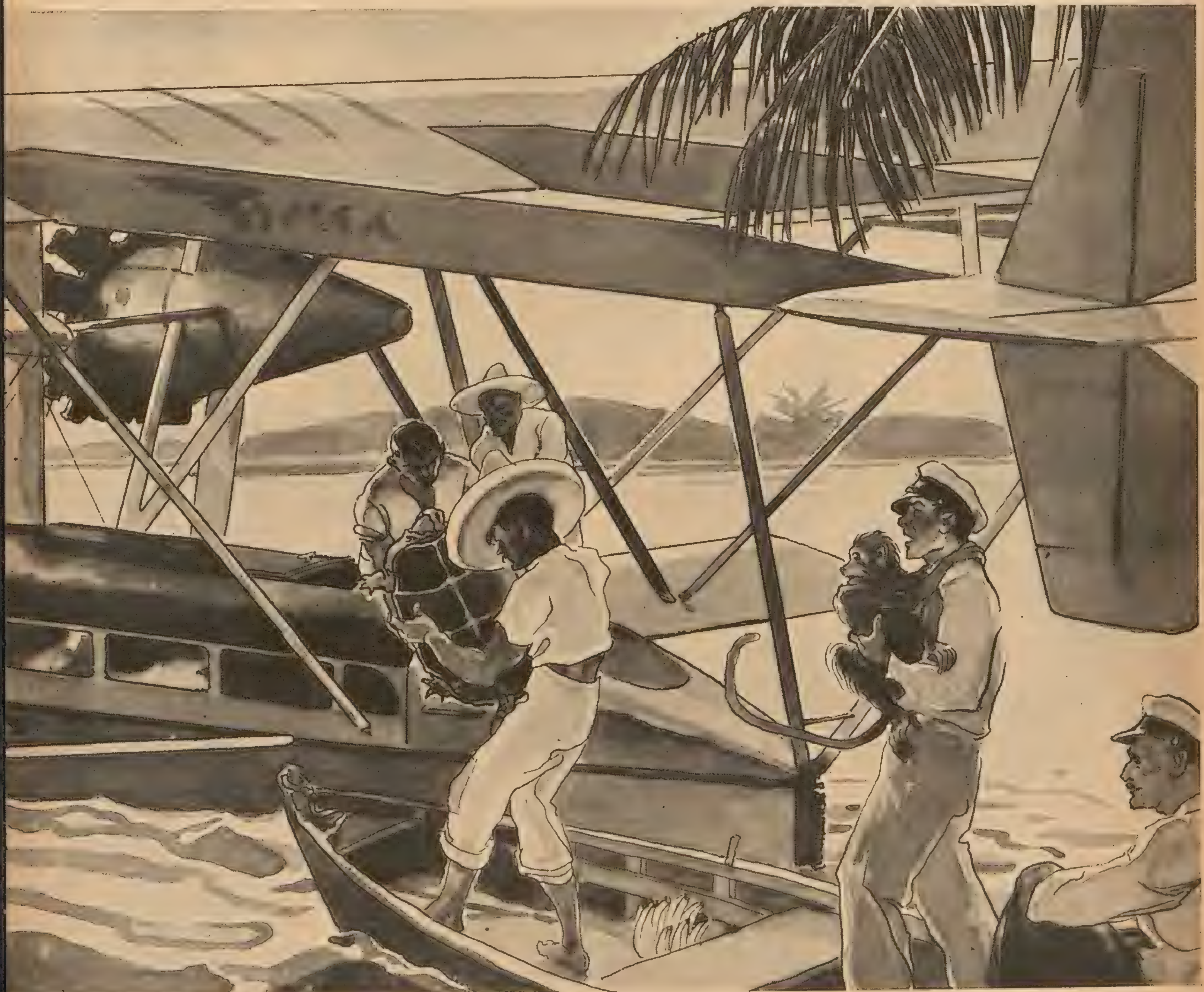
f Adventure in the Sky—The Daredevil Exploits
aced Death with a Laugh in Two Hemispheres

by KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

ILLUSTRATION BY CLAYTON KNIGHT

The next night Johnny Minnis dived into the river and was killed.

The maneuvers were under way. The antiaircraft men were boasting about what they would do to us. (They didn't know that in practice we had been ordered to give them a break.) In five nights of actual maneuvers they combed the sky for us night after night, but they never once touched a single airplane with a single searchlight. We were afraid they would claim to the umpires that we weren't there. We shot off colored flares from Very



remonstrated that we already had a monkey, but the mech insisted that the turtle would make swell soup.

A memento of barnstorming experiences: Clarence Chamberlin, Wilda Chamberlin, and (left) Kenneth Collings.

"Joe Ed Davis scrunched into an oak tree, unhurt." Here is his plane in the oak as photographed from the air.

President Harding, General Smedley "Gimlet-Eye" Butler, and a Confederate veteran at the Wilderness maneuvers.

pistols at frequent intervals. Still the searchlights didn't touch us.

None of our compasses were any good. We all depended on the lights of Fredericksburg as a guide for finding Quantico. The final night, Joe Ed Davis went over to the Wilderness in a Vought. Just before he started for home, every light in Fredericksburg went out.

Joe Ed looked for the nearest lights, as usual, and followed them. They were the lights of Orange and in the wrong direction. By the time he discovered his error he was almost out of gasoline.

He dropped a parachute flare; it worked, but showed no landing place close by, so he used the last of his gas to climb for altitude. Then, as his motor died, he dropped his other flare—and it didn't work.

With his heart somewhere up in his throat, Joe Ed pancaked through the blackness. He didn't have the least idea where he would hit, or what. Something loomed up in front of him; he covered his face to prevent cuts—and scrunched into the branches of an enormous oak tree, unhurt. The plane hung in the tree.

At the foot of the tree he made out a pair of human forms. "Hey!" he shouted. "Where am I?"

"Lawsy! Lawsy! Mercy, it's alive!" came a hysterical voice. "I done tol' you the ol' devil would get us!" But Joe Ed never saw the speaker; the two figures left hurriedly for points south.

The show over, things settled down to a deadly routine. We flew, and of course some pilots got killed. I used rotten judgment and piled up a Martin bomber in the center of Hampton Roads—with five passengers aboard—and although we almost drowned, we all got out alive.

It was fast getting to be a humdrum existence. One of the commercial propositions offered me was in Honduras. There, it was rumored, a revolution was in the offing, and there might be a chance for money *and* action.

At that time all of us were line officers, merely detailed to flying duty. The theory—since changed—was that flying was a temporary job, and that every five years we had to go back to line duty and serve two years with ground troops. And just at this juncture came orders for me to proceed to Santo Domingo for two years of non-flying duty. *Who?—me? I* was to shinny up those Dominican mountains on foot and *watch* the aviators fly overhead? Not a chance! I resigned.

But there was a hitch in the plans to go to Honduras; there would be a slight delay. It turned out to be a six-year delay before I got there.

At the time that didn't make much difference to me, for I had met Clarence Chamberlin and was all pepped up about getting rich at commercial flying. Clarence was barnstorming out of a tiny field at Teterborough. The current commercial aircraft were junk bought from various governments at the end of the war. They were pretty terrible, but they would fly—sometimes. On the field were two DH6s—as different as night from day from our DH4s. I teamed up with Clarence for a spell.

There was a colored boy from Harlem hanging around the field. He had plenty of nerve; he couldn't fly—although he wanted to learn—and he claimed that he was an "authentic" on the subject of parachute jumping. His name was Hubert Julian; he was afterward made a colonel by Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, King of Kings.

Julian had a scheme to make some money by running a colored air carnival at Pompton Plains, New Jersey. He was a good talker and a persuasive promoter, so we told him to go ahead.

He had gaudy circulars printed. Every lamppost and tree in Harlem blazed with the announcement that Lieutenant Hubert Julian, world's only African ace, would jump in a parachute, and would play the saxophone as he defied gravity and floated to earth.

ASIDE from the fact that Julian had never once jumped in a parachute and couldn't play the saxophone, that was all right. The great day came and the Erie Railroad ran a special train to carry the excursionists to Pompton Plains. The field was black with them.

Julian climbed in with Clarence. I carried a couple of passengers who had paid ten dollars apiece to witness the jump from the air. At about two thousand feet I closed in toward Clarence's wing tip.

Julian was to pull his rip cord while standing on the wing tip; the opening chute would yank him into space. He climbed out on the wing, carrying a shiny saxophone. Arrived at the wing tip, he pulled the rip cord—and got cold feet. As the chute bellied open he wrapped both arms around the outboard rear strut in a deathlike grip.

The parachute filled with rushing air; Julian was jerked off the wing—strut and all. That left Clarence flopping around two thousand feet in the air with a pair of sagging wings—and Clarence didn't have a chute. Why those wings didn't fall off is more than I know.

Majestically the pride of Harlem floated groundward with a four-foot wooden strut grasped in one hand and a saxophone in the other. When he was within about a hundred feet of the ground a mighty cheer went up from the crowd. Julian was a showman; damned if he didn't put that horn to his lips and let out one blast like the sound of a ferryboat whistle!

Clarence got down alive; and the next hop my motor quit on the take-off and dumped me into a patch of trees.

Barnstorming carried me from one end of the country to the other. I saw feasts rarely—and famines usually. But the experience with underpowered airplanes and tiny fields was invaluable.

Before long the Department of Commerce took over control of hit-and-miss aviation. Flying was being put on a business basis. The big air lines were being formed. I read in the papers that Frank Shilt was managing the Central American Division for Pan-American. That sounded interesting, so I sent him a wire and asked him if he could use a pilot. He answered "Yes."

I flew from New York to Miami with Boris Sergievsky, who was delivering a new amphibian. Then I started in on the run from Miami to Tela, Honduras.

We used amphibians, and beyond Havana we carried mail but no passengers. We turned west to the tip of Cuba and, if the wind was against us, stopped to refuel. The cluster of huts where we landed was called La Fe.

The next jump—two hours out of sight of land—was to Cozumel Island, off the Yucatan peninsula. Frank Shilt was showing me over the route, and as we crossed the Yucatan channel, I looked down at a steamer tossing in waves the size of mountains.

I said, "Frank, just how long do you think this amphibian would float in those waves?"

"It wouldn't," was his answer.

We regassed at Cozumel, and then started the long trek down the coast of Yucatan to Belize, in British Honduras. We spent the night in Belize. The next morning we took off at daylight on the hop straight across the Gulf of Honduras to Tela, a little banana port.

As we pulled up to the single corrugated-iron hangar on the narrow field at Tela, Frank yelled in my ear: "The last time I landed here I got bawled out for parking this chariot in the wrong place." Then, "Where do you want it?" he shouted at a dopey-looking lad in overalls who stood beside the hangar.

FOR all the activity on that field, there was no good reason why he couldn't have left that amphibian anywhere in the Republic of Honduras. The solitary mechanic didn't seem to care; he didn't say anything.

But Frank knew the necessity of diplomacy in Latin-American countries. "Where shall I leave this plane?" he shouted again, and again no answer.

"Damn it," said Frank, half rising in the cockpit. "Do you want me to turn around?" He made a half-circular motion with his left hand; he waved it across in front of the open window.

There was a sickening metallic clank; the prop clipped off Frank's forefinger clean as a whistle. He sat there with a dazed expression on his face; he gazed at the blood gushing from his knuckle. I cut the switches, put a tourniquet on his wrist, and yelled for help.

About that second a couple of Americans arrived from the village. I got them to take Frank to the Fruit Company's hospital. There was nothing the doctor could do except sew the skin together and fill the patient with dope to soothe the pain.

Then I had the sweet job of finding Miami—some thousand miles to the north. Frank had done the navigating coming down. I hadn't paid much attention to the compass courses, but I had to dope them out going home, and how! Frank couldn't be left wandering around in the jungles with that mangled hand; there was too much chance of gangrene developing.

I WON'T forget that trip in a hurry, although Frank was game as they come and helped all he could. We spent the first night at Belize, and at the hospital there they gave Frank more dope. But not enough, I guess, for halfway across the Yucatan channel the next day, he fainted dead away from the pain. As I steered a course which I fervently hoped would hit the western tip of Cuba, there was a nasty cross wind blowing. Going west across that channel is easy; you can't miss Mexico. But going east toward Cuba, you have a mark just twenty miles wide for which to shoot.

I was glad to see La Fe, and more glad to see Havana, where there were some doctors. But at Campo Colombia in Havana the wind was blowing the short way of the field. This meant a landing over telephone wires and toward the hotel. The amphibs were still strange to me; the field was strange; the wind was lousy. But I had just said a prayer and started across the wires when Frank came to with a start.

Then the boy showed just how game he was. He grabbed the dual controls and made one of the prettiest landings I have ever seen—all the time gritting his teeth from the pain of that hand.

We stayed overnight at Havana while a doctor treated Frank's hand. Next morning we made the two-hour hop to Miami, arriving one day late. The next day the operations manager called me into the office.

"Collings," he said, "we're shy a pilot now. Do you think you can find Tela alone?"

He explained that although I might have to go it alone, he was trying to arrange for Eddie Niemeyer to go with me. This was because of insurance regulations that new pilots on the line should be accompanied by an old hand for a minimum of three trips.

Niemeyer did go. The trip went along nicely until we reached Belize. There we made a water landing. While taxiing up the wooden ramp on to the beach, the worm-eaten boards gave way and a wheel fell into the hole. We were stuck fast.

I waded ashore and organized a gang of laborers to push on the wing tips, while Eddie sat in the cockpit

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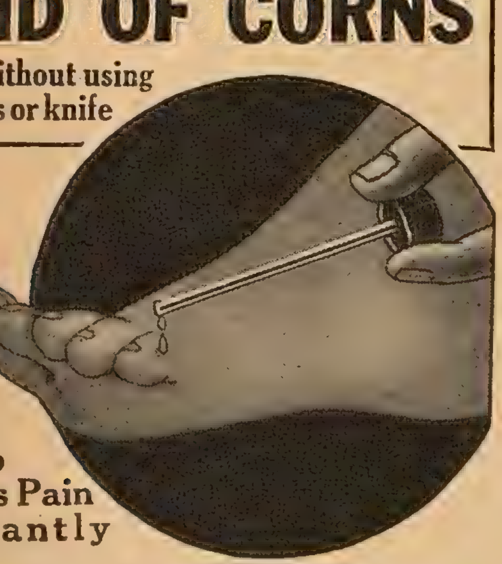

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and manipulated the throttles of the two motors. In a few minutes I could see that it was useless, also dangerous. It was only a question of time until some one would be hit by a spinning prop.

I yelled to Eddie to cut his motors—yelled just a second too late. Eddie was pointing toward a wing tip, and clank!—*he* lost a finger. He lost the *same finger* of the *same hand* that Frank Shilt had lost three days before. But in addition Eddie had badly lacerated the finger next to it.

Hospitals again; doctors again; and a pilot full of dope again. But I had to leave him in the hospital at Belize while I took the mail across to Tela and picked up the bags for Miami. That afternoon I returned to Belize and picked up Eddie.

When I reached Miami I went in to see the operations manager. I said, "According to regulations, I've got one more hop to make with another pilot, and I don't mind *that.* But I *am* tired of hauling home unconscious guys who are supposed to be showing me where to go. For the love of Mike send out somebody with rubber fingers."

A very pleasant doctor in Miami became friendly with me while I was substituting for another pilot on the Cuba run. This doctor asked me if I would be so kind as to do an errand for him in Havana. He wanted a special brand of cigarettes; he wrote the name on a piece of paper. I put it in my pocket and went in Havana to buy them.

I tried half a dozen places before I found them, and although the price seemed rather high, I thought nothing of it. I bought the twenty packages he wanted, and started back. As we neared Miami, one of the passengers tapped on the window behind the pilot's cockpit. I opened the door.

"Señor Pilot," he said, "I hesitate to speak, but I am worried about you."

"Worried about me?" I asked.

"*Si, si, señor.* I was stand' in the tobacconist when you purchase the marijuana cigarettes. But from the way you have speak, I think that perhaps you do not understand that they are dope."

"THANK—you—señor!" I gasped. Twenty packages of cigarettes went out of the window into Biscayne Bay. I don't know yet exactly what the game was, but when I landed, two customs men, instead of the usual one, went over the plane and myself with a fine-tooth comb.

The next trip to Honduras, who should be standing on the field but Bill Brooks!

"Ken," he said, "you should have kept in touch with me. It took us a long time to get here, but we ended up on the other side of those mountains there, fighting for the Nicaraguan Federals against Sandino. Mason and I were the whole air force, and we had quite a time."

If it wasn't that one aviator can't be everywhere at once—and I had been a few places myself—Bill's story would have made me jealous. The boys had been fighting on a strictly commission basis—so much a flight and a bonus for all battles. Bill told me about it as we munched bananas beside the iron hangar at Tela.

Mostly Sandino's soldiers ran from the airplanes. Bill and Mason—since killed—had sold them the idea that there was no place in which they could hide. "Aviators," said the boys, "develop an eagle eye just like the birds. You know that no matter how high an eagle is flying, it can always see you—so can an aviator." The natives believed it.

When it was time for me to shove off to the States with the mail, I said good-by to Bill. Nothing happened on this trip except that at Belize a native delivered a spider monkey to me with the placid information that I was to transport it to Miami. It seemed that on a previous trip, Pilot Shultz had remarked that he would like to buy a monkey. "Load him aboard," I said, and off we started.

FOR a while everything went well—except that the monkey was too affectionate. He had the longest arms and legs that I ever saw on an animal, and he insisted on crawling into the pilot's cockpit. Then he would wrap those yard-long arms—also tail—around my neck like a muffler.

I pried him loose a dozen times, and then at Cozumel I forgot about him. There was trouble afoot. The natives of that tiny chicle port have the most perfect labor union in the world. The available work is handed out in rotation; no man can work a second day until every one has had a day's work.

The system seemed to be all right for loading chicle, but it was not so hot for us. It took a lot of time and trouble to teach a native to gas up a plane in the rolling surf of the channel—and not put his foot through a wing—and after we got him taught, we were never sure of getting the same man again.

This day it was plenty rough. I needed experienced help, and said so. Nothing stirring; the union was adamant; rules were rules.

Time was passing and if we were to make Miami that night, something had to be done—quickly. I took the men they sent, and finally got the gas aboard, although they spilled almost as much as went into the tanks.

While I argued with the labor-union officials, my mechanic had bought a gigantic sea turtle which a native had snared and tied upside down on the beach. It was monstrous—at least three feet across—and would barely go in the hatch to the cabin. I remonstrated that we already had a monkey, but the mech insisted that the turtle would make swell soup.

"For the entire state of Florida," I thought, but said nothing. He already had it aboard; let it stay.

I soon realized my error in taking that turtle along. In the closed cabin, already saturated with gasoline, it stunk to high heaven of stale fish. The air over the Yucatan channel was rougher than billy-be-damned, and that, added to the combination of smells, was too much for the monkey. He got violently sick.

The radio operator was already kind of green around the gills, and the monkey acting up was the last straw. *He* got sick. Then the mechanic rushed for the open hatch; *he* was sick. I couldn't stand it any longer. *I* was sick.

What a ride that was!

The operations manager called us into the office. "Boys," he said, "you have struggled along on the Central American run under great difficulties, and I'm proud of you. But everything will run smoothly from now on and we will carry passengers on your run. . . . Oh, yes. *You can start to wear uniforms.*"

I knew just what that meant. At 6.50 A. M. on take-off day a bell would ring. That would be the signal for the stewards—neatly uniformed; see advertisements in daily papers—to load the mail and baggage aboard. At 6.55 another bell would ring; the pilot and co-pilot, followed in column of squads by the radio operator and mechanic, would march smartly aboard. At 6.58 a third bell would be the signal to load passengers and hand them smelling salts and cotton for their ears. At exactly seven o'clock a checkered flag would drop; I would take off and fly to Belize.

A swell occupation for a retired streetcar conductor with ten kids and a back yard full of flowers and chickens, but it didn't interest me. I quit.

Jack Donaldson—since killed—asked me to run his flying school on the Newark airport. I always did enjoy teaching kids to fly. I was chief instructor for Jack for a while, and then I ran a school for Ivan Gates—in between barnstorming trips with the Gates Flying Circus.

All of my flying graduates—I am glad to say—are still living. I am proud of that record; it's probably luck, but I like to think it proves that the students were well instructed in flying fundamentals. Recently one of my students almost broke my perfect record. For more than a week I—and the rest of the world—gave him up for lost. He turned up unharmed, except that he was minus a couple of fingertips.

That was Stanislaus Felix Hausner, who attempted to fly the Atlantic to Poland. He was forced down and floated around for a week on the top of a wing. It was off the coast of Spain, and as he waited to be rescued he calmly fished for his food—using his own fingertips for bait.

Just the other day one of my pessimistic friends said, "Ken, if you would quit this flying business, you would live twenty years longer."

The answer to that was simple: "Who in hell wants to live twenty years without flying?"

THE END

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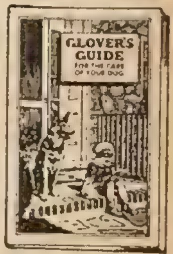

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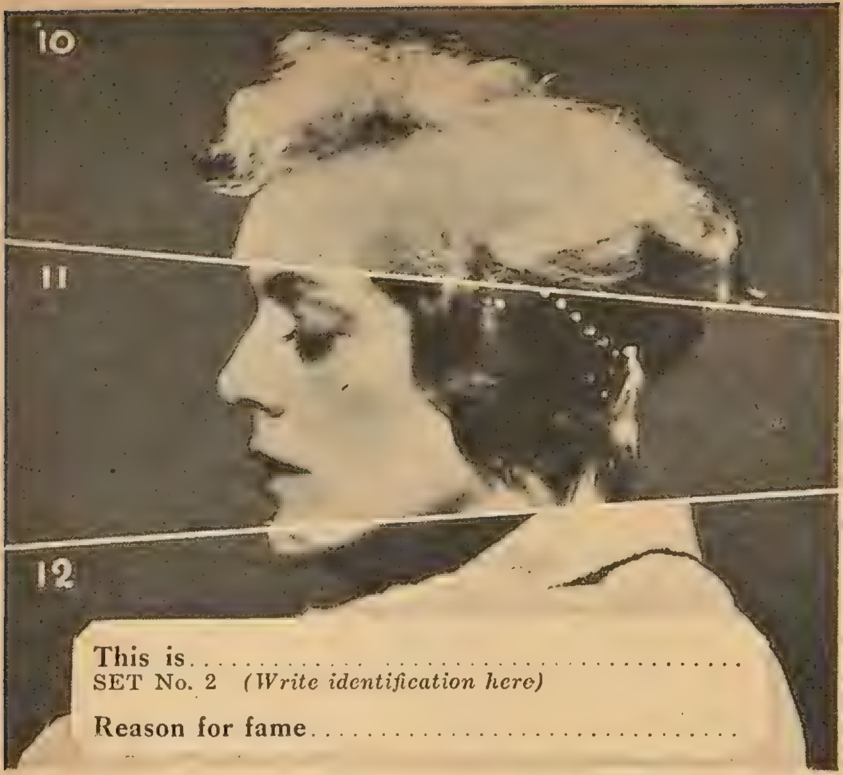

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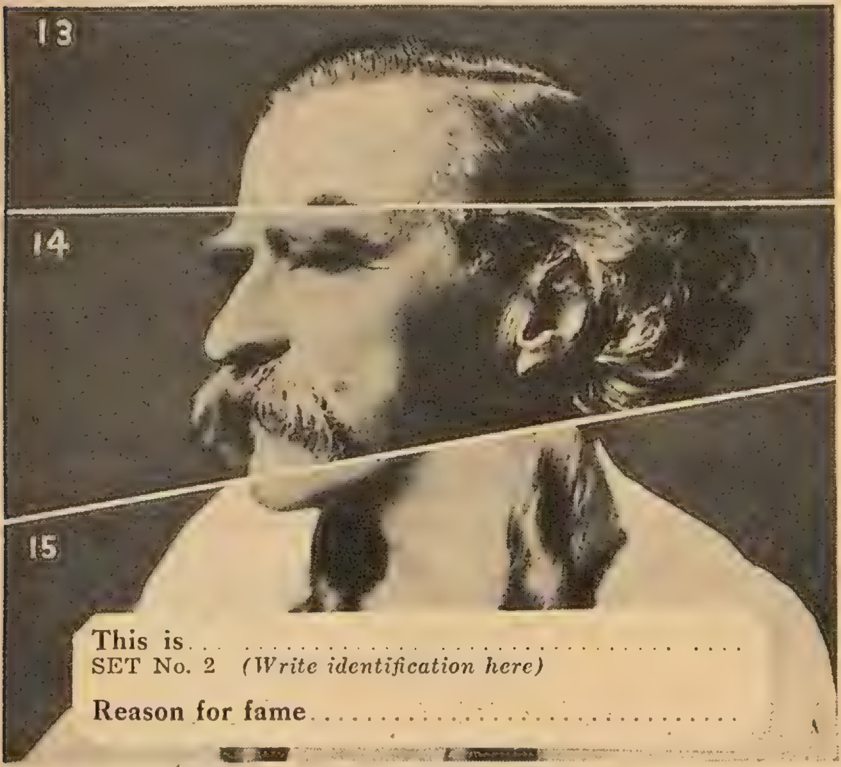

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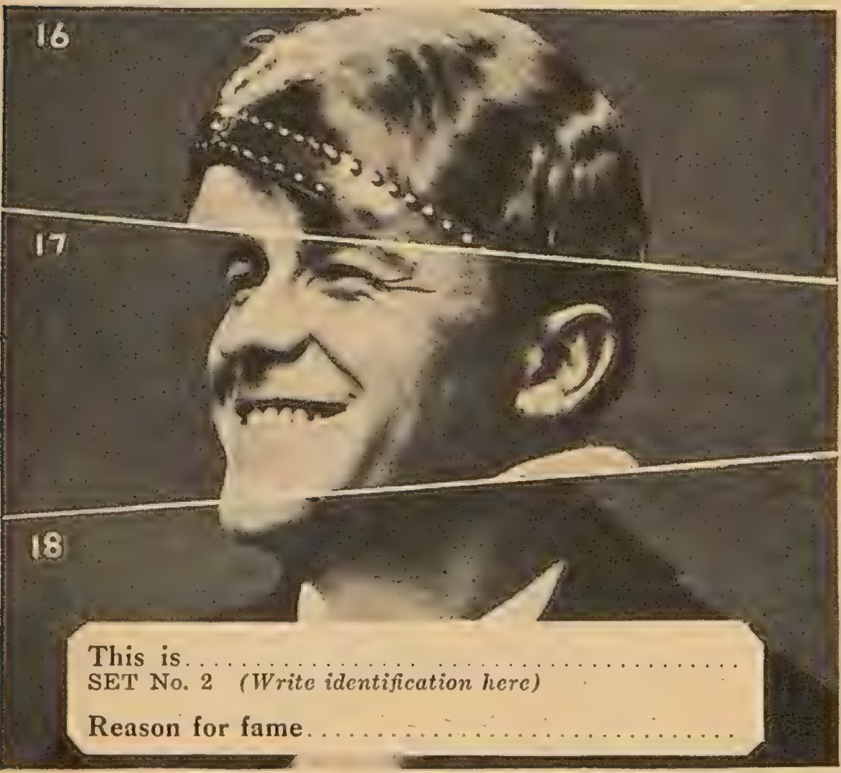

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TEN PRIZES, Each $25	250
100 PRIZES, Each $10	1,000
220 PRIZES, Each $5	1,100

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish three composite pictures of Famous Americans.

2. Each set of composites when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of three persons.

3. For the nearest correctly identified and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $5,000 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule on this page. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can we enter into correspondence with any contestant.

4. To compete, simply cut apart, or trace accurately, and reassemble the composites correctly. Then, in the space provided under each, write the name and the event or work for which the person is famous.

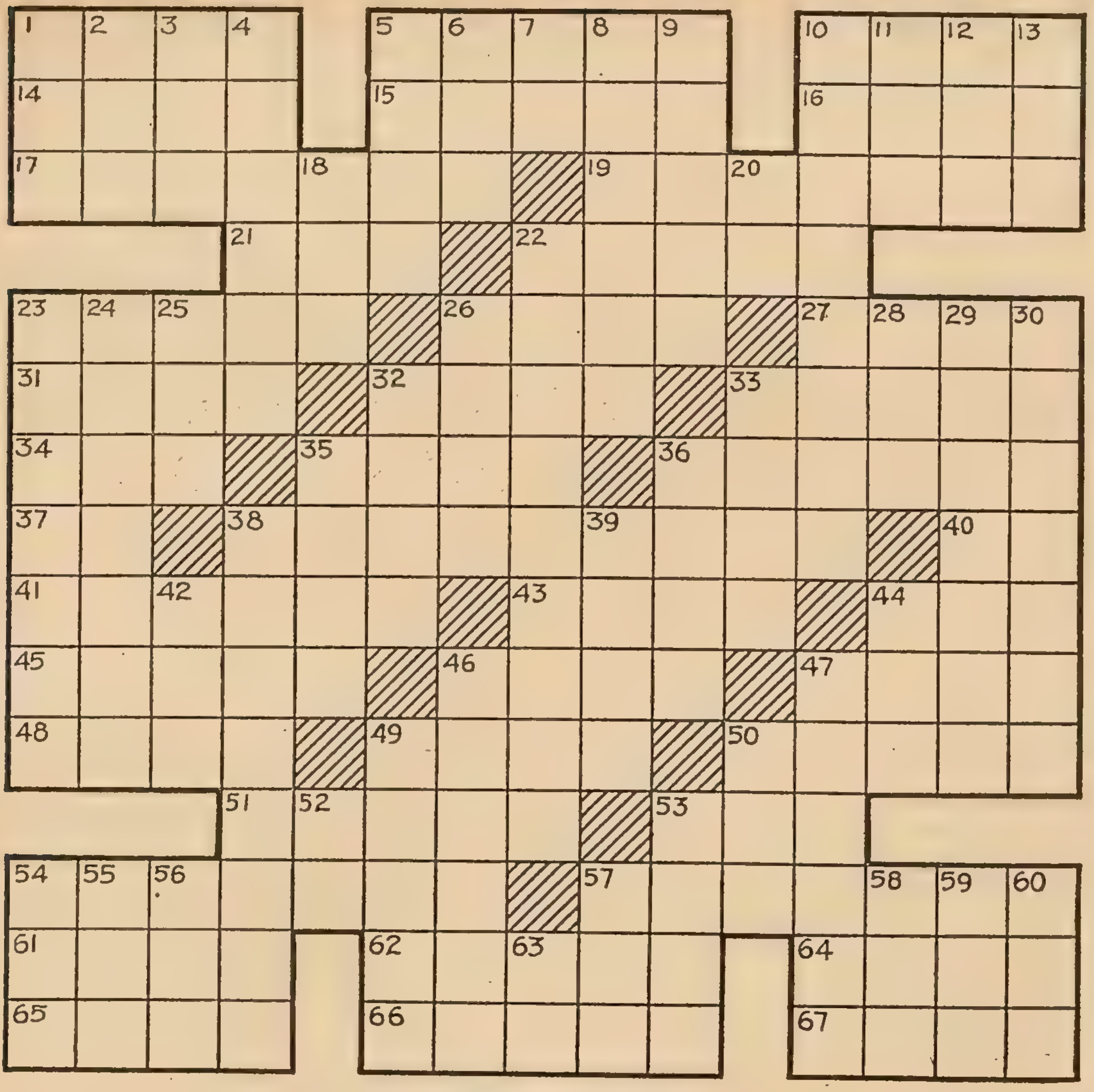
5. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have all thirty composites solved and identified, send them by first-class mail to GAME OF FAMOUS AMERICANS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

6. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, July 24, 1935, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

ANOTHER SET OF COMPOSITES NEXT WEEK!

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Moist
5 Likeness (abbr.)
10 A cereal
14 Declare positively
15 Made of a certain kind of wood
16 Pertaining to an era
17 Those employed in servile offices
19 American variety of hardy green grape
21 To expel moisture from
22 To be filled with fervent devotion
23 The wild buffalo of India
26 Disclose to view
27 The young of a domestic animal
31 Ovule
32 At any period or point of time
33 A gem carved in relief
34 Rested
35 Threadlike outgrowth of an animal
36 That of which an object is composed
37 A fish
38 An aspirant or contestant for an office
40 The symbol for an element
41 Becomes serious
43 The fruiting spike of any cereal (pl.)
44 Part of a bridle
45 A lyric poem
46 Insects
47 A prong
48 Distinguished performer

Q	U	I	N	T	U	P	L	E	T	S		A	S	H
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D	E	N	S	E	■	W	A	N	N	A		I	L	L
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H	A	G	■	S	I	G	H	S	■	C	R	U	M	B
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T	O	O	T	S	■	I	S	S	U	E	■	O	L	L
C	H	A	P	L	I	N	■	T	R	A	M	M	E	L
H	A	T	■	A	R	G	U	E	■	M	I	A	M	I
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K	I	S	S	■	S	A	T	■	R	A	M			
E	L	L		M	A	N	I	A	■	R	O	A	D	S
R	I	A		B	A	T	O	N	■	I	O	N	I	A
S	A	M		G	R	A	N	D	C	A	N	Y	O	N

Answer to last week's puzzle

49 The stake in a game of poker
50 Organs of an animal
51 Eagles
53 Propel
54 Provision basket
57 Dark spots on a gray or tawny ground
61 County in New York
62 Harmonize in opinion
64 Silkworm
65 Light sleeps
66 Former English gold coins
67 Colorer

VERTICAL

1 A female parent
2 A salutation
3 Pieces or counters used in checkers
4 Indulged in self-esteem; plumed
5 Combining form meaning many
6 Possesses
7 Symbol of ratification
8 Easily impressed
9 The bulb of a liliaceous plant
10 To freeze together again
11 Man's name
12 A vehicle
13 A note of Guido's scale
18 Exist
20 An area ten meters square
22 A gentle laxative (plural)
23 Successions of zones bearing typical fossils of the same species
24 Again to take and receive as one's own
25 Mesh fabric
26 Poet of ancient Rome
28 Danish territorial division
29 Joining
30 Salts of boric acid
32 Bears young (dial.)
33 Domestic animal (pl.)
35 A rodent
36 A planet
38 A sesquiterpene occurring in oil of red cedar (pl.)
39 A fruit
42 A serpent
44 Goods receptacle
46 Lack of energy
47 Rotated
49 Close by
50 A member of a Mongoloid tribe
52 Japanese measure
53 Crude metal (pl.)
54 Write
55 A constellation
56 Pinch
57 Babylonian deity
58 Free from moisture
59 Recline
60 Attention
63 Egyptian god

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

PROBAK
JUNIOR
4 BLADES for 10¢
ALSO
10 FOR 25¢
25 FOR 59¢
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This modern way to hot starch ends mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. It restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. Send for sample.

QUICK ELASTIC
HOT STARCH IN 30 SECONDS

THANK YOU
THE HUBINGER CO., No. 175, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Vox Pop

MOTHER'S DAY BUNK

Tulsa, Okla.—Why all this pseudo-sentimental twaddle and commercial hokum every blessed year about Mother's Day?

For years and years, through the shrewd but distinctly repellent exploitation of the natural devotion of man to the woman who bore him, this bit of business propaganda has developed into a tremendously profitable enterprise for those responsible.

I say it is bunk—a strictly disgusting bit of mockery of the sanctity of maternal love. And we, as intelligent humans, have fallen for it like the suckers we really are.

If we must commercialize our natural affections and make a three-ring circus annually out of extolling the merits of those we love, why not consider the other classes of humanity? How about a day of simpering for the spinster gal? Or the old uncle? We can even go farther by setting aside a day of adulation and reverence for the father of twins. Even the hubby who refuses to wash the dishes should be given due honor. And say, how about us bachelors?—*Rod MacDonald.*

KEEP ARMY HOME

Portland, Ore.—With the leading nations of Europe continually facing the possibilities of war, many a mother's heart is filled with fear.

If only our people could see this awful menace in its true light and advocate national defense to the limit! As a first step, I, an American mother, pray that Uncle Sam adopt the motto: Have a strong home army and *keep it home!*—*Mrs. Dixee Edwards.*

MORE DEMAGOGUES

Richmond, Ind.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial in April 6 Liberty, Sometimes Blundering Infants—Our Foreign Diplomats, was a corking knockout! It gave the first unvarnished picture of how the European roadhouse proprietors who are putting on the floor show across the pond ensnare the genus Homo Americanus. Artful flattery and an overdose of appeal to America's "uplift viewpoint" and the job is done.

What we need is more demagogues like Long and Coughlin—tribunes of the people—who have already demonstrated that the sly, artful, subtle creeping paralysis of Old World flattery can be stopped before it gets to the knees.—*M. Rudolph Kuehn.*

"HITLER'S HELLISH WEAPONS"

Des Moines, Ia.—The article, Hitler's Hellish New Weapons of War (April 6 Liberty), smacks of the popular pastime of magazines and newspapers of taking a rap at the German Chancellor. Other nations maintain huge laboratories for war machines, but as soon as Hitler establishes a defense it's called "hellish."—*Dale Skinner.*

Austin, Tex.—Could you tell me just which war weapons are not hellish?—*D. Elmo Maddox.*

Waterbury, Conn.—We should not be troubled over these new weapons of war. For every new device of destruction there is a new defense and some few men with enough intestinal fortitude to follow through to the final objective.—*William H. Garrigus.*

A YEAR AHEAD OF CONGRESS

Columbus, Ohio—Last year you gave Admiral Greely a break in Mutiny in the Arctic, by General Mitchell, and I felt at the time you were giving this grand old man a spot in the limelight that would do him a lot of good.

Liberty was ahead of Congress in recognizing this wonderful nonogenarian, that's certain. But I'm glad they've caught up and awarded Major General A. W. Greely his long-deserved recognition of the Medal of Honor.

May he and Liberty both live to be a hundred!—*A. W. K.*

"ONE OF THOSE SISSIES"

Ninety Six, S. C.—In April 13 Vox Pop, Baseball for Grandfathers, by one signing himself A Modern High School Youth, is just about the purest bunk that ever found itself between the covers of your great weekly. This gent is, I imagine, one of those sissies who hang around the home doing crocheting, sewing, and housework, and simply deploring such rough outdoor games as our national pastime—which increases its fans every year.—*Ball Fan.*

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The youth of this country is divided into two distinct groups. First of all we still have, thank God, some red-blooded American boys and girls left in the United States. We find them doing good work in and out of school. In their leisure we see them pursuing wholesome hobbies. They are the potential good American citizens.

The second class was very accurately exemplified in the Vox Pop letter by A Modern High School Youth. It is a pity that we have such jelly-spined dolts in our midst.—*Gabriel G. Heller.*

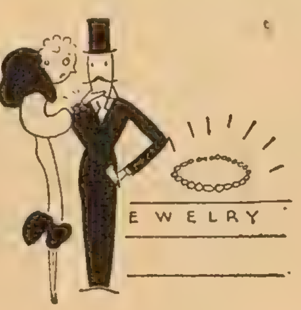
JUST CAUSE TO RETIRE

Minneapolis, Minn.—Jay Lewis in April 6 Vox Pop suggests that pensions be had by all persons who are free, white, and twenty-one.

A pension, according to the dictionary, is "a periodical allowance to an individual or his representatives on account of some meritorious work or service." When a person has reached the age of sixty and has paid his share of the taxes he will have performed a service to his country, and then he will have just cause to retire on a pension, and not until.—*Old Soak.*

WESTERN CHISELRY?

Ketchum, Ida.—The sweeping condemnation of Westerners by Renée Hazel in March 30 Vox Pop is too blatant to ignore. In referring to the male population as "jolterheaded oafs" she gives away her true identity. Certainly no *lady* could have thought up such billingsgate as she used. And in her plea to escape from it all she confesses herself as a genuine gold digger. Her kind belong in the East.—*Ned Foster.*



Park Ridge, Ill.—I agree with everything Renée Hazel says about our great (?) West and Southwest. As soon as an Easterner arrives there he is in for nineteen different kinds of chiseling and ridicule. In the West it's hostility instead of hospitality, and chiselry in place of chivalry.—*Harold E. Neal.*

ANOTHER BRANDYWINE LETTER

Washington, D. C. — Roosevelt's squabble with Huey Long is the major political blunder of the New Deal. We didn't vote last November for a vendetta between the New Dealers and the Voice of the Canebrakes. We voted for action — plenty of it — and not talk.

The people don't care a hoot whether Long may be a third-party leader next year. What they want is action this year. Yet Roosevelt is forcing the fighting—under pressure from the Democratic Old Guard of the South, Pat Harrison, Joe Robinson, and such, who will sell the New Deal down the river at the first chance—and has put himself out on the end of the limb.

The worst of it is that Long is a much smarter and more sensible man than the public realizes. He goaded his opponents until they used Hugh Johnson to curse him out. Then he quickly shifted to a dignified attack on Roosevelt's policies—avoiding personalities. Father Coughlin followed suit and the two make a pretty effective team.

Result: they stalled the New Deal when there was no reason on God's green earth why it should stall. Roosevelt lost a powerful supporter and paralyzed his program for ten weeks, leading to the possibility of an electoral defeat in 1936.—*" Senator Brandywine."*

SHORT WAVES—LONG RAVES

SEATTLE, WASH.—My husband is interested in short waves and is always playing with his dit-dit-dah-dah-dit-dit radio stuff.

After my household duties connected with my ten small children I am able to relieve my mind with the short raves you publish in Vox Pop.

Long may it rave in this land of the free(?) and home of the brave(?).—*Mrs. Ethel M. Ryan.*

HUEY AND EINSTEIN

CHICAGO, ILL.—Will Irwin in his series The Empire of the Kingfish (concluded in April 13 Liberty) discredited Senator Long in failing to mention his greatest achievement. According to Harry J. Early, state administrator of the ERA, relief charges under Long's administration were reduced from 35.1 per cent in 1934 to 13.6 per cent in 1935. No other state can boast of such progress.—*W. F. Dombrow, Sponsor, Northwest Share Our Wealth Society.*

WEST PLAINS, MO. — Will Irwin referred to Huey Long as a smart man. When Huey becomes a smart man, either in political theory or otherwise, I shall consider myself mentally equal to Professor Einstein. Just because a backwoods yokel makes a lot of noise about impossible impractical plans of recovery, they consider him smart. I don't! It sure beats all, the way a blowhard can hornswoggle people. — *A. E. Hogan, Jr.*

INANE VOX POPPERS?

OLIVE, CALIF.—Why not suspend Vox Pop for a month? Instead, republish Mr. Macfadden's editorials of the past three years, grouping them as to topics. The sound reasoning used therein would, I believe, contribute to the public good far more than the inane utterances that generally appear on these pages.—*Hal Middleton.*

EARS GONE HAYWIRE

WICHITA, KAN.—Who in the name of common sense ever heard of a " Midwesterner " saying " erl " for " oil "? That distinction (?) belongs to New York — specifically to Brooklyn — and your correspondent in April 27 Vox Pop, Sussen Christensen, is screwy or his ears have gone haywire. Or he just don't know the U. S. geographical dialects.—*Homer Swagger.*

A KING FOR THE U. S. A.?

SCRANTON, PA.—With the best interests of my country in mind, I have come to the conclusion that we need a king.

Democracy was a splendid thing for a young nation just getting started, but such a form is not rigid nor forceful enough to carry us into the future.

I know that I am much superior to certain types and classes of people, yet under the present system there is nothing much I can do about it. We need a balanced caste system of three classes.

The first or upper class would be the landed gentry—the wealthy and the cultured. The middle classes would be those of moderate circumstances—the clerks and tradespeople. The third or lower class would be the workers, laborers, and poor people.

Under such a plan we would be blessed with harmonious regimentation and order. As things are today, one never knows whether his next-door neighbor is a former bootblack or whether he inherited money from a parent who was a sewer contractor. It is disgustingly difficult for persons like myself who pride themselves on position. —*Very Exclusive.*

THIS WEEK'S "ANTI" CAMPAIGN

OVERTON, TEX.—As a leading crusader for the righteous, Liberty should campaign hotly against nudism.

The scanty modernistic dress of children should first be attacked. It is not only a disgrace to civilization but the first seeds of immoralness in the mind of the child.

Next, the most suggestive channels of indecency should be corrected—the movies—and in turn the other sources that tend to corrupt the mind and soul.

I'm sure mankind would be better off spiritually, physically, and morally if nudism and all of its forms were outlawed.—*Mrs. Howard W. Carroll.*

AUTOMATICS IN TEXAS

DALLAS, TEX. — Tyler Mason committed an error in the first installment of Hell In Boots that cannot go unchallenged. He spoke of: " the brace of guns in their holsters at the ranger's waist, a .45 and an automatic." Automatics were not in use in those days. How do I know? I introduced a bunch of Texas Rangers to the automatic in 1911. They had never seen an automatic before and I hadn't either. — *A. P. Watts, Colonel, U. S. Army, Retired.*

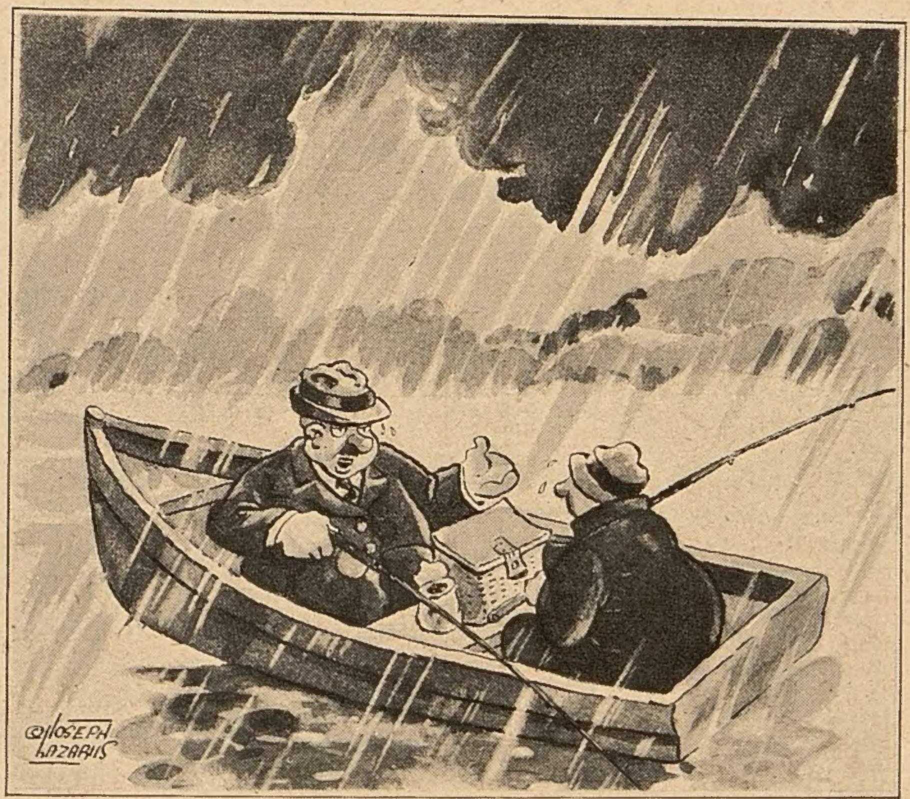
GLOOM CHASER

SAN JUAN, P. R.—Bert Green's humorous skit in March 16 Liberty, Mr. Doyle Spends the Sweepstakes Dough, was the greatest little gloom chaser we've ever read. — *José Umpierre, Grace García.*

SAPPY LOVE STORIES

FARNHAM, QUE. — How about a little variation in your stories? We're getting sick of these sappy love stories. We want action, thrills, adventure.

Suggest you publish another Perry Mason or French Foreign Legion serial.—*G. B., J. R., L. G.*



"If it wasn't rainin' and if I caught some fish I'd be having a swell time if I wasn't feelin' sick!"

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Eyes?
Murine cleanses and refreshes tired, irritated eyes.
For eye comfort use it daily.
MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
Free
Valuable booklet, "A World of Comfort for Your Eyes." Murine Co., Dept. 8, Chicago.

Additional $5 Winners in Game of Cities Contest

Milton H. Klug, Milwaukee, Wis.; Anthony Lalli, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. A. H. Lawrence, Minneapolis, Minn.; H. S. Lewis, Washington, D. C.; Varian Locherty, New York, N. Y.; Sister Mary Louise, Evansville, Ind.; Gerald Machesky, Milwaukee, Wis.; M. D. MacInnes, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; C. E. Madden, Fort Worth, Tex.; George E. Majercik, Allentown, Pa.; Florence E. Marsh, Dumont, N. J.; Hubert E. Mashburn, Chicago, Ill.; Alma L. Mattern, Richmond, Va.; E. A. Matthews, Gibsonburg, Ohio; Frank S. McGuire, Indianapolis, Ind.; Sara McKenzie, Minneapolis, Minn.; Robert E. McKinlay, North Pelham, N. Y.; Mrs. Alonzo D. Meeds, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. J. B. Morrissey, Omaha, Neb.; Carmella E. Mosca, Utica, N. Y.; Emily Moxon, Rochester, N. Y.; H. P. Moxon, Utica, N. Y.; H. H. Mueller, Jr., St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. June Munson, Anderson, Ind.; Marie D. Murphy, Benton Harbor, Mich.; Alexander Murray, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Kathryn Musgrove, Baltimore, Md.; Wayne W. Myers, Bloomington, Ill.; Frances W. Nash, Augusta, Me.; Walter R. Noe, New York, N. Y.; H. E. Norton, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. Helen O'Connor, Binghamton, N. Y.; Mary O'Connor, Kansas City, Mo.; E. O'Rorke, Meridian, Miss.; Ralph B. Ortel, Spokane, Wash.; Clyde R. Passmore, Schenectady, N. Y.; Arletta H. Peck, Seattle, Wash.; Russell H. Petersen, Appleton, Wis.; Jesse E. Porter, Washington, D. C.; Herman R. Preiss, Lansing, Mich.; Elizabeth Price, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. J. C. Pugh, Norfolk, Va.; Henry J. Radin, Elmira, N. Y.; John M. Ramson, Phoenix, Ariz.; Olga M. Rasmussen, Kenosha, Wis.; Frances Reese, Seattle, Wash.; Sister M. Rose, Ellensburg, Wash.; Daniel Ross, Chicago, Ill.; C. L. Sampson, Spokane, Wash.; William M. Sandridge, Washington, D. C.; Dorothy Sax, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Eula M. Scarborough, Eagle Pass, Tex.; Henry Schoenfeld, Baltimore, Md.; Virgil H. Scott, San Diego, Calif.; Leslie D. Shaw, Joliet, Ill.; Pauline Shinn, Seattle, Wash.; Lucie B. Shryack, Macomb, Ill.; Marcia C. Smith, Taylor, Neb.; Mrs. A. Soto, New York, N. Y.; Irma L. Spencer, Auburn, Me.; Evelyn Stahl, St. Louis, Mo.; Eva Stanton, Marion, Ind.; Harold J. Stanton, Milwaukee, Wis.; Wesley E. Starks, Denver, Colo.; Ruth E. Steeby, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Ruth B. Steele, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. A. H. Stewart, Youngstown, Ohio; Mrs. Lutie J. Stewart, Hinckley, Ill.; Mrs. Margaret Stewart, Rapid City, S. D.; Mrs. T. J. Strouse, Pottstown, Pa.; C. E. Swinehart, Champaign, Ill.; Alvin W. Talley, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Maude K. Tanner, Oklahoma City, Okla.; H. H. Taylor, St. Joseph, Mo.; Noreen Taylor, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Marie E. Temple, Marquette, Mich.; David E. Todd, Salt Lake City, Utah; Ruth C. Tranbarger, Terre Haute, Ind.; Mrs. George Turney, Houston, Tex.; B. Ruth Tutt, Peoria, Ill.; P. R. Upton, Denver, Colo.; Karyl van Benthuysen, Des Moines, Ia.; Mrs. Victor C. von Borries, Toledo, Ohio; Margaret Walthery, Ridgewood, N. J.; William H. Warner, Little Silver, N. J.; Elizabeth M. Waterman, New Haven, Conn.; Arthur C. Welsh, Minneapolis, Minn.; Ira Werner, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. J. E. Wilson, Wilmington, N. C.; Mrs. W. C. Wilson, Ashburn, Va.; Florence Winkler, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Eleanor Wittmann, Clifton, N. J.; Gladys E. Wright, Asbury Park, N. J.; Miss F. K. Young, Ithaca, N. Y.; J. S. Zondory, Binghamton, N. Y.

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Cover by Arthur E. Jameson

★ ★ ★ **NEXT WEEK** ★ ★ ★

SWEEPSTAKE SUCKERS

Five hard-to-get billions a year! Where does it all go? Here is a revelation that will save you money

By

Earl Reeves

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO AMERICAN MARRIAGE?

Are we to become a nation of temporary wives and legalized philanderers? It's up to the women to decide—and they had better do it soon

Says

Emily Newell Blair

Other stories and articles by Everett Rhodes Castle, Col. Edward M. House, Frank Leon Smith, Elsie Janis, and others

The *Question Mark* in Your Home

What About That Boy of Yours?

TODAY—life's opportunities appear on new horizons. And youth faces a made-over crazy-quilt world—vastly different from that of your own boyhood. In the last ten years life's complexities have increased a thousand fold. Your boy, today, faces a future starved of common opportunity.

Yet you want your boy to attain even greater successes than you have enjoyed. You want him to reach new heights in achievement—despite the almost overpowering handicaps facing our present generation. But how?

The answer is a simple one. To succeed in battle, your troops must be seasoned and prepared. To achieve success in any of life's stations—you must have the proper background and preparation. And if your boy is to succeed under today's confused conditions—he must be prepared in today's school of accomplishment.

Meeting the Challenge to Modern Youth

Not an ordinary school to be sure. Not in the school of yesterday which is so wholly unadapted to tomorrow's needs. But rather a school cognizant of your boy's future problems—alert to his individual possibilities.

Such a school is awaiting that boy of yours. Such a school wants to help you plan and mold your boy's future—assure you of his success. That school—and there is none other like it in the world today—is Castle Heights Military Academy.

FULLY ACCREDITED: Endowed by that great builder and leader of men, Bernarr Macfadden—Castle Heights occupies an indeed unique and enviable position in the school world. It is neither badgered by old theories of education nor handicapped by present economic conditions. Its objective is to thoroughly prepare your boy for a higher education—to make him physically strong, well poised, and self-reliant.

In the Heart of the Old South

Picture if you will a delightful 225 acre campus, high on a hill outside the beautiful little town of Lebanon, Tennessee, thirty miles east of Nashville. Ten sturdy and picturesque buildings of brick and stone. Delightful living conditions. A corps of understanding instructors through whose efforts this school has attained the very highest scholastic rating. This is the school for your boy—Castle Heights.

Because this great school has been so generously endowed, the tuition is very low. It trains boys from the ages of 8 to 20. Takes them from the grammar school age through the first year of college. And low rates range from $550 for the Junior School to $650 for the Senior School—with only a comparatively small extra charge for necessary uniforms and accessories. Arrangements can be made for monthly payments.

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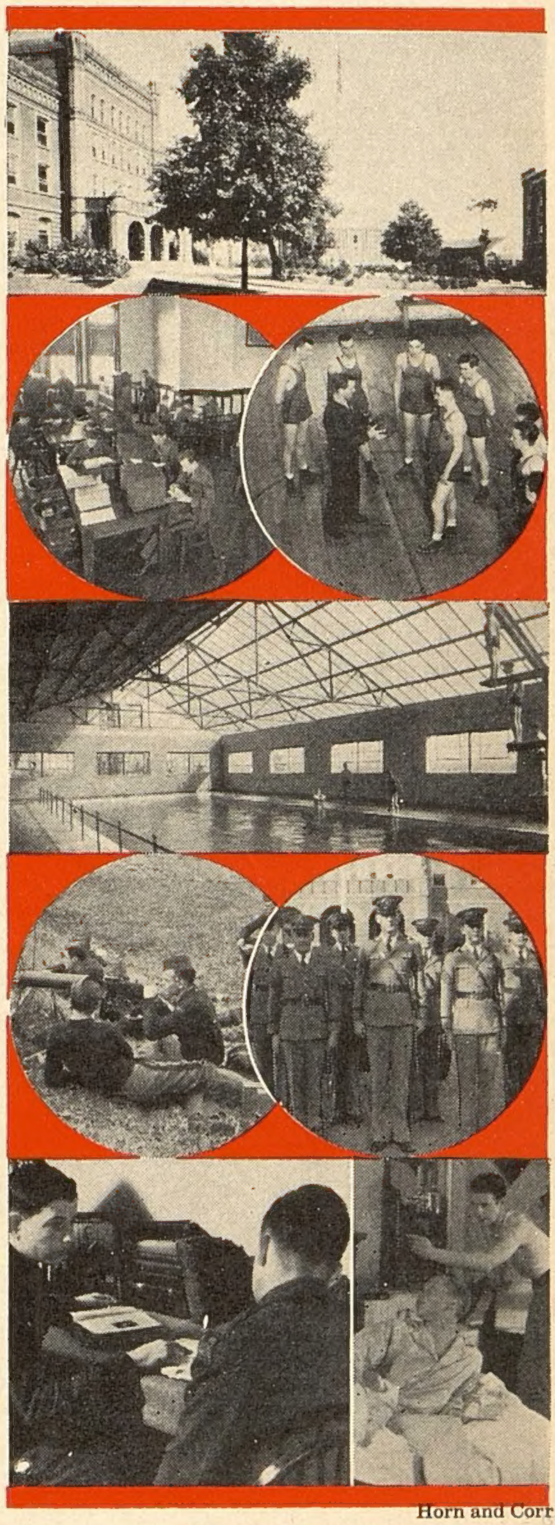
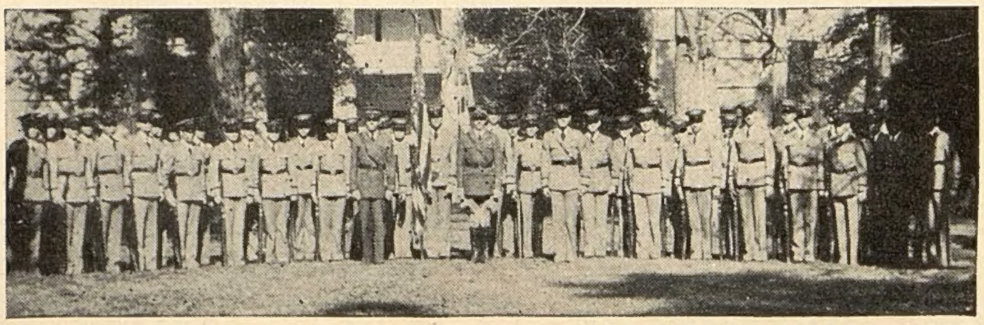
MILITARY ACADEMY
Lebanon, Tennessee, U. S. A.



Horn and Corr



This Guard of Honor was selected from the Castle Heights Cadet Corps to greet President Roosevelt on his visit to the Hermitage, historical home of Andrew Jackson.

Col. H. L. Armstrong, President Dept. L—5-18-35
CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY ACADEMY, Lebanon, Tenn.

Please send me detailed information regarding Castle Heights Military Academy, courses, terms, requirements, etc. My boy is................years of age.

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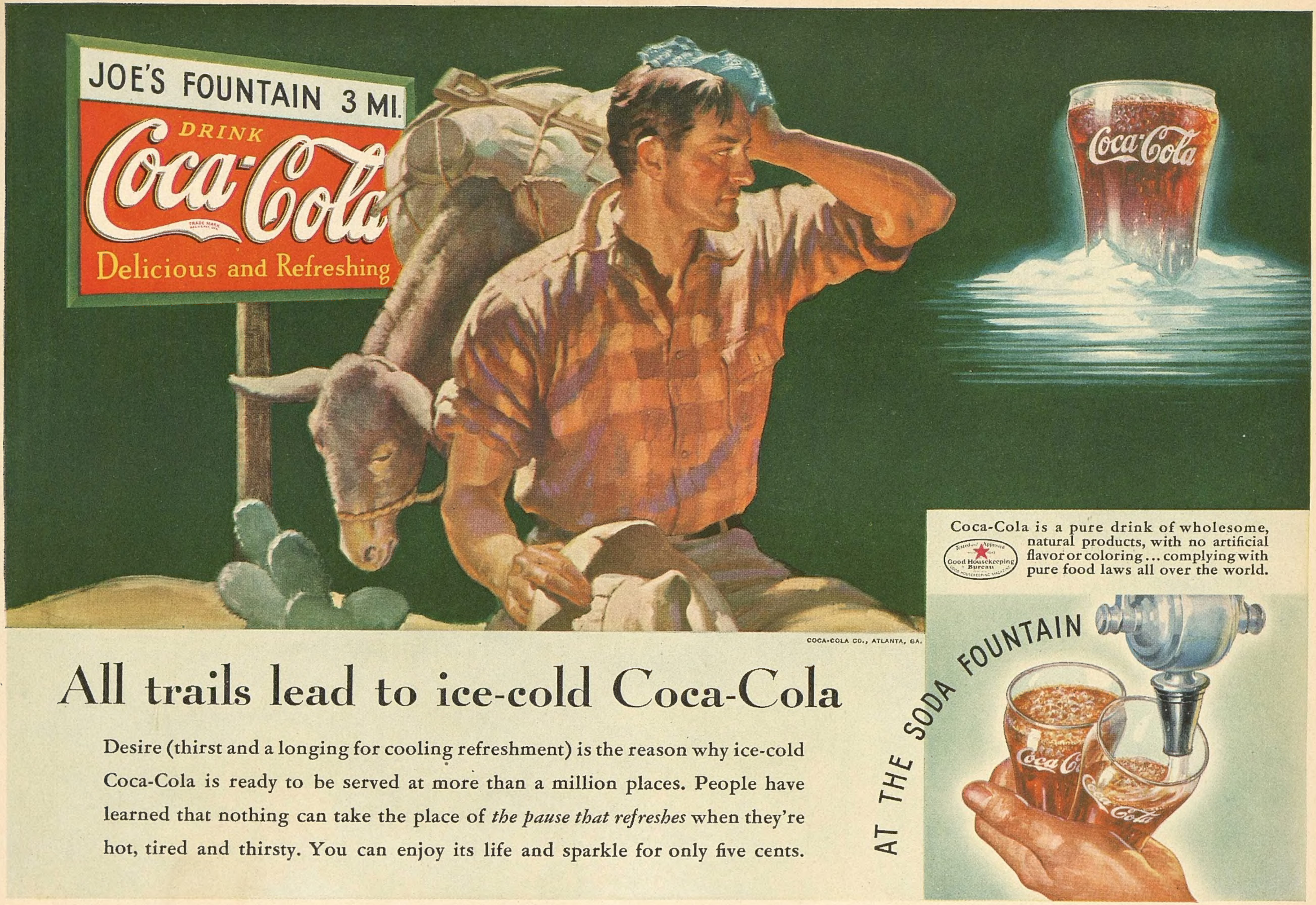
City............................ State................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Desire (thirst and a longing for cooling refreshment) is the reason why ice-cold Coca-Cola is ready to be served at more than a million places. People have learned that nothing can take the place of *the pause that refreshes* when they're hot, tired and thirsty. You can enjoy its life and sparkle for only five cents.